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MARINE FORMS AS APPLICABLE TO DECORATION.



PARALLELISM IN FLIGHT OF BIRDS AND SWIMMING OF FISH.

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"Beauty doth truly inhabit everywhere; yet willeth she not to discover herself save to him who in his heart beareth her image; more especially doth she haunt her birthplace, the sea: thereof is every particular invested with her presence, and therein she is manifest in form, and in spirit incarnate, as well by the strangeness and wonder of contrast as by exceeding grace and loveliness."

WHAT can be more beautiful in its way than a wide beach of the fine gray quartz sand that lines our coasts from Maine to Florida!—it is so subtle and delicate in tone and texture, disposes itself in such graceful, tangential curves as it receives the kisses and, at the same time, the image of the incoming waves. The most delicate impulses record themselves upon its sensitive breast—currents of air, the small tracks of birds, insects, and crustacea, and the wonderful channels made by little rills of water that follow the retreating tide.

Who has noticed these? In the first place, the sand on the edge of a slight declivity has, by the action of the water flowing in masses over it, been channeled and worn until what remains, by the regularity of the forces affecting it, is formed into a series of beautifully rounded hillocks disposed in regular lines. The retiring waves, having accomplished so much, leave their work to be completed by the tiny rills that, flowing from the summit down the sides, engrave, in *intaglio*, beautiful and uniform ornament. Each little trickling thread of water tends toward some one point common to all, and assists in forming one channel which is the sum of the smaller. Such in turn seeks a center with others of its kind, and all this with a regularity which those who have not observed the like can scarcely credit. At intervals the resulting pattern is emphasized by the dead stalks and leaves, which, standing separately at tolerably uniform intervals, and sweeping the sand with the dried remains of their lower leaves, blown about by the wind, form circles as accurate as those struck with dividers.

Surely in such suggestions as these, which can be copied directly and almost literally from Nature, is to be found a corrective for the dangerous tendency of our time to remain content with copying past forms of beauty already used *ad nauseam*.

How exquisite, and how seldom studied, are the forms of water! The little wavelets that dash among the shells and pebbles at your feet will, if you care to learn, teach you more of the true principles of grace and beauty than the most erudite treatise you shall read. The apex of each wave culminates in a blossom of spray, and yet they so intermingle that one cannot be separated from another; they are edged, and yet flow-

ing; they present a succession of conchoidal hollows: a spiral shell represents a vortex of water; a bivalve, the shallow depression between each wavelet: obedience to rigid mechanical conditions results in artistic freedom. As the spent wave retreats, what a gathering together and marshaling of the remnant of its forces as its waters, flowing in from different directions, unite to contend vainly but desperately with its successor! At this point occurs a beautiful effect, which any one in love with Nature can scarcely tire of watching, for, while the forms of the outgoing waters become confused, as images in a broken mirror, through the glitter, and dash, and silver spray gleams the spiritualized form of the incoming wave, like the cherubs' faces shining through the clouds in Murillo's picture of "The Immaculate Conception." A flock of small birds fly so closely to the waves they seem to brush the summits with their breasts. How utterly unlike, in their line of flight, in their action, in their contours, to the conventional representations to which we have been accustomed! Their wings are in some cases depressed below the body, and in others foreshortened toward the spectator. As they take short curves, they turn nearly upon their backs, presenting their upturned breasts to view. It is perfectly safe to affirm that no European or American artist has yet caught and portrayed the spirit and action of birds in flight—the opposition of lines formed by the relative position of their heads and wings, the different character of flight belonging to different species, and the buoyancy peculiar to Japanese designs. In the three or four carefully executed copies of Japanese designs given with this paper, let the reader not be misled by the apparent absence of elaboration and the boldness of the drawing. The Japanese artist reverses the method of his Chinese teacher. Instead of infinite but meaningless finish, he preserves only the absolutely essential. Not only is everything superfluous dispensed with, but much that, in our eyes, sophisticated by our often overwrought and over-elaborated art-work, might seem to enhance the general effect. What is aimed at is to obtain from each touch and line all the expression of which it is capable. Realizing the impossibility of reproducing nature in the entirety of its endless detail, these peo-



ple are content to use such elementary lines as comprehend and best indicate particulars too numerous and minute to be separately represented. This peculiarity of what was until lately considered barbarous art might, perhaps, be profitably dwelt upon in view of the too frequent tendency exhibited among us to small, close technique, unnecessary elaboration of superfluous accessories, and multiplicity and complexity of detail.

Short as is the time, however, since Japanese art, with all its wonderful suggestiveness and power of expression, has been known or no-

architecture, as I take it, decorates the edifice into which it is incorporated by its fitness, by its exhibition of the beauty inherent in the governing idea or motive of which the whole building is a complete embodiment; it is ornamented by moldings in projection which emphasize significant parts, and possibly it is further embellished with color. A man is said to receive a decoration, or to be decorated with an order or medal—not ornamented. In short, decoration is, like faith, "an outward sign of an inward grace," while ornament in this sense is fitly and



FOOT-TRACKS AND WATER-MARKS.

ticed, it is already beginning to exercise a beneficial influence, as by an infusion of fresh blood, upon the decorative art of Europe and America. Indeed, its very abuse—and no phase of decorative art has been more universally and frightfully travestied—testifies to its popularity, as it also does to the fact that assimilation and not imitation tends to real improvement. It is in the use made of the diapered surfaces that the Japanese artist is most happy. No one has better hit the true mean between decoration and mere ornament or pattern-designing. Observe these words; decoration and ornament are not to be taken as synonymous. A piece of

necessarily used to give weight and character to parts of the decorative construction.

In the example on the next page of a Japanese vase from the collection of Momotaro, the material is clouded or variegated by a process of which no European manufacturer knows the secret, but by which the vase seems to be filled with moving currents of water. Swimming in this water appears an exquisitely drawn group of fish, as if seen through the sides of the vessel. The peculiar porcelain of which this vase is made is called "skaki" (pronounced skaisk).

It is noticeable what a parallelism exists between the flight of birds and the swim-

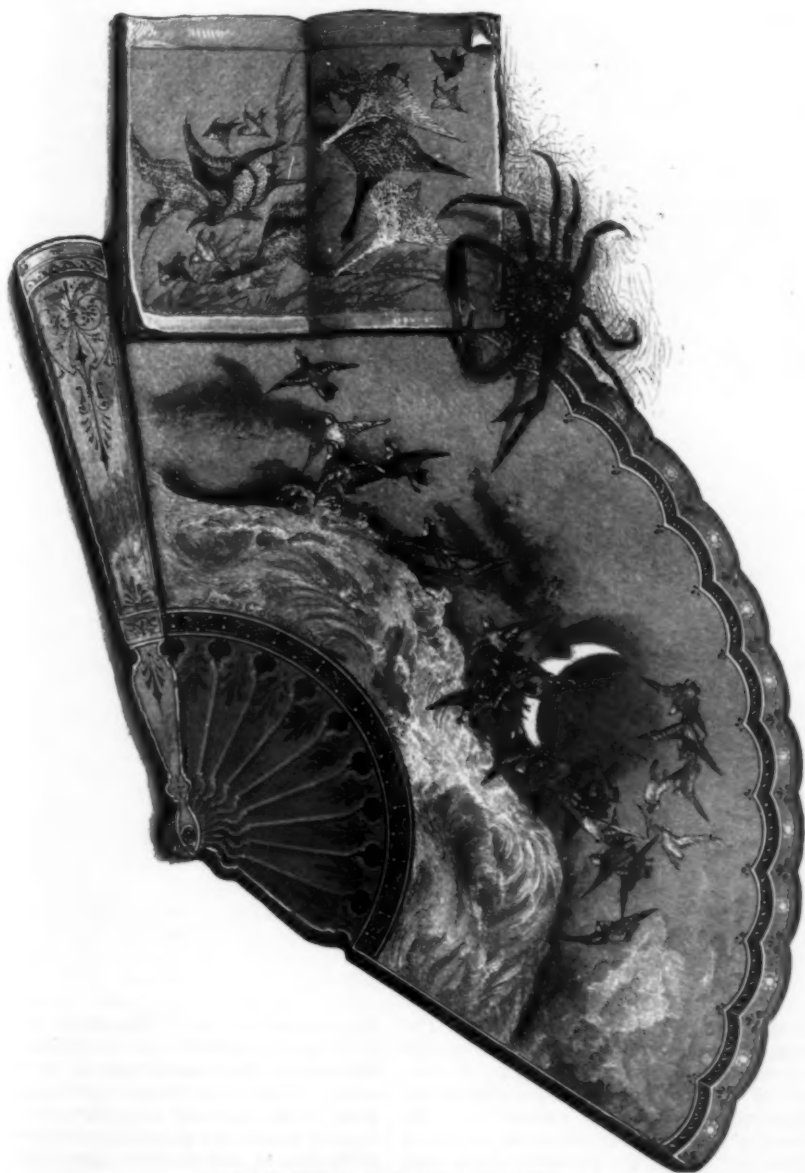


JAPANESE SAKAI VASE.

ming of fish. Our initial illustration—a sketch of sea-robins swimming through a piece of fan-coral, from a study at the Aquarium, and a copy from a Japanese design of a group of birds flying through the opening in a hollow pine-tree—represents this resemblance much better than I can describe it in words. It would seem likely, considering the frequency of the use of one, that this resemblance would have led decorators to utilize the other; but I have examined many pieces of decorative work, more especially the celebrated Austrian crackled glass-ware, but I have not met with a single attempt at grouping fish or representing them in action.

The distinction between the decorative and the ornamental or pattern work is very clearly illustrated in the vase of Japanese manufacture represented in the above engraving. The decorations—the fish—interpret and bring out the waved and variegated material of which the vase is composed, and are very properly treated in a naturalistic and not in a conventionalized manner, while the pattern work enriches, as a frame paint-

ing, the top and bottom of the vase. Of course, when I speak of naturalistic treatment I do not mean realistic, for here again occurs a distinction that leads to error if not recognized. Naturalistic should, I imagine, be applied to forms not falsified, or even “formalized,” by conventional treatment,—realistic, to attempted pictorial deception. If, for example, the effort of the Japanese artist had been to deceive the spectator into a belief that the fish represented upon the vase were really fish within it, the effort would fall into the second category and become a mere trick, which excludes all idea of the artistic. If, on the other hand, he merely wished to suggest the idea as truthfully as possible for the sake of carrying out a more or less poetic fancy, it is comprised in the first. If it is true, as a great critic remarks, that “*genre* is or should be more nearly allied to poetry than any other department of painting,” surely the art of pure ornament is or should be more nearly allied to music, and like music should proceed upon principles and analogies, rather than any direct imitation of individual



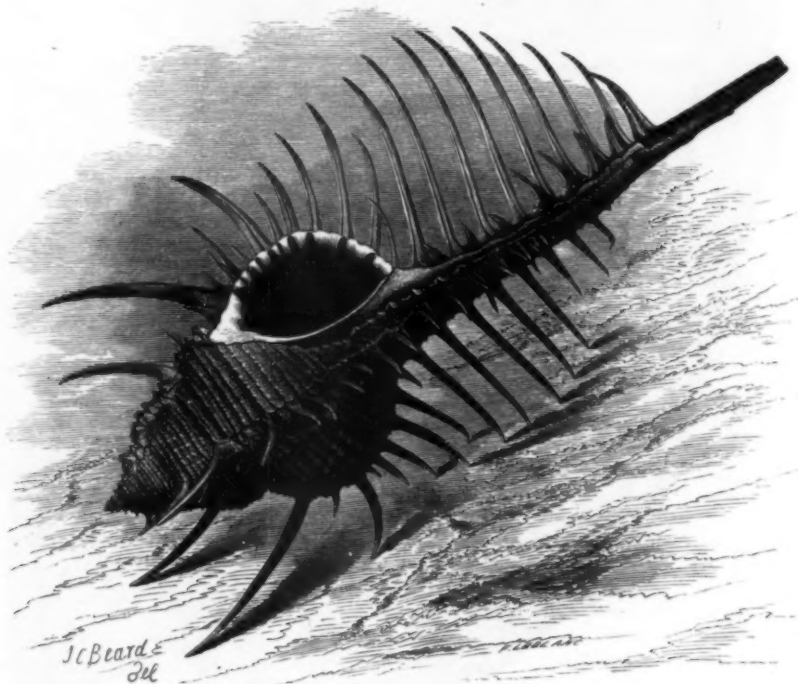
ACTION OF BIRDS IN FLIGHT, FROM THE JAPANESE.

objects. Even in those parts of decoration in which pictorial effects are necessarily used, the analogy holds good in this respect, at least, that perfect harmony requires the elimination of every false note; so the perfect keeping equally indispensable to every real work of art requires the complete elimination of whatever is foreign to the purpose.

The study of the artist should be structure and not mere shape, which is, indeed, but the representative, the symbol, the result of form. The forces that mold the higher forms of

to us, perhaps, through inherited and acquired bias, appears repulsive or terrible. The only real ugliness is that which is the result of the perversion of natural growth and structure. Squeamishness and a Miss Moffit-like antipathy to certain forms of life have dwarfed the expressiveness of our decorative art. The Japanese, to whom such a sentiment is unknown, employs quaint and curious reptiles and insects to decorate his choicest work, certainly with an effect the reverse of repulsive.

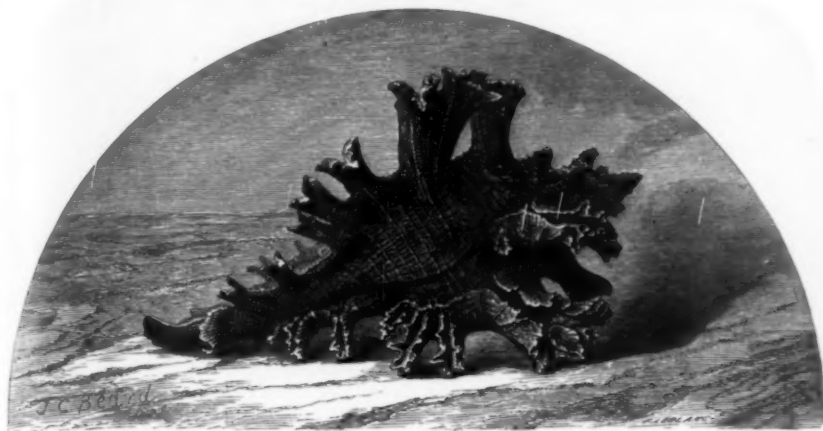
To the true artist, at least, is orthodox



THE COMB OF VENUS.

natural life are many and diverse. The original impulse tends to make a perfect expression of a certain type, but the dynamics of accident and varying circumstance interrupting, divert the current, and the result is imperfection, distortion, or actual deformity. It is the province of the artist from each defaced and partial image to restore the true type of beauty which is its perfect self,—for every individual creation, be sure, is born in beauty, even that which

the sublime doctrine of Plato which ascribes the original pattern after which all things were fashioned to the eternal ideas of the divine mind. A human expression ends in inert material when once said or written, carved in stone or painted in a picture; but each thought of God lives, and on every plane of being finds infinite expression in giving birth to myriad creatures that help to people His fair worlds. A noble quality in man or woman finds its way to our apprehension in a pel-



MUREX ENDIVIA.

lucid gem, in a lily, in a lamb, in a little babe: we call it innocence. The most advanced scientists can tell us nothing more than the very little we know of it. It is not at all in the line of their investigations, but it is the province of the artist to trace it through all its expressions, and to use its types when he has occasion.

I know a picturesque old house that has a many-shelved pantry devoted to the exhibition and sale of shells, collected in many a long voyage to the remotest parts of the five oceans. Apart from their scientific interest, their associations with alien races and far-off countries, how beautiful these shells are in themselves! and how readily might the prevailing vulgarities and absurdities in the decoration of glass and porcelain be corrected by studying the ceramics of nature! How, for instance, is our sense of cleanliness served and our appetite wooed by the extreme smoothness, hardness of surface, and pearly white of the oyster-shell! What decoration in the part that receives the viand, what metallizing the surface or changing it into artificial marble, or covering it up with pictures, would take the place of the pure, colorless shell? "Roughen or color the outside as you will," says the oyster to the decorator, "the inside of the platter, at least, must be kept pure and clean." The lesson of every shell on these shelves is: "Superficies should be so decorated as to show their intrinsic qualities to the best advantage."

Sometimes parts of a shell will be rough-

ened to serve as a foil, and show the smooth and polished surface more smooth and polished by contrast, but the whole surface is never robbed of its brilliancy by grinding, surface-cutting, and picture-work. For instance, the polish of olive-shells (see page 821), far superior to that of the finest porcelain, is decorated by minute, delicate, clean lines, so indicative of a smooth and perfect surface, while, on the contrary, the ribbed and closely wrinkled *pteroceras* is mottled with vague markings that do not in the least interfere with or confuse the play of light and shadow of the corrugated surface.

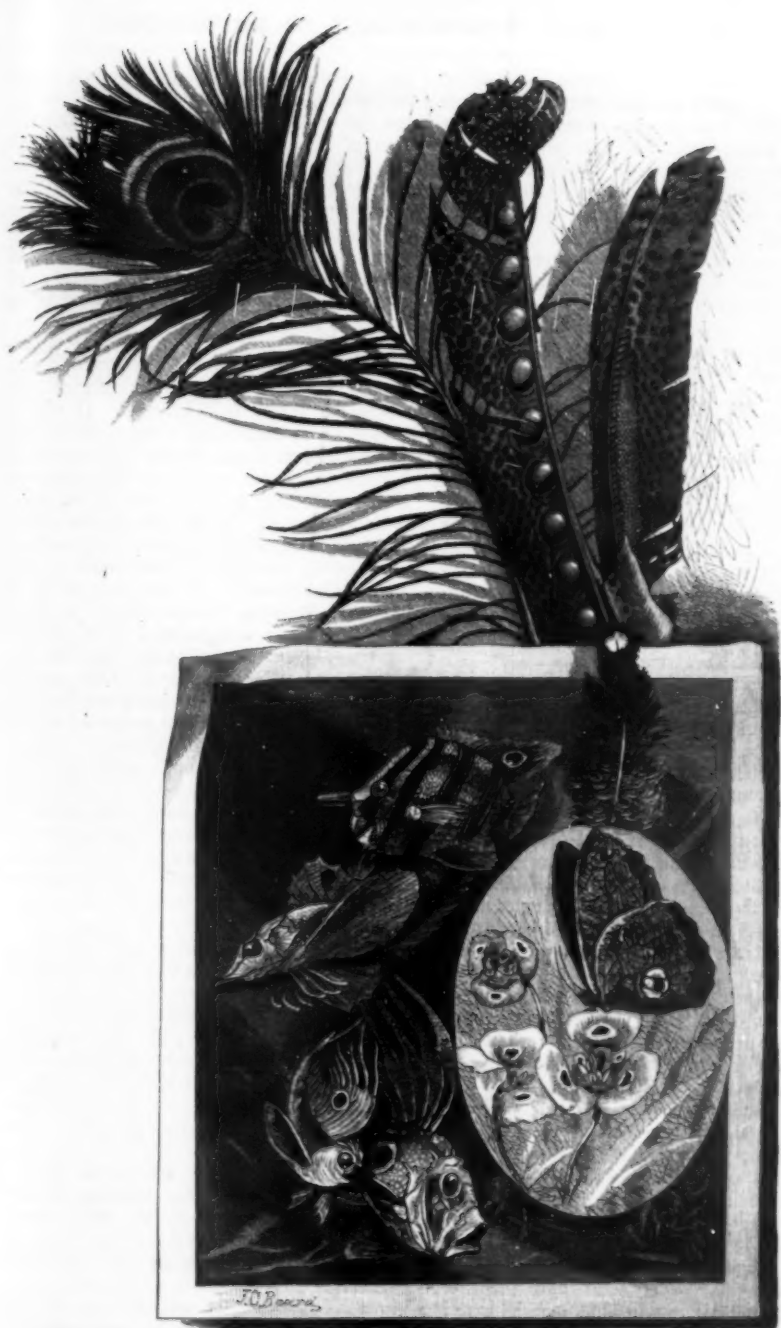
Every species of these shells has a principle of growth, or law of form, peculiar to itself and yet based upon some more general law of form common to other species. This truth is allied to the scientific laws of organism, but is equally applicable to artistic laws, which have reference entirely to external appearances and the principle of form that generates them. In the comb of Venus, for instance, the initial impulse of structure tends to produce a series of spines of a peculiar curvature, and arranged after a certain order that involves the use of similar curves. It is interesting to study the development of this simple principle into the complex and singular form of beauty comprised in the shell itself, the idea being carried into the most minute particulars—even the dark markings at the mouth being shaped like spines, and every small projection on the surface evi-





SEA-COMET (APOLENNA CONTORTA), TWO-THIRDS NATURAL SIZE.

dently being an arrested development of spines. In the *Murex Haustellum*, on the contrary, nodules take the place of spines (see page 821). In the *M. Endivia* an entirely different idea is developed. Notice the cross striations; instead of prolonging themselves into cylindrical pointed spines, as in the case of the Venus comb, or bunching themselves into knobs, as in the *M. Haustellum*, they expand into wonderful foliated projections, the edges of which are beautifully fluted, like the leaves of the lettuce. Another fine effect is afforded by the different texture of the inside and outside surfaces, down to the smallest foliation, the inner parts exhibiting a polished pearly white and the outside a gray and wrinkled skin. Ob-



GROUP SHOWING USE IN NATURE OF OCELLI, OR EYED-SPOTS.

Peacock's Feather.  
Charadon.  
Sea-Robin. (Pisanotus Pilatus.)  
Eyed Blenny.  
John Dory.

Feathers of Argus Phoenix.  
Owl Butterfly.  
Butterfly Tulip.

serve, however rough or dull of hue the outside of a shell, its lips are always pure and often flushed with lovely color, for, as a rule (and here is another hint to decorators), Nature distinguishes by some adornment the most significant parts of her creatures, where life and use are centered.

In many of these shells there is an appearance of layers of a comparatively thin substance, wrapped and warped into shape like some of the wonderful habitations built of leaves by insects. For instance, in the *M. radix* (see page 821), the edges are pulled over and fastened in symmetrical fashion. There is a peculiar crisp finish given by this treatment which it would be well for our modelers to study; the modeling of our pottery appears blunted and ungraceful in comparison.

Another principle to be learned from these shells is that symmetry arises from a harmony of parts rather than their mere repetition. Nature, indeed, never has recourse to the cheap and shallow expedient of ornamenting by mere mechanical repetition. In this she is followed by the truest art. Find me, if you can, in any existing specimen of ancient architecture, two Greek capitals that are exactly alike, or even the two sides of a face that are identically the same in any statue of the best period of Grecian art. Great similarity exists, it is true, between parts, but there is just difference enough to raise the general effect from the mechanical to the artistic. In nature, the same pattern is beautifully varied in different parts of the same object. As the magnificent rosettes of velvety black on a tawny ground, marking the hide of a jaguar, grow small and are modified in shape to suit the smaller parts of the animal, so the countless varieties of cuneiform pattern with which Nature ornaments shells are cunningly varied to conform to the particular part so ornamented.

In the forms of the shells as well as in their ornamentation, though symmetry is universal, exact repetition does not exist. The spirals of the turbinated and discoid shells of molluscs are, however, the perfect expression of a mathematical law. The size of the whorls, and the distance between contiguous whorls in these shells, follow a geometrical progression; and the spiral-formed is the logarithmic, of which it is a property that it has everywhere the same geometrical curvature, and is the only curve, except the circle, which possesses this prop-

erty. Following this law, the animal winds its dwelling in a uniform direction through the space around its axis. As an eminent man of science says, "There is traced in the shell the application of properties of a geometric curve to a mechanical and artistic purpose, by Him who metes the dimensions of space and stretches out the forms of matter according to the rules of a perfect geometry,"—which reminds us of the ancient Platonic doctrine that Deity proceeds by geometry.

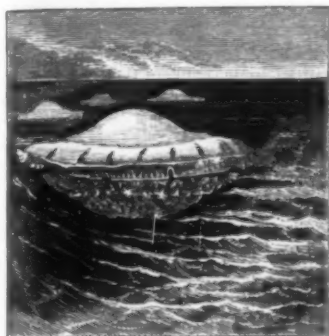
Varied quantity and a more perfect geometrical rhythm would certainly result from some knowledge of the numerical laws upon which all nature is developed. It will be found, for example, that those numbers prevail as well in marine forms as in terrestrial vegetation whose correspondent geometric forms give the greatest variety consistent with symmetry. Thus five, corresponding to the pentagon, is the law of growth of the *radiata*, star-fishes, sea-urchins, and the like. The question was long ago put by Sir Thomas Browne, "why, among sea-stars, Nature chiefly delighteth in five points;" and again, "By the same number, five, doth Nature divide the circle of the sea-star, and in that order and number disposeth those elegant gum circles or dental sockets and eggs in the sea-hedgehog." "Every plate of the sea-urchin," writes Professor Forbes, "is built up of pentagonal particles. The skeletons of the digestive, the aquiferous, and the tegumentary systems equally present the quinary arrangement, and even the hard frame-work of the disk of every sucker is regulated by this mystic number."

In the crustacea, three and seven seem to be the regnant numbers, and in the sea-anemones a most curious law of alternation occurs which is well illustrated in the full-grown *Actina senilis*. The four concentric series of tentacles alternate with each other, and, as regards the number in each, the formula is

$$10 + 10 + 20 + 40 = 80.$$

In some the typical number is six, or a multiple of six. In the *Actina equina* there are twelve tentacula in the first row; in *Actina penduncula* six; and there are four rows in the first species and five in the second.

Thus it may be seen that a thorough examination, and not a mere superficial acquaintance with the works of the Divine Artist, is absolutely necessary if we would



JELLY-FISH (POLYCLONIA FRONDOSA).

find art itself in nature. As Shakspeare writes:

"Nature is made better by no mean,  
But Nature makes that mean; so o'er that art  
Which, you say, adds to Nature, is an art  
That Nature makes."

The inorganic forms of creation—crystalline formation—alone assume mathematically regular forms bounded by right lines, triangles, polygons, cubes, etc., but let us be thankful that animals have not been created in shapes of such painful exactness.

There is, indeed, much truth in the idea of Oersted's, that "inorganic creation constitutes the elementary, and organic the higher geometry of Nature." Reference has been made to the wedge-shaped pattern with which, we may be sure for some good artistic reason, so many different shells are ornamented, as are mammals with spots and bands, and birds (where pattern-work occurs, as in most sorts of grouse) with varieties of crescent markings following the edges of overlapping feathers; but there is one beauty-spot that Nature confines to no one order of animals, but with which she embellishes fish, flower, insect, and bird. This is the eyed-spot, or *ocellus*, shown in its utmost perfection in a feather from the tail of a peacock. It is a sudden color burst on a comparatively plain and often dull ground, and tells with more effect than any other ornament that can be used. In the peacock's tail, and in the plumage of the argus pheasant, it is multiple, for each feather is a complete thing in itself; but it is most effective where it appears alone as the most conspicuous if not the only ornament upon its ground, as in the owl-butterfly, and others, the chætodon, the eyed blenny, the John Dory, etc.

These beautiful shells, however, to be seen in all their luster, should be looked at beneath the water, wet and washed, glistening in the fluent light, and tenanted by the mysterious forms of life to which they originally belonged: far otherwise they then appear than when they lie, dry and bleached and dusty, on the shelves of a cabinet. The ocean, indeed, beautifies all it touches. Give it any rough shard, and it will so roll it about, and lick it with its waves, and smooth it with their soft attrition, that it will return you a polished and shapely nodule, exhibiting all the beauty of color and surface of which the material is capable. If the worker in clay can learn much that is valuable, and can gather precious material for design from marine forms, what may be said of the boundless field of ideas opened to decorators of fabrics and lace-designers in the unapproached delicacy and elegance of form exhibited in the lovely sea-weeds so plenty on our coast, and the magnificent crinoids from the coral banks, the plumed sea-pen, and many more, of which want of space forbids the enumeration, much less the description. Lace being necessarily composed of ornament in delicate lines, different sea-plants, by their extreme fineness of texture, their graceful, flowing contours, and their susceptibility to flat treatment, lend themselves more readily to the lace-designer, and with greater elegance and variety, than terrestrial plants that have solid petals and leaves. Many a suggestion of beautiful net might be gathered from the reticulated fibers of the sponges, and particularly of the lovely flower-basket of Venus and its cognates. For embroideries, what more elegant forms could be found than those of the so-called basket-fish



QUARTER SECTION OF UNDER PART OF POLYCLONIA FRONDOSA.

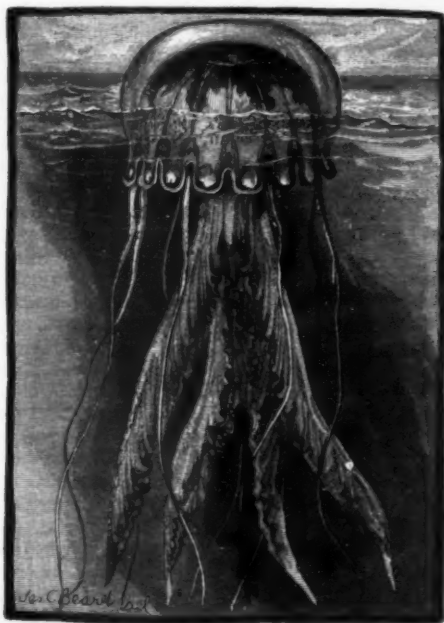
of the genus *Asterophyton*, and the *Ophiura*, and the dainty sea-lilies?—

“living flowers  
Their purple cups contracted  
Like a rose-bud compacted,  
And then in open blossoms spread,  
Stretching like anthers many a seeking head  
Mid plants of fibers fine as silk-worm's thread,  
Like mermaid's hair upon the waves dispread.”

The ocean is inhabited by many living jewels, conveying, by their delicate tissues and

this but one form among I know not how many.

One characteristic of all this weird and beautiful jewelry-work of Nature is, quite noticeably, that the greatest amount of skilled workmanship, so to speak, is given with the smallest possible amount of material. No one portion interferes with another, and there is always the wisest economy of the mere supporting structure. How often, on the contrary, among de-

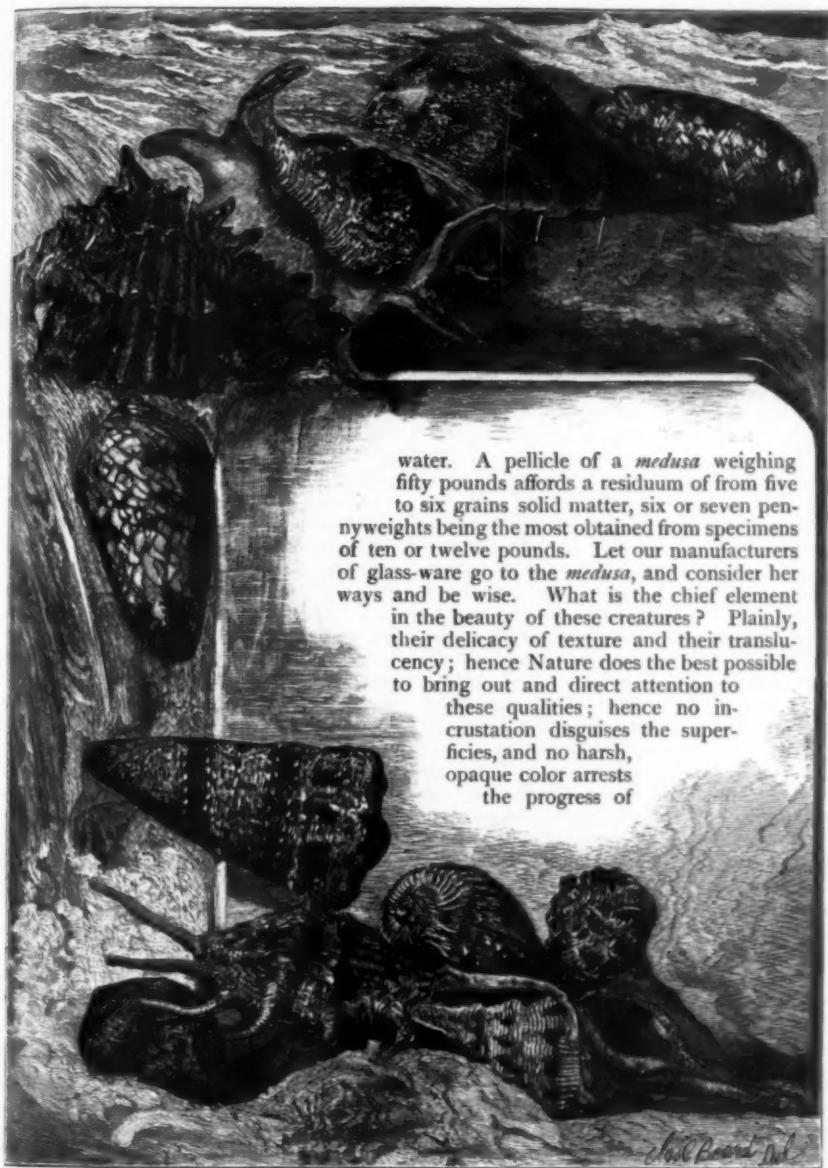


JELLY-FISH (*PELAGIA CYANELLA*).

translucent brilliancy, their wondrously vivid colors and singular forms, an idea of something spiritual rather than material; but though their capability for decorative purposes is really inexhaustible, it is very difficult to convey an adequate idea of their organisms to one who has not seen them. Imagine, if you can, a spiral axis of flexible crystals, about which is a garland of hundreds of diaphanous pearls of a vivid red color, and an infinity of pendants full of life, and light, and motion, glistening among the waves like some crowning triumph of the lapidary's art—a royal scepter endowed with vitality and consciousness, and you have at best a very slight and imperfect idea of the marvelous organism, *Apolelmia contorta*, and

signers, do we not find that superfluous enamel, or vulgar weight of metal, has robbed the precious jewel of half its prominence and luster? Who that has ever seen a living *medusa*, or jelly-fish, can forget its beauty? The moonlight upon the water, silvering the edges of the waves, is scarcely less substantial than these creatures, which seem sometimes little more than prismatic hues imprisoned in living bubbles. To me, it is, I confess, perfectly incomprehensible how matter can be so attenuated and still retain sufficient consistency to move freely about, hold a persistent shape, and perform the functions of a living creature. If animals born on the land are formed of the dust of the earth, these are little else than





water. A pellicle of a *medusa* weighing fifty pounds affords a residuum of from five to six grains solid matter, six or seven pennyweights being the most obtained from specimens of ten or twelve pounds. Let our manufacturers of glass-ware go to the *medusa*, and consider her ways and be wise. What is the chief element in the beauty of these creatures? Plainly, their delicacy of texture and their translucency; hence Nature does the best possible to bring out and direct attention to these qualities; hence no incrustation disguises the superficies, and no harsh, opaque color arrests the progress of

## GROUP OF SHELLS.

Beginning at the top of this cut, the shells come in the following order: Sea-spider (*Pteroceras Chiragra*). Map-shell (*Cypraea Mappa*). Olive-shell (*O. Porphyria*). *Murex Radix*. *Comus Textilis*. *Comus Fuscata*. Harp-shell (*Harpa ventricosa*). *Murex Haustellum*. *Cyclophorus Volvulus*. *Pteroceras Landisii*. *Fasciolariaides Filamentosa*.

the light penetrating their substance. On the other hand, what lovely, transparent tints are exhibited! Opaline, like those of iridescent

glass; lustrous and intense, like the depths of a glass of brown sherry held between the eye and the sun; deep, pellucid blue, pale

rose-color, or colorless and transparent as an optician's lens; lovely forms secure amid waves that wreck the strongest vessel, and yet so fragile as to break to pieces on contact with any solid substance, and to dissolve into water by the natural heat of the hand.

These delicious creatures, with their soft, pure play of color, their delicate umbels resting in the yielding water, could suggest new forms of loveliness to the decorative artist who chose to study them, that would repay him a hundred-fold for his pains. A few dead scientific diagrams and imperfect illustrations are all that they whose eyes have never feasted on the living charms of the *medusæ* have yet known of these creatures; to all such persons a masterly artistic rendition in color would be a revelation of new and heretofore unimagined beauty.

To the scientist, indeed, all nature down to the most infinitesimal particle is capable of teaching something; why should it not also have lessons for the artist? If the geologist is able to read the record of past ages in every pebble, if to the biologist profound laws of life are announced by insects and still lowlier beings, why must the infinite variety of created nature have so little to say to the artist that he should need, as the Italians say, to "feed upon his own brain," and attempt to evolve truth and beauty from his inner consciousness? Rather let him submit to be taught by the humblest creature, "let him learn limitless suggestiveness upon the barren sea-shore," not allowing himself to attach consequence to objects because of their apparent importance or size alone, or to neglect them because of their seeming insignificance. Nor should he allow himself to imagine that any part or phase of nature has been, or can be, ex-

hausted and worked out so that nothing is left to be accomplished but mere repetition. What is true in this respect of the physical is no less true of the mental world: the name of every real thought is legion; every idea is composed of innumerable others; every form of beauty is capable of indefinite development in many varying courses; every aspect of truth is limitless in the field it offers to the student and explorer.

I cannot help hoping that some, at least, who read these words may be induced to see and investigate such things for themselves. It is not needed that a student of the beautiful be an artist in the technical sense of the word—I have known many true artists among those who never painted or modeled; but it is necessary that he should use his eyes and brain upon natural objects. In the words of Harvey, as quoted by Huxley: "Those who read without acquiring distinct images of the things about which they read by the help of their senses, gather no real knowledge, but conceive mere phantoms and eidolons."

Sitting on the stoop of the old house of the shells, and imbued with the sense of music and beauty everywhere haunting us, the words of Jean Paul occur to me:

"O kind God, thou sowest pleasure everywhere, and givest to every object a charm, that it may present it to us again. Thou dost not invite us only to great, overpowering, and tumultuous joys; Thou attachest delight to the smallest object, and an aroma of pleasure to everything that surrounds us. To Thee it is not sufficient that we should only recollect happiness. Thou dost invest the re-awakened joy with a new charm, and through increased loveliness preventest the loathing of repetition."

#### FATHER HYACINTHE.

CHARLES LOYSON was born at Orleans, in France, March 10, A. D. 1827—which is a statement of comparative unimportance, except as fixing his present age at fifty-three, and suggesting the surroundings of literary refinement and household religion among which he grew to manhood, amid the exquisite Pyrenean scenery of Pau. Poet and orator by nature, his earlier and maturing life were impressed, alike by the sublime surroundings of his mountain home, by the fervent and intelligent faith of his father,

and by the intellectual and spiritual stirrings in France of such men as Cousin, Guizot, and, still more, of Montalembert and Lacordaire, whose successor and superior in oratorical and philosophical power he was destined to become. Educated at St. Sulpice, he was ordered priest in Notre Dame in 1846, and for six years was a teacher of theology at Avignon, Nantes, and Paris. In 1859 he became a Carmelite friar, entering the most austere of all the mendicant orders of the Roman Church, devoted pri-

marily to contemplation, and, secondarily, to preaching. After two years, Loyson emerged, and instantly arrested the attention of France, first in Lyons, then in Bordeaux, then in Paris, with a power which grew in influence and in extent till the series of Advent *conferences* in Notre Dame, in the years 1866, 1867, and 1868, made Père Hyacinthe the most famous modern preacher of the world. Those *conferences*, or religious lectures, originated by Lacordaire, Loyson has continued,—in 1864, dealing with the atheism of French society and French science; in the latter years attacking the irreligious morality of the philosopher and the immoral religion of the priest; in 1877 and 1878, under very different circumstances,—an excommunicated priest and an unfrocked friar,—delivering, in a secular building, sermons, full of the old force and fire, on "The Moral Crisis," "The Struggle between Theocracy and Democracy," "The Principles of Catholic Reform," and "The Harmony of Catholicity and Civilization." Since then he has delivered, in 1880, a course of four lectures, in England, under the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury, on "Positive Christianity."\*

It is altogether beyond the range and reach of this paper to set forth, in detail, the strange and stirring ecclesiastical events which, in the two last centuries, have startled France at regular intervals of one hundred years. 1670 is the period of Louis XIV., Bossuet, and Fénelon; 1770 is the period of Louis XV. and Clement XIV., and Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun; 1870 is the period of the Vatican Council, of Archbishop Darboy, of Montalembert's death; and these periods and names are suggestive and symbolical of struggles, wise and unwise—struggles of reform and of revolution against the temporal and spiritual and intellectual despotism of the Bishop of Rome.

Bossuet's defense of the four articles,† by which Louis XIV. strove to restrain the intrusiveness of the Papal power, asserted the temporal independence of kings, the

jurisdiction of the Episcopate as derived from Christ, and the authority of Councils. Louis XV. suppressed the Society of Jesuits in France, and extorted from Clement a bull for the suppression of the order, which cost the Pope his life. The sweeping tide of revolution almost swept away the Church as a national institution, because the foundations of faith and love and holiness had decayed; and the goddess of reason in Notre Dame, the reign of terror, the proscription of worship, the abolition of the Lord's day, led on to Napoleon's Concordat and to the struggles of Lamennais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert. The life of this great layman abundantly realized his famous utterance, which has, what Bossuet lacked, the courage and the consistency of conviction:

"In the name of Catholic laymen like myself, Catholics of the nineteenth century, I say we will not be helots in the midst of a free people. We are the successors of the martyrs, and we do not tremble before the successors of Julian the Apostate. We are the sons of the crusaders, and we will never draw back before the sons of Voltaire."

It was through this inheritance of the spiritual independence of St. Hilary of Arles, and the secular independence of St. Martin of Tours, of the Gallican liberties vindicated by Bossuet, Gerson, and St. Louis, that Loyson was born into actual life, if one may so say, in the third of these eventful periods. At the close of the year 1869, although the Archbishop (Darboy) and the Emperor accepted, if they did not indorse, the rousing and intense invective of the great preacher against the Pharisaism of the Roman hierarchy, and the illiberalism of political liberals and pseudo Catholics, the general of the order of the barefooted Carmelites required him to refrain "from addressing secular assemblies, and in the pulpit to restrict himself to the points on which all Catholics are agreed." The answer to this summons ought to be given in full. It was the torch that fired the long-gathering fuel into a blaze:

"You demand that I shall make use of such language, or preserve such a silence, as would no longer be the entire and loyal expression of my conscience. I do not hesitate a moment. With speech falsified by an order from my superior, or mutilated by enforced reticences, I could not again enter the pulpit of Notre Dame. I express my regrets for this to the intelligent and courageous bishop who placed me and has maintained me in it, against the ill-will of the men of whom I have just been speaking. I express my regrets for it to the imposing audience which there surrounded me with its attention, its

\* "The Bible and Science," "Original Sin," "Redemption," and "The Resurrection."

† These four articles were:

I. That the ecclesiastical power has no right over the temporalities of the kingdom.

II. That a General Council is superior to the Pope, as decided by the Council of Constance.

III. That the exercise of the Papal power should be controlled by laws and local customs.

IV. That the judgment of the Pope is not infallible, except when confirmed by the Church.



CHARLES LOYSON (FATHER HYACINTHE).

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sympathies—I had almost said, with its friendship. I should be worthy neither of the audience, nor of the Bishop, nor of my conscience, nor of God, if I could consent to play such a part in their presence. I withdraw at the same time from the convent in which I dwell, and which, in the new circumstances which have befallen me, has become to me a prison of the soul. In acting thus I am not unfaithful to my vows. I have promised monastic obedience, but within the limits of an honest conscience, and of the dignity of my person and ministry. I have promised it under favor of that higher law of justice, the 'royal law of liberty,' which is, according to the apostle James, the proper law of the Christian. \*

\* \* This is a solemn hour. The Church is passing through one of the most violent crises—one of the darkest and most decisive of its earthly existence. For the first time in three hundred years, an Ecumenical Council is not only summoned, but declared necessary. These are the expressions of the Holy Father. It is not at such a moment that a preacher of the gospel, were he the least of all, can consent to hold his peace, like the 'dumb dogs' of Israel—treacherous guardians, whom the prophet reproached because they could not bark. 'The saints are never dumb.' I am not one of them, but I nevertheless know that I am come of that stock—*filius sanctorum*—and it has ever been my ambition to place my steps, my tears, and, if need were, my blood, in the foot-prints where they have left theirs.

I lift up, then, before the Holy Father and before the Council, my protest as a Christian and a priest, against those doctrines and practices which call themselves Roman, but are not Christian, and which, making encroachments ever bolder and more deadly, tend to change the constitution of the Church, the substance as well as the form of its teaching, and even the spirit of its piety. I protest against the divorce, not less impious than mad, which men are struggling to accomplish between the Church, which is our mother for eternity, and the society of the nineteenth century, whose sons we are for time, and toward which we have also both duties and affections. I protest against that opposition, more radical and frightful yet, which sets itself against human nature, attacked and revolted by these false teachers in its most indestructible and holiest aspirations. I protest, above all, against the sacrilegious perversion of the gospel of the Son of God himself, the spirit and the letter of which alike are trodden under foot by the Pharisaism of the new law. \* \* \*

"I appeal to the Council now about to assemble, to seek remedies for our excessive evils, and to apply them alike with energy and gentleness. But if fears, which I am loath to share, should come to be realized—if that august assembly should have no more of liberty in its deliberations than it has already in its preparation—if, in one word, it should be robbed of the characteristics essential to an Ecumenical Council, I would cry to God and men to demand another, really assembled in the Holy Spirit, not in the spirit of party—really representing the Church universal, not the silence of some and the constraint of others. 'For the hurt of the daughter of my people am I hurt. I am black. Astonishment hath taken hold on me. Is there no balm in Gilead—is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?'

"Finally, I appeal to Thy tribunal, O Lord Jesus! *Ad Tuam, Domine Jesu, tribunal appello.* It is in Thy presence that I write these lines; it is at Thy feet, after having prayed much, pondered much, suffered much, and waited long—it is at Thy feet that I subscribe them. I have this confidence concerning

them that, however men may condemn them upon earth, Thou wilt approve them in heaven. Living or dying, this is enough for me."

The result was an order to Hyacinthe to withdraw to one of the convents in the south of France, under pain of excommunication "with the mark of infamy."

It is striking to find a commentary on this whole matter in the words of this great preacher, which made part of an impressive appeal to the priests of the Roman Church in France: \*

"And among these priests how many are with us in their secret hearts? I am not ignorant about them, and though the question of conscience is less easy to solve for them than for you [laymen], though it is strangely and terribly complicated with a double question of misery and dishonor, I do not hesitate to cry loudly to them: Sacrifice everything to truth and justice! and, if it must be, serve God, as St. Paul did, in 'hunger and in thirst, in nakedness and cold, in evil report and good report.'

"A bishop, whom I shall not name, the more that he is still living,—a French bishop,—said to me on the eve of the Council: 'We have two languages in the Episcopate. We are obliged to say aloud the reverse of what we say under our breath.'

"Such confidences as these, coming as the sound of thunder, or rather as the flash of lightning, into the retirement of my monk's cell, roused me at last from my mystic sleep. They have left me—what do I say?—they have made me Catholic more than ever before; my faith has become more sacred, now that I separate it from the abuses added to it by men. I said to myself, as the nun of Port Royal: 'Since the bishops have women's hearts (though is it not injustice to women, so often heroic in their weakness, to ascribe such hearts to them?)—since the bishops have women's hearts, the simple priests must have bishops' hearts.' On that day, to become altogether faithful, I became altogether bold."

His letter rings with the courage of a martyr and the rhapsody of a saint.

We all know the story of the Council,† to which, in the yet unbroken faith of his heart in the Roman Church, Loyson appealed. The great majority of Italian bishops, overwhelming and bearing down

\* *Conférences* of 1879.

† He describes the result of the Council himself: "Liberal Catholics have been crushed by the anathemas of the Vatican. The Council of 1870 has introduced into the code of beliefs a dogma absolutely new, an opinion without foundation in ecclesiastical antiquity, and always combated by the Church of France. All consciences are bowed down under the authority of a single man—the Pope." And he quotes as prophetic of this result Montalembert's description of the "lay theologians of absolutism," who sought "to immolate justice and truth, reason and history, as a holocaust to the idol which they have erected at the Vatican"; and the words of Archbishop Sibour of Paris, in 1853: "The new ultramontane school leads us to a double idolatry: the idolatry of the temporal, and the idolatry of the spiritual power."



all opposition, forced upon the Roman Catholic world the dogma which makes internal reform finally impossible—the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope.

Hyacinthe came at once to America. A student all his life of the philosophy of history, he had clear and just conceptions of this country. In one of the *Conférences* of 1857, speaking of sovereignty as from God, whether in the sovereignty of the prince or in the sovereignty of the people, he says of "the gigantic nation of the United States of America":

"Oh, how grand that nation was! how grand it continues still! O people, thou art like the lion's whelp that is gone up to seize the prey! Thy prey is the wealth of both the hemispheres, thy proud independence, thy vast and fertile continent. Thou hast couched between the two oceans, in the shadow of thy lofty mountains, on the banks of thy rivers, that are like seas! Thou hast roared like the lion, and like the lioness thou art slumbering in thy might. Who shall dare rouse thee up! *Quis suscitabit eum?*" Well, then, who is it that holds the sovereignty in this nation? None but itself. The very day it was born in pangs of travail, it grasped the sovereignty in its own bloody and jealous hands, and to this day it has not let it go. There every man is at once citizen and king."

It is not too strong language to use of the condition of the Père's mind, at this time, to say that it was afloat. Coming from the severity and seclusion of the cloister; ignorant of the world; utterly unable to speak or to understand English; broken loose, by a convulsion, from all the traditions and landmarks of his life,—he was seeking for some haven of rest for his soul. Welcomed here as orator and protestant, he fell into various hands, and made various acquaintances. At the Evangelical Alliance, on platform or in lecture-hall, the guest of Churchman and of Congregationalist, he avoided committing himself to any particular phase of religious life or faith. It is a part of the beauty of the man's nature that, sudden as the revulsion was which sent him from his early religious home, he never felt or uttered the bitter hatred against Rome which mars too often the fresh enthusiasm of those who come out of that communion. As lately as 1878 he speaks thus of Rome:

"When one has received from the Church over which the Papacy presides that which I have received from it, for my intelligence and for my heart, it is impossible to share the illusion of those who only see in this great institution the power of Antichrist: it is impossible to speak of it without a sentiment of respect. I do not ignore its errors and its faults.

\* Genesis, xlix. 9.

Even now I openly proclaim them; but I repeat that it is impossible, at least for me, to speak of Rome without a feeling of respect, mingled with love and with grief."

And again, after urging that no one abandons his own country because it is badly governed, he says:

"When one has the honor to belong by his education, his baptism, and his faith to the great Catholic Church, one may resist its government. One must, whenever it puts itself in opposition to the faith of God and the conscience of man; but must one for that abandon the Church, shake off against it the dust of his feet, the gall of his lips, and the hatred of his heart? Never, gentlemen, never! On the contrary, one must become more ardently faithful to it in the time of its trials, and, in order to heal its unhappy present, neither forget its past nor despair of its future."

Nor had he yet made his way very far toward recognizing the lines of difference between the old faith and the new convictions. Probably, and apparently, he simply went back from 1870 to 1563, from the Italian Council of the Vatican to the as un-Catholic Council of Trent. And there were needed time and thought, the slow separation of truth from error in his ideas and feelings, before he could take the positive position, which is essential to complete the negation of a protest against untruth and error. Hyacinthe's life at Geneva was a time of stir and progress. He found himself in the midst of questions, political and ecclesiastical, of which, when he undertook his mission there, he had little thought. The radicals in politics claimed him, and the religious radicals, disposed to use against ultramontaniam the weapons of its own warfare, pressed him hard. He resisted nobly, and with great cost to himself. His preaching was the preaching of the gospel of peace. The writer remembers the earnest urgency of his sermon on the parable of the Good Samaritan, in the hall in Geneva, in 1873, when, for the first time, Loyson said mass in the "vulgar tongue."\* And it was about this time that, through the Latin copy of Bailey's "*Ordinum Sacrorum in*

\* "To speak of 'vulgar tongues' is a manner of expression which constitutes a real outrage to the speech of our mothers and of our country. As if the dead languages of pagan antiquity were the only noble tongues; and as if French, the magnificent idiom of Christian civilization, were only a vulgar dialect! What! Our language has been the language of Bossuet and of Pascal. And shall it be only a profane tongue, unworthy and incapable to express religious things? Every language is consecrated when it has served as the organ of the gospel."—*Conférences* of 1878.

*Ecl. Anglic. defensio*," Loyson's mind was directed toward the English Church, whose orders, vindicated by Courayer, had been confounded by the Carmelite friar with the ministry of non-episcopal Protestants.

Of his intense feeling as to the grace of orders, no one can doubt who has seen him in the exercise of his ministry, or who remembers the thrilling passage on the Apostolical Succession, in his second *Conférence* of 1879:

"I believe that there exists in the Church, by divine right, a distinction between the clergy and the laity; that the priest possesses, in virtue of his ordination, a supernatural power, which comes from the apostles through the bishops, from Christ through the apostles, and from God through Christ. I believe that, because it is the teaching of the holy Scriptures, because it is the belief of the Church in the first centuries. Its most ancient witnesses make it a matter of faith. I will say more: I believe it because I feel it. It is the inner and mysterious experience of every one who has not lightly received 'the gift that is given to us by the laying on of hands.'" Yes, he who, with the profound convictions and the glowing spirit of self-sacrifice of youth, in spite of all personal interests, and laying aside all purely human reasons, has sacrificed himself for the cause of God and for the salvation of his brethren; he who has lain upon the pavement of the temple, in dust and ashes, and who is raised by the touch of the bishop, beneath the electric current which bridges the centuries, and comes from Jesus Christ,—such an one knows that he is priest, as he knows that he is man. He bears in himself the Catholic priesthood, as he bears his human nature, and it is no more possible to him to doubt the one than the other."

From this recognition of a valid ministry with catholic creeds outside the communion of Rome, dates the final shaping of the Père's effort in France. Slowly, and through difficult delays, he has obtained permission in his own land to open his lips to her own people on the subject of religion. In 1877 he writes: "Under a republican government I could not obtain authority to speak of religion to my fellow-citizens." And in 1878: "The three religions of the state that are free or protected are the Catholic religion—in spite of the dogmatic transformation which it underwent at the last Council; the Protestant religion, in its two branches of the Reformed Church, and the Church of the Confession of Augsburg; and the most ancient, that of Israel." And in a note referring to the stipulation in the Berlin treaty, he adds, with his own delicate power of satire: "*Nous demandons la liberté religieuse comme en Turquie.*"†

\* I. Timothy IV. 14.

† "Under the government of the French Republic, it has taken seven years of patient, constant

From the bare permission to speak on moral subjects, he emerged at length into a freedom from all government restrictions, and by a providential coincidence, there came at the same time the opportunity for renting and arranging a temporary place of worship, and an official recognition by the Church of England of his effort to form in France "a Christian Mission, Catholic and Gallican, placed provisionally" under the Primus of Scotland, and since then under the Bishop of Edinburgh.

This is not the place to discuss the ecclesiastical and theological bearings of a question so important. The bishops believed, and believe, that in their action they were governed by principles and precedents, alike ancient and sound. And no faintest idea is entertained on either side of anglicanizing, of reproducing English liturgies, English expressions, English habits of thought. Not as bishops of any particular nationality, but as bishops in the Church of God, for purposes of counsel, of administering orders, and confirmation of discipline, etc., the bishops of what Loyson himself calls "the Anglo-American Church" have agreed to give sympathy and assistance to the effort of a brave man, struggling, against tremendous odds, with ultramontanes and ultra-Protestants, and the whole body of unbelievers, to regain the purity of doctrine and worship, and the liberty of discipline and order of the national Church of France. In matters of doctrine, it is a significant fact that he not only speaks of a basis of belief "larger and more ancient than that of Trent," but that also, on the title-page of his last *Conférences*, he puts the Nicean words, "I believe in one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church"; while in the body of them, after an intense description of "the orthodoxy which does not

effort to obtain permission to speak to you of religion in this hall. If now I should propose, to those of you who are inclined to pray with me, that we should seek together, as did the early Christians, who were more free in Rome under the Caesars than we are in Paris to-day, some obscure retreat, some attic chamber or some catacomb, there to kneel before God, with clear consciences, we should find, perhaps, some agent of the police force to forbid our entrance therein."

"Outside of the three official religions, Roman Catholicism, Calvinism or Lutheranism, and Judaism, religious liberty does not exist—or, rather, it exists only for the votaries of free thought. In this land, so prone to revolutions, so rebellious at reforms, it is permitted to deny all religious belief, or, if need be, to break it down, but it is absolutely forbidden to improve it."—*Conférences* 1878.

discuss, but affirms, which not only says, but sings," he bursts out into the profession of his own faith in the exact words of the Nicene Creed. He has gone back—that is to say, not only from the Council of 1870 to that of 1864—from that to the Council of 1563; but he has gone back, for the substance and the symbol of his belief, from the sixteenth to the fourth century—from mediævalism to primitive Christianity—from Trent to Nicæa.

Loyson's theological position is very likely to be misunderstood. "Neither a Protestant to Protestants, nor a (Roman) Catholic to (Roman) Catholics," one writes, "he is continually disappointing some people's expectations." And the writer by no means claims that in all points the Church of England, or its daughter in America, accepts or adopts the Père's views. But we are learning the larger lesson of intercommunion, that insists upon unity only in essentials. And it is true, on the one hand, that the Père only teaches, "as necessary to salvation," what we believe to be the ancient faith of the Creeds, as proved by holy Scripture; and on the other, that he repudiates not only the doctrines of modern Rome—Papal Infallibility, the Immaculate Conception, and the Tridentine additions to the ancient Creeds,—but that he insists upon disciplinary reform; in the unenforced rarity of private confession; the circulation of the holy Scriptures; the saying of the service in the tongue understood by the people; the liberty of the clergy to marry; communion in both kinds, etc., etc.

Loyson's marriage is a significant fact and feature of his life, the more so because its signification has been grossly and utterly misunderstood. Believing, as the writer does, that his power and prominence as a reformer would have been enormously enhanced had he remained unmarried, yet the insinuation that a desire for marriage controlled and shaped his separation from the Roman priesthood and from his conventual order, is the most gratuitous lie. The *jeu d'esprit* of the multitude of Frenchmen who "disbelieve in God, but do believe in the celibacy of the clergy," may be true; but Loyson does not represent the other extreme of belief in the marriage of the priesthood before his faith in God. It was years after he had been driven out of the Carmelite order that he married—years after his excommunication by Rome. Dissolved from all privileges or recognition as priest or monk by the act of the Church which expelled him, he felt himself discharged alike

from the conventual and the priestly vow; and it was, beyond peradventure, in the judgment of all who knew Loyson, a deliberate and distinct decision of the man, that he could better illustrate his conviction of the danger and the injury of an unmarried priesthood, if he himself married. To him, apart from the historical fact of the accompanying and inevitable corruptions of enforced celibacy, a married priesthood is a necessity to a reunion and identification of the church with the state, and of the clergy with society—a necessity to do away with that separate caste which has undomesticated religion. And there are, perhaps, no finer passages of outbreathing fervor in his addresses than those in which he deals with this question.

And yet this is to be insisted on. Hyacinthe Loyson felt, most intensely of all, the corruption of the faith, and while, in matters of discipline, he has urged and argued and introduced reforms, a married priesthood is not the only one. The freedom and infrequency of private confession, the distribution of the holy Scriptures in the tongue of the people, the translation of public offices into the vernacular, the giving of the cup to the laity, the election of bishops by the clergy—these are among the disciplinary reforms. Behind them and beneath them lies the restoration of the ancient faith. As Loyson writes, in his programme of Catholic reform: "The Catholic religion is essentially beneficent because it is divinely true. The errors which have stolen into its teaching, the abuses which have marred its practice, have not altered its divine elements. We have nothing to add to nor to take away from the authentic symbols which express the faith—the Creed of the Apostles and the Creed of Nicæa."

Loyson's nature is a rare combination of affection and principle. His is "the charity that rejoices in the truth." The one-sided and small folk, who cannot hold much love with much truth, and if they have a little truth have no love, or if they have a little love have no truth, misunderstand such a man entirely. While he was still in the Roman communion, he held and advocated views about the separated bodies of Protestants which hardly found favor at court. The following passages from a sermon at the reception of a Protestant lady into the Roman Church attest this:

"There is a fundamental distinction, without which it is not possible to deal justly by the communions separated from the Catholic Church, and the members of those communions. Every relig-

ious system contains within itself two opposite elements: the negative element, which makes it a schism, and most commonly a heresy; and the positive element, which preserves for it a greater or less share in the ancient heritage of Christianity. Not only distinct but hostile, they are very near to each other, even in their conflicts; darkness and light, life and death, mingle without being confounded, and there results from it all what I would call the deep and intricate mystery of the life of error. For my part, I do not render to error the undeserved honor of supposing it able to live of its own life, breathe by its own breath, and nourish with its own substance souls which are not without virtues, and nations not without greatness! Protestantism, as such, is that negative element which you have renounced, and to which, with the Catholic Church, you have said, Anathema. But Protestantism has not been the only thing in your past religious life; by the side of its negations have been its affirmations, and, like a savory fruit inclosed in a bitter husk, you have been in possession of Christianity from your cradle. Before coming to us, you were a Christian by baptism, validly received, and when the hand of the minister sprinkled the water on your brow with those words of eternal life, 'I baptize thee in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,' it was Jesus Christ himself who baptized you. 'The hand is nothing,' says Saint Augustine; 'be it Peter's or Paul's, the hand is nothing—it is Christ that baptizes.' It was Christ who betrothed you, who received your faith and pledged to you His own. The depth of your moral nature, that sacred part of noble souls which instinctively shrinks from error, the Word has consecrated to Himself, that He 'might present it to Himself as a chaste virgin,' reserving it for heaven.

"The free exercise of private judgment, under the spirit of which you have grown up, is doubtless the source of numberless errors; but—thank God again for this—besides the Protestant principle, there is also the Christian principle among Protestants; besides private judgment there is the action of the supernatural grace received in baptism, and of that mysterious influence of which Saint Paul speaks when he says: 'We have the mind of Christ,' and of which Saint John said: 'Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things.'"

With all this, he held strongly to the distinction, even to the separating points and principles, of church order and authority. In his latest *Conférence*, he says:

"Whatever may be the ties which bind me to many Protestants,—and these ties are close,—whatever may be my esteem for that which truly evangelical Protestantism has of Christianity, of freedom, and of fruitfulness, I am not, I never shall be, Protestant. I think I may add, without being a prophet, that if our country has not become so within the last three hundred years, neither religious effort nor political calculations will ever bring back this possibility, vanished without hope of return. France will be Catholic—reformed Catholic, in the sense of the gospel and of liberty, but she will always be Catholic, or she will cease to be."

He shared and shares most strongly the conviction of the first Protestant minister in Paris, M. de Pressensé, as to the necessity of the historic Church to reform and rule

the religion of France.\* Prelacy and the primacy are as clearly scriptural and primitive to Loyson, as the Papacy is modern, and false, and fatal.

What we have quoted from Loyson has the double disadvantage, first, that he speaks to eye and not to ear, with the loss of that rise and fall of power in his tones, like the west wind blowing over the strings of the responsive harp; and secondly, that even to the eye he speaks through the distorting medium of a translation. But even so he is great, for he is not merely an orator. In voice, in articulation, in choice of words in his own incomparable language, and in every natural grace, he has the gift of oratory; but his sermons and conferences are not born from the end of his tongue amid the stir of popular assemblies; they are not merely conceived of the fancy and begotten by the emotions; they pass through the wondrously fertile chambers of his imagination, and over the warm surface of his kindled heart, and out of the portal of a "golden mouth." But behind all this, they are mighty achievements of study and thought and toil. No man can read them and not realize that the fire of their burning and illuminating words, lighted almost by inspiration, is fed and furnished by an amount of material gathered from remote and various store-houses—as well the collected coal of burned-out systems of philosophy and the old heathen poets, as the fuel found in the still green and living forests of contemporaneous thought. Plato, Confucius, Socrates, Voltaire, and Kant; the Dictionary of Philosophy, and the decisions of the Lambeth Conference, find their place among the references of his lectures. I select from his latest publication a specimen of the line of the Père's thought and teaching, and of the power and purity of his style. In the first *Conférence* on Christianity and Natural Religion he says:

"These two so widely different states of natural religion, the French tongue expresses by two words, separated, the one from the other, in language by a consonant, in thought by an abyss—deism and the-

\* He quotes as sustaining his own opinion the words of the pastor E. de Pressensé, whom he calls one of the most distinguished spirits of Protestantism: "I am convinced that France will not receive the gospel, under the form of mere Protestantism. Protestantism may help to hasten a reform, greater and more effective, but it will never accomplish it alone. At every cost that must be born and developed in the bosom of Catholicism, on condition that Catholicism transform itself, and break with idolatrous and unbridled ultramontaniam."



ism. To avoid the possible confusion of these two words, so nearly alike in pronunciation, we shall speak of deism and monotheism. Deism and monotheism are both religions of the twilight, if I may so say, with the difference which there is between the two twilights. If the evening twilight has certain characteristics in common with the twilight of the coming dawn, it has others that mark the difference between them. The eye sees on the horizon, like a band of gold, or like draperies of purple, the light of a hearth-fire, not yet visible or just disappearing from sight; and yet what a difference! At dawn it is the trembling of all nature, with the unutterable *elan*\* of creation toward the visible source of life. A breeze passes over the earth, which carries to the east all its perfumes, all its songs. At sunset, on the contrary, a wearied wind touches the sun, and seems to fold its wings; the flowers droop upon their stems, the songs die out upon the nests. In the one case it is the sun which rises; it is the day which is coming; in the other it is the light which dies—it is the night that advances.

\* All idols are not cut out of stone, nor made of gold or of wood; there are others that are fashioned each day in the thoughts of men. These are spiritual idols—the most criminal, the most dangerous. The God of deism is of this class. "He has eyes and he sees not," as the Psalmist says. He wears, like a thick bandage over His reason, those general laws of the world to which He submits, thoughtless and inactive, and through which He distinguishes neither particular beings nor their individual acts. He is not like the God of the gospel, who feeds the birds of the air, who clothes with glory the lilies of the field, who knows the number of the hairs in our heads, and of the tears from our eyes, even as of the stars in the firmament; and who watches us with His clear-seeing justice to reward or to punish us. He has ears and heareth not. Voice of prayer and of love, joyous song of adoration, movement of the wings of ecstasy, tears falling one by one in night and silence, sound of choking sobs, piercing cry of

remorse or of grief, you have not mounted, you can never mount, to His ear! The deists have defined prayer as 'a soliloquy of the soul with itself.'\* The soul speaks and listens to itself, and in this illusory division of itself it finds at last the comfort and the strength which is wanting in its natural oneness, and which it would ask in vain of the grand deafness and dumbness of the Infinite. 'He has ears and hears not; He has a mouth and speaks not.'† No, He has never replied to man within himself by one of those inarticulate, yet living, words, which, when once heard, can never be forgotten. All these are mystical illusions. God does not interfere by His grace in the secret and tremendous drama of the conscience, nor by the writers of His revelation and His prophecy in the ordinary life of mankind. Above all, He has no bowels of compassion or of tenderness, by which we used to believe the 'morning star has visited us from above.' How should He love us since He knows us not? How should He be father, since He is the All-Powerful? \* \* \* What we must have is a God easily found, a God very simple, and, above all, very loving,—a God who, without ceasing to be grand, and therefore mysterious, nevertheless humbled Himself even to us, and, having glorified poverty by being born in a stable, has made suffering divine by dying upon the cross."

Only God knows what shall be the issue of this man's life and work. But it cannot in the end be fruitless. His teaching, as his own striking figure has it, must be like the grain of wheat in the hand of the mummy: "When it has been sown in souls prepared to receive it, this grain of God will lift itself and grow, at once new and old; it will grow like the forest of Libanus; and the future shall sit, in joy and peace, under its shadow, and feed upon its fruit."

\* Bound.

\* Kant.

† The God of deism.

## A GEORGIA PLANTATION.

THAT in many parts of the South (and notably the State of Georgia) the labor-relations of the two races are adjusting themselves and working out a solution of the dreaded "negro problem" in a practical way, has been known to all observant residents or visitors. The confident prophecies of the croakers that Southern plantations would go to waste, and that nothing but ruin lay before us, have proved the merest bosh. The enormous increase in the cotton crop of the South alone shows that the colored people, as free laborers, have done well, for it is not to be disputed that they form very nearly the same proportion of the laborers in the cotton fields that they did when they were slaves. I do not wish to be understood as stating a proportion in

which free labor is to slave labor as the cotton crop since the war is to the cotton crop before the war. This is not true; the yield of cotton has been increased by other causes. But I do say that under no circumstances could worthless labor have produced the enormous increase in this crop.

In Georgia, the negro has adapted himself to his new circumstances, and freedom fits him as if it had been cut out and made for him. It is not true that the negroes have formed a restless, troublesome population, nor is it true that they are like a lot of huddled sheep, frightened at the approach of strange white men, in dread of the terrible Ku-klux. As far as I know, our philosophers have presented them in one or the other of



these phases, according as the writer wished to show the dread which is felt by the country of the negro, or the terror which his surroundings inspire in him. Nothing can be further from either of these ideas than the facts of the case; and when we come to look at these, we find the solution to the whole difficulty at our very doors.

To make this plain, I shall endeavor to give some idea of the home life of our colored people as it really exists, and shall, for my purpose, take a Middle Georgia plantation, and tell what the negroes are doing on it, and how they live. I shall confine myself to the colored man as a farmer, for the reason that the mass of colored people of whom little is known are farmers.

In most cases there has been an entire change in the plan upon which our Georgia lands are worked, the change being entirely in favor of "local self-government as opposed to centralization of power." It is true that in some rare instances large plantations are still worked under the direction of overseers, with labor hired for yearly, monthly, and daily wages, but, generally speaking, a tenant system prevails.

One of the first planters in Middle Georgia to divide his plantations into farms was Mr. Barrow, of Oglethorpe. The plantation upon which he now lives is the one which I wish to present as a fair exponent of negro tenant life in Georgia. This place contains about two thousand acres of land, and with the exception of a single acre, which Mr. Barrow has given to his tenants for church and school purposes, is the same size it was before the war. Here, however, the similarity ceases. Before the war everything on the place was under the absolute rule of an overseer (Mr. Barrow living then on another place). He it was who directed the laborers each day as to their work, and to him the owner looked for the well-being of everything on the place. Under him, and subject to his direction, the most intelligent and authoritative negroes were selected, whose duty it was to see that the overseer's orders were carried into effect. These head men, with us, were called foremen, and not drivers; in fact, though I was raised here in Georgia, my first acquaintance with the word driver, and the character which it presents in this connection, was had from one of Mayne Reid's tales. As will be seen by looking at the plot of the plantation, "as it was," all the negro houses were close together, forming "the quarter." The house in which the overseer lived was

close to the quarter, lying between the quarter and the stables. This was always distinguished as "the house," and I have so marked it on the plot. It will appear that this arrangement of the buildings was the best that could be made, giving, as it did, the overseer the best opportunity for overlooking the property under his control. This has all been so changed that the place would now hardly be recognized by one who had not seen it during the past sixteen years.

The transformation has been so gradual that almost imperceptibly a radical change has been effected. For several years after the war, the force on the plantation was divided into two squads, the arrangement and method of working of each being about the same as they had always been used to. Each of these squads was under the control of a foreman, who was in the nature of a general of volunteers. The plantation was divided into two equal parts, and by offering a reward for the most successful planting, and thus exciting a spirit of emulation, good work was done, and the yield was about as great as it had ever been. Then, too, the laborers were paid a portion of the crop as their wages, which did much toward making them feel interested in it. There was no overseer, in the old sense of the word, and in his place a young man lived on the plantation, who kept the accounts and exercised a protecting influence over his employer's property, but was not expected to direct the hands in their work. The negroes used to call him "supertender," in order to express their sense of the change.

This was the first change made, and for several years it produced good results. After a while, however, even the liberal control of the foremen grew irksome, each man feeling the very natural desire to be his own "boss," and to farm to himself. As a consequence of this feeling, the two squads split up into smaller and then still smaller squads, still working for part of the crop, and using the owner's teams, until this method of farming came to involve great trouble and loss. The mules were ill-treated, the crop was frequently badly worked, and in many cases was divided in a way that did not accord with the contract. I have been told an amusing incident which occurred on a neighboring plantation: A tenant worked a piece of land, for which he was to pay one-fourth of the corn produced. When he gathered his crop, he hauled three loads to his own house, thereby exhausting the sup-



A GEORGIA PLANTATION AS IT WAS IN 1860.

ply in the field. When, soon after, he came to return his landlord's wagon, which he had used in the hauling, the latter asked, suggestively:

"Well, William, where's my share of the corn?"

"You aint got none, sah," said William.

"Haven't got any! Why, wasn't I to have the fourth of all you made?"

"Yes, sah; but hit never made no fourth; dere wasn't but dess my three loads made."

Now, of course, this was an honest mistake, and while many equally honest and vexatious constantly occurred, I am constrained to say the tendency to divide on the same plan was frequent when there was no mistake. These and other troubles led to the present arrangement, which, while it had difficulties in the way of its inception, has been found to work thoroughly well. Under it our colored farmers are tenants, who are responsible only for damage to the farm they work and for the prompt payment of their rent. On the plantation about which I am writing, all of the tenants are

colored men, who farm on a small scale, only two of them having more than one mule. Indeed, the first trouble in the way of dividing up the plantation into farms was to provide the new-made tenants with mules. Up to this time their contracts had been such that they plowed with mules belonging to Mr. Barrow, and very few had bought mules of their own. This trouble was met by selling them mules on credit, and though the experiment looked risky at the time, the mules were paid for in almost every case. After this, the location of the houses caused considerable inconvenience, and so it was determined to scatter them. When the hands all worked together, it was desirable to have all of the houses in a central location, but after the division into farms, some of them had to walk more than a mile to reach their work; then, too, they began to "want more elbow-room," and so, one by one, they moved their houses on to their farms. I have made a plot of the place "as it is," showing how the houses are distributed. Wherever there is a spring, there they settle, generally two or three near together, who have farms hard by. When no spring is convenient, they dig wells, though they greatly prefer the spring. A little bit of a darky, not much taller than the vessel he is carrying, will surprise you by

the amount of water he can tote on his head. I have seen a mother and three or four children pulling along uphill from the spring, their vessels diminishing in size as the children do, until the last little fellow would carry hardly more than two or three cups.

I suppose nothing like one of these settlements is to be found elsewhere than in Georgia. The dwelling-house is an ordinary log-cabin, twenty feet square, the chimney built of sticks and dabbed over with mud; then there is a separate kitchen, which, in architectural design, is a miniature of the house,—in size approaches a chicken-coop,—and is really ridiculous in its pretentiousness. Off to one side are the out-houses, consisting of a diminutive stable, barely large enough to pack a small mule in, and a corn-crib and fodder-house, equally imposing. Every tenant has a cow—most of them several; and there is one old man—Lem Bryant—who is quite a Job in this respect. There is no law requiring stock to be kept

up, and there is a large quantity of uncultivated land for pasture, so that the only cost connected with cattle is ten or fifteen dollars purchase money. An open pen, called the "cuppen," in this mild climate serves in place of cow-stables. On the opposite side from the lot, the house is flanked by the garden, surrounded by what is known as a "wattle" fence. This fence is made of split pine boards, "wattled" around three horizontal rails, fastened to posts, the first at the ground and the others respectively two and four feet above. Inseparable from this garden is a patch of "collord greens." The negroes think "collord greens, biled with plenty fat meat, hard to beat," when you are considering table delicacies. The only other noteworthy feature in connection with this home is the 'possum dog, who is the first to greet your approach. You will know him by the leanness of his body, the fierceness of his bark, and the rapidity of his retreat.

The labor of the farm is performed by the man, who usually does the plowing, and his wife and children, who do the hoeing, under his direction. Whenever they have heavy work to do they call on their neighbors, and receive willing aid. Their crops are principally corn and cotton, but they have patches of such things as potatoes, melons, and sorghum-cane, from which they make their sirup. They plant whatever they please, and their landlord interferes only far enough to see that sufficient cotton is made to pay the rent, which is seven hundred and fifty pounds of lint-cotton to each one-horse farm. The usual quantity of land planted is between twenty-five and thirty acres, about half of which is in cotton and the rest in corn and patches. An industrious man will raise three times the amount of his rent-cotton, besides making a full supply of corn, sirup, and other provisions, while really good farming would require about five times the rent to be raised in addition to the supply of provisions. Candor compels the admission that only a few tenants reach this standard of good farming; the others work sufficiently well to pay their rent, and make money enough to buy their clothes and spend at Christmas, and let the rainy days of the future take care of themselves. It is a point of honor with them to pay their rent, even if they find it necessary to mistake whose cotton they pay it with.



A GEORGIA PLANTATION AS IT IS IN 1881.  
\* Negroes who lived on this plantation when slaves.

There is one misfortune which, to our Georgia tenant, dwarfs all others, and this comes when his mule dies. Thanks to mulish endurance, this does not often happen, but when it does, the owner invariably expresses himself "broke up." He has to buy another on time, and work hard and live close the next year in order to pay for him, or else make his crop with a steer. An enterprising colored man will buy the mule, but I have frequently known tenants to resort to the steer. Whenever they get into trouble of this kind, they remind their landlord in pathetic terms that he is their old master, and generally get off with the payment of half the rent.

The slight supervision which is exercised over these tenants may surprise those ignorant of how completely the relations between the races at the South have changed. Mr. Barrow lives on his plantation, and yet there are some of his tenants' farms which he does not visit as often as once a month, and this, too, because they do not need over-

looking. Very many negro farmers are capable of directing the working of their own crops, and not a few object to directions. There are, on the other hand, many, in fact a large majority, who, while they know how their crops should be worked, are slow to think and act for themselves, and an occasional visit from the landlord does them much good.

One of the most intelligent colored men I know is Ben Thomas, the old foreman on this plantation, and the best farmer among the negroes on the place. I have secured Ben's contract for the past year, which reads as follows:

"By or before the 15th November, 1880, I promise to pay to David C. Barrow, 500 lbs. of white lint cotton, 40 bushels of cotton-seed, 25 bushels of corn and the shucks therefrom, and 500 lbs. of good fodder, as rent for land on Syll's Fork, during year 1880.

1st Jan., 1880.

BEN X THOMAS.  
mark.

Witness: O. C. WATSON.

It will be seen that this contract is nothing more than a memorandum of the amounts to be paid, expressed in the form of a promissory note. Very few of the negroes require any copy, or any written agreement; they have the land, they say. Ben's contract last year was exactly the same as this, and his crop, as near as I have been able to ascertain, was as follows:

5 bales Cotton, 2500 lbs. @ 11 cts. ....	\$275.00
Corn, 160 bush. @ 75 cts. ....	120.00
Fodder, 3000 lbs. @ \$1.00 per hun. ....	30.00
Wheat, 30 bush. @ \$1.00. ....	30.00
Total. ....	\$455.00

This crop was raised by himself, his wife, a son and daughter.

As one of the class who work not so wisely as well, Beckton Barrow is a good specimen. When the mules were divided out, upon the inauguration of the tenant system, Beck bought a large, fine young mule, promising to pay two hundred dollars for him. This was a big debt for a man whose earthly possessions consisted of a wife, two daughters, and a limited supply of provisions, but he paid it all off in two years, and since then he has been "well off," not to say rich. As soon as his mule was paid for, Beck seemed to dismiss further thought of economy, and if he knew what it meant, I have no doubt his motto would be *dum vivimus vivamus*. His contract is the same as Ben Thomas's, except that he pays one-fourth of his corn

and fodder, instead of a stated amount. Under that contract, his last year's crop was as follows:

3 bales Cotton, 1500 lbs. @ 11 cts. ....	\$165.00
Corn, 200 bush. @ 75 cts. ....	150.00
Fodder, 3500 lbs. @ \$1.00 per hun. ....	35.00
Total. ....	\$350.00

At the risk of growing monotonous, I present one more crop, on account of some differences between it and the others. Handy Barrow pays as rent 750 pounds of cotton and sixty bushels cotton-seed, an increased amount of cotton, instead of corn. He is not so good a farmer as Ben Thomas, but his force is stronger, his father and mother assisting him. His crop was:

5 bales Cotton, 2500 lbs. @ 11 cts. ....	\$275.00
Corn, 180 bush. @ 75 cts. ....	135.00
Fodder, 3000 lbs. @ \$1.00 per hun. ....	30.00
Wheat, 25 bush. @ \$1.00. ....	25.00
Sirup, 50 gals. @ 40 cts. ....	20.00
Total. ....	\$485.00

The cane from which the sirup is made is very exhausting to land, and while land-owners do not prohibit its cultivation, because it is such an important food crop, they discourage the negroes from raising it for sale, and for this reason Mr. Barrow charges one-fourth of the sirup extra, whenever it is made.

These estimates are as exact as can be had, for the reason that, as soon as the rent is paid, the tenant gives no further account of his crop; they are none of them very exact. The figures I have given are within the actual value of the crops, the prices being low, except for cotton, which is nearly correct, and several important items, cotton-seed for one, being omitted. The number of bales of cotton is correct, but the tenants frequently sell a part of their crop in the seed, and have what they call "remjents" left over, which are sold as loose cotton.

Handy and Ben are among the best farmers on the plantation, and Beck is an average specimen.

I have a letter from Mr. Barrow, in which he says: "They make per annum, on a farm plowed with one horse, from eighty to two hundred and twenty bushels of corn, two to six bales of cotton, some of them as much as forty bushels of wheat; with oats, peas, potatoes, and other smaller crops."

All of these negroes raise hogs, and these, with chickens, of which they raise great numbers, constitute a large portion of their

meat food. They generally have to buy some meat during the year, however, for which they pay in the fall.

The land of this plantation is rich, and the tenants are, perhaps, better off than in some other places, but an industrious negro will pay good rent for land and make money for himself almost anywhere in Middle Georgia.

The last census showed three white and one hundred and sixty-two colored people on this plantation. I mention this to show that there must be many children among our country negroes. The adage, "poor folks for children," finds no exception here. There is one woman on the place who has three babies, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and fine children they are, too, and well cared for in spite of the number. It was commonly thought that the negroes, when freed, would care very little for their children, and would let them die for want of attention, but experience has proved this surmise unfounded. On the contrary, I suppose they take as good care of them as do the same class of people anywhere.

It will be seen by reference to plot of the place "as it is," that one corner has been cut off, and a church and school-house built on it. This has been given to them so long as they use it for church and school purposes. The church building is forty by fifty feet, and is a frame house, the Lord's house being here, if not elsewhere, better than the people's. They have a membership of about two hundred, from the plantation and the country around, which is in charge of the Rev. Derry Merton, a colored man, who preaches there twice a month. He has had charge of this church nine or ten years, and has other churches under his care. For its support, the male members pay fifty cents and the females twenty-five cents per annum. In addition to their regular church services, they have a Sunday-school, with a membership of one hundred and fifty or more, which has a regular superintendent, one of the tenants on the place. They use regular lesson-papers and singing-books, and especially delight in singing. I believe, generally speaking, negroes in the country are Baptists; at any rate, those on this place are. To go under the water is far more necessary to salvation, in their eyes, than anything else. There is a great tendency among them to become preachers, which, I fear, is induced as much by the desire to display their oratorical powers as by excess of piety. Once a year, during August, there is a big

meeting at Spring Hill church. From far and near friends come in, and all the houses of all the members are thrown open. They kill their pigs, kids, lambs, chickens, everything, by wholesale, and for three or four days they do little else but preach, sing, and eat. Fortunately their meeting comes at a time when very little work is to be done, so that the crops do not suffer. This August meeting, and the necessity of going under the water, are the bulwarks of their church.

Too great praise cannot be bestowed upon the earnestness which all negroes feel on the subject of education. Very soon after they were freed, these hands manifested a desire to establish a school, and Mr. Barrow gave them a site upon which they promptly built a school-house, and they have employed a teacher ever since. Free schools in Georgia last only about three months, but the negroes cheerfully pay their teacher the remainder of the year themselves. Quite a number who were grown when freed have since learned to read and write, and they all send their children. It is a strange fact that, even while they desire their children to be educated, many of them have a great prejudice against the profession of teaching.

An old colored woman said to one of my sisters: "I tell you what, Miss Sallie, of all the lazy, good-for-nothin' trades, this here sittin' down in a cheer all day, with a book in your hand, hearing chillen say lessons, is the laziest." The latest romance of the plantation was the elopement of the school-teacher and the daughter of one of the old foremen. "Mr. Map" (so-called, I suppose, on account of his knowledge of geography) won the heart of "Ben's Mary," and sued for her hand. Very much to his surprise, the father not only refused, but it is said declared his intention of giving them both a good whipping the first time he caught them together, adding his opinion of the laziness and worthlessness of the suitor. As the old man would most likely have carried his threat into execution, the young couple had nothing left but a separation or an elopement. I think there was nothing against Map, except his occupation, and as he supported his wife, the old man soon relented and allowed them to return to the neighborhood.

I have thus briefly given some facts connected with the farm life of the colored people in Georgia. If I have made my descriptions true to life, they fit any place in this portion of the State, *mutatis mutandis*. They all live nearly the same way. Occa-



sionally one is found who wishes to have more of this world's goods; such buy land and pay for it as they did for their mules, and work the same crops as these I have written about. As a people they are happy; they have become suited to their new estate, and it to them. I do not know of a single negro who has swelled the number of the "exodus." That they have improved, and continue to improve, seems beyond

controversy. The one man on this plantation who, as a slave, gave most trouble, so much, in fact, that he was almost beyond control of the overseer, was Lem Bryant. Since he has been freed, he has grown honest, quiet, and industrious; he educates his children and pays his debts. Mr. Barrow asked him, one day, what had changed him so. "Ah, master!" he replied, "I'm free now; I *have* to do right."

## NOTES OF A WALKER. VI.

### A BOLD LEAPER.

ONE reason, doubtless, why squirrels are so bold and reckless in leaping through the trees is that if they miss their hold the fall will not hurt them. Every species of tree-squirrel seems to be capable of a sort of rudimentary flying,—at least of making itself into a parachute, so as to ease or break a fall or a leap from a great height. The so-called flying-squirrel does this the most perfectly. It opens its furry vestments, leaps into the air, and sails down the steep incline from the top of one tree to the foot of the next as lightly as a bird. But other squirrels know the same trick, only their coat-skirts are not so broad. One day my dog treed a red squirrel, in a tall hickory that stood in a meadow on the side of a steep hill. To see what the squirrel would do when closely pressed, I climbed the tree. As I drew near he took refuge in the topmost branch, and then, as I came on, he boldly leaped into the air, spread himself out upon it, and, with a quick, tremulous motion of his tail and legs, descended quite slowly and landed upon the ground thirty feet below me, apparently none the worse for the leap, for he ran with great speed and escaped the dog in another tree.

A recent American traveler in Mexico gives a still more striking instance of this power of squirrels partially to neutralize the force of gravity when leaping or falling through the air. Some boys had caught a Mexican black squirrel, nearly as large as a cat. It had escaped from them once, and, when pursued, had taken a leap of sixty feet, from the top of a pine-tree down upon the roof of a house, without injury. This feat had led the grandmother of one of the boys to declare that the squirrel was bewitched, and the boys proposed to put the matter to

further test by throwing the squirrel down a precipice six hundred feet high. Our traveler interfered, to see that the squirrel had fair play. The prisoner was conveyed in a pillow-slip to the edge of the cliff, and the slip opened, so that he might have his choice whether to remain a captive or to take the leap. He looked down the awful abyss, and then back and sidewise,—his eyes glistening, his form crouching. Seeing no escape in any other direction, "he took a flying leap into space, and fluttered rather than fell into the abyss below. His legs began to work like those of a swimming poodle-dog, but quicker and quicker, while his tail, slightly elevated, spread out like a feather fan. A rabbit of the same weight would have made the trip in about twelve seconds; the squirrel protracted it for more than half a minute," and "landed on a ledge of limestone, where we could see him plainly squat on his hind legs and smooth his ruffled plumage, after which he made for the creek with a flourish of his tail, took a good drink, and scampered away into the willow thicket."

The story at first blush seems incredible, but I have no doubt our red squirrel would have made the leap safely; then why not the great black squirrel, since its parachute would be proportionately large?

The tails of the squirrels are broad and long and flat, not short and small like those of gophers, chipmunks, weasels, and other ground rodents, and when they leap or fall through the air the tail is arched and rapidly vibrates. A squirrel's tail, therefore, is something more than ornament, something more than a flag: it not only aids him in flying, but it serves as a cloak, which he wraps about him when he sleeps. Thus some animals put their tails to various uses, while others seem to have no use for them

whatever. What use for a tail has a woodchuck, or a weasel, or a mouse? Has not the mouse yet learned that it could get in its hole sooner if it had no tail? The mole and the meadow-mouse have very short tails. Rats, no doubt, put their tails to various uses. The rabbit has no use for a tail—it would be in its way; while its manner of sleeping is such that it does not need a tail to tuck itself up with, as do the 'coon and the fox. The dog talks with his tail; the tail of the 'possum is prehensile; the porcupine uses his tail in climbing and for defense, the beaver as a tool or trowel; while the tail of the skunk serves as a screen behind which it masks its terrible battery.

#### THE WEATHER-WISE MUSK-RAT AGAIN.

I AM at last convinced that we need not go to Canada for a good weather-prophet. One of my neighbors—who, I am sure, never reads the papers, and never gossips with the wiseacres about him—gave warning of the past early and severe winter while the fall weather was yet mild and fair. I have before referred to this Vennor of a musk-rat in these notes, and I have now to adduce still further proof of the truth of his forecastings. As I have before said, the high water and severe winter of 1878-9 found him prepared, as far as musk-rat could be prepared, though the floods finally overwhelmed him. When the next fall came, he was very tardy about beginning his house, laying the corner-stone—or the corner-sod—about December 1st, and continuing the work slowly and indifferently. On the 15th of the month the nest was not yet finished. This, I said, indicates a mild winter; and, sure enough, the season was one of the mildest known for many years. The rats had little use for their house.

Again, in the fall of 1880, while the weather-wise were wagging their heads, some forecasting a mild, some a severe, winter, I watched with interest for a sign from my musk-rats. About November 1st, a month earlier than the previous year, they began their nest, and worked at it with a will. They appeared to have just got tidings of what was coming. If I had taken the hint so palpably given, my celery would not have been frozen up in the ground, and my apples caught in unprotected places. When the cold wave struck us, about November 20th, my four-legged "I-told-you-so's" had nearly completed their dwelling; it lacked

only the ridge-board, so to speak; it needed a little "topping out," to give it a finished look. But this it never got. The winter had come to stay, and it waxed more and more severe, till the unprecedented cold of the last days of December must have astonished even the wise musk-rats in their snug retreat. I approached their nest at this time, a white mound upon the white, deeply frozen surface of the pond, and wondered if there was any life in that apparent sepulcher. I thrust my walking-stick sharply into it, when there was a rustle and a splash into the water, as the occupant made his escape. What a damp basement that house has, I thought, and what a pity to rout a peaceful neighbor out of his bed in this weather, and into such a state of things as this! But water does not wet the musk-rat; his fur is charmed, and not a drop penetrates it.

Where the ground is favorable, the musk-rats do not build these mound-like nests, but burrow into the bank a long distance, and establish their winter quarters there.

Shall we not say, then, in view of the above facts, that this little creature is weather-wise? The hitting of the mark twice might be mere good luck; but three bull's-eyes in succession is not a mere coincidence; it is a proof of skill. We shall see if they do as well in the future.

#### FRAGRANT WILD FLOWERS.

THE charge that was long ago made against our wild flowers by English travelers to this country, namely, that they were odorless, doubtless had its origin in the fact, that, whereas in England, the sweet-scented flowers are among the most common and conspicuous, in this country they are rather shy and withdrawn, and consequently not such as travelers would be likely to encounter. Moreover, the British traveler, remembering the deliciously fragrant blue violets he left at home, covering every grassy slope and meadow-bank in spring, and the wild clematis, or traveler's joy, overrunning hedges and old walls with its white, sweet-scented blossoms, and finding the corresponding species here, equally abundant, but entirely scentless, very naturally inferred that our wild flowers were all deficient in this respect. He was confirmed in this opinion on turning to some of our most beautiful and striking, but scentless, native flowers, like the laurel, the rhodo-

dendron, the columbine, the inimitable fringed gentian, the burning cardinal-flower, or our asters and golden-rod, dashing the road-sides with tints of purple and gold. "Where are your fragrant flowers?" he might well say. "I can find none." But let him look closer and penetrate our forests, and visit our ponds and lakes; let him compare our matchless rosy-lipped, honey-hearted trailing arbutus with his own ugly ground-ivy (*Nepeta glechoma*); let him compare our sumptuous fragrant pond-lily with his own odorless *N. alba*. In our Northern woods he shall find the floors carpeted with the delicate linnaea, its twin rose-colored, nodding flowers filling the air with fragrance. (I am aware that this plant is found also in northern Europe.) The fact is we perhaps have as many sweet-scented wild flowers as Europe has, only they are not quite so prominent in our flora, or so well known to our people or our poets.

Think of Wordsworth's "Golden Daffodils":

"I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden Daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

"Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance."

No such sight could greet the poet's eye here. He might see ten thousand marsh-marigolds, or ten times ten thousand houstonias, but they would not toss in the breeze, and they would not be sweet-scented like the daffodils.

It is to be remembered, too, that in the moister atmosphere of England the same amount of fragrance would be much more noticeable than with us. Think how our sweet bay (*Magnolia glauca*), or our pink azalea, or our white alder (*Clethra*), to which they have nothing that corresponds, would perfume that heavy, vapor-laden air.

In the woods and groves in England, the wild hyacinth grows very abundantly in spring, and, in places, the air is loaded with its fragrance. In our woods, a species of dicentra, commonly called squirrel corn, has nearly the same perfume, and its racemes of nodding whitish flowers, tinged with red, are quite as pleasing to the eye, but it is a

shyer, less abundant plant. When our children go to the fields in April and May, they can bring home no wild flowers as pleasing as the sweet English violet, and cowslip, and yellow daffodil, and wall-flower; but when British children go to the woods at the same season, they can load their hands and baskets with nothing that compares with our trailing arbutus, or, later in the season, with our azaleas; and when their boys go fishing or boating in summer, they can wreath themselves with nothing that approaches our pond-lily.

There are upward of thirty species of fragrant native wild flowers and flowering shrubs and trees in New England and New York, and, no doubt, many more in the South and West. My list is as follows:

White violet (*Viola blanda*).  
Canada violet (*Viola Canadensis*).  
Hepatica (occasionally fragrant).  
Trailing arbutus (*Epigaea repens*).  
Mandrake (*Podophyllum*).  
Yellow ladies'-slipper (*Cypripedium parviflorum*)  
Purple " " (*Cypripedium acaule*).  
Squirrel corn (*Dicentra Canadensis*).  
Showy orchis (*Orchis spectabilis*).  
Purple-fringed orchis (*Platanthera prycodes*).  
Arethusa (*Arethusa bulbosa*).  
Calopogon (*Calopogon pulchellus*).  
Lady's-tresses (*Spiranthes cernua*).  
Pond-lily (*Nymphaea odorata*).  
Honeysuckle (*Lonicera grata*).  
Twin-flower (*Linnaea borealis*).  
Sugar-maple (*Acer saccharinum*).  
Linden (*Tilia Americana*).  
Locust-tree (*Robinia pseudacacia*)  
White alder (*Clethra*).  
Smooth azalea (*Asalea arborescens*).  
White azalea (*Asalea viscosa*).  
Pinxter-flower (*Asalea nudiflora*).  
Yellow azalea (*Asalea calendulacea*).  
Sweet bay (*Magnolia glauca*).  
Mitchella-vine (*Mitchella repens*).  
Sweet colt's-foot (*Nardosmia palmata*).  
Pasture thistle (*Cirsium pumilum*).  
False wintergreen (*Pyrola rotundifolia*).  
Spotted wintergreen (*Chimaphila maculata*).  
Princes' pine (*Chimaphila umbellata*).  
Evening primrose (*Oenothera biennis*).  
Hairy loose-strife (*Lysimachia ciliata*).  
Dogbane (*Apocynum*).  
Horned bladderwort (*Utricularia cornuta*).

The last-named, horned bladderwort, is perhaps the most fragrant flower we have. In a warm, moist atmosphere, its odor is almost too strong. It is a plant with a slender, leafless stalk, less than a foot high, with two or more large yellow hood- or helmet-shaped flowers. It is not common and belongs pretty well north, growing in sandy swamps and along the marshy margins of lakes and ponds. Its perfume is sweet and spicy in an eminent degree. I have placed

in the above list several flowers that are intermittently fragrant, like the hepatica, or liver-leaf. This flower is the earliest, as it is certainly one of the most beautiful, to be found in our woods, and occasionally it is fragrant. Group after group may be inspected, ranging through all shades of purple and blue, with some perfectly white, and no odor be detected, when presently you will happen upon a little brood of them that have a most delicate and delicious fragrance. The same is true of a species of loose-strife growing along streams and on other wet places, with tall bushy stalks, dark-green leaves, and pale axillary yellow flowers: a handful of these flowers will sometimes exhale a sweet fragrance; at other times or from another locality, they are scentless. Our evening primrose is thought to be uniformly sweet-scented, but the past season I examined many specimens, and failed to find one that was so. Some seasons the sugar-maple yields much sweeter sap than at others; and even individual trees, owing to the soil, moisture, etc., where they stand, show a great difference in this respect. The same is doubtless true of the sweet-scented flowers. I had always regarded our Canada violet—the tall, leafy-stemmed, white violet of our Northern woods—as odorless, till a correspondent called my attention to the contrary fact. On examination, I found that while the first ones that bloomed about May 25th had very sweet-scented foliage, especially when crushed in the hand, the flowers were virtually without fragrance. But as the season advanced the fragrance developed, till a single flower had a well-marked perfume, and a handful of them was sweet indeed. A single specimen, plucked about August 1st, was quite as fragrant as the English violet, though the perfume is not what is known as violet, but, like that of the hepatica, comes nearer to the odor of certain fruit-trees.

It is only for a brief period that the blossoms of our sugar-maple are sweet-scented; the perfume seems to become stale after a few days; but pass under this tree just at the right moment, say at night-fall on the first or second day of its perfect inflorescence, and the air is loaded with its sweetness; its perfumed breath descends upon you as its cool shadow does a few weeks later.

After the linnæa and the arbutus, the prettiest sweet-scented flowering-vine our woods hold, is the common mitchella vine,

called squaw-berry and partridge-berry. It blooms in June, and its twin flowers, light cream color, velvety, tubular, exhale a most agreeable fragrance.

Our flora is much more rich in orchids than the European, and many of ours are fragrant. The first to bloom in the spring is the showy orchis (*O. spectabilis*), though it is far less showy than several others. I find it in May, not on hills, where Gray says it grows, but in low, damp places in the woods. It has two oblong shining leaves, with a scape four or five inches high strung with sweet-scented, pink-purple flowers. I usually find it and the fringed polygala in bloom at the same time; the ladies'-slipper is a little later. The purple-fringed orchis, one of the most showy and striking of all our orchids, blooms in midsummer in swampy meadows and in marshy, grassy openings in the woods, shooting up a tapering column or cylinder of pink-purple-fringed flowers, that one may see at quite a distance, and the perfume of which is too rank for a close room. This flower is perhaps like the English fragrant orchis, found in pastures.

No fragrant flowers in the shape of weeds have come to us from the Old World, and this leads me to remark that plants with sweet-scented flowers are, for the most part, more intensely local, more fastidious and idiosyncratic than those without perfume. Our native thistle—the pasture thistle—has a marked fragrance, and it is much more shy and limited in its range than the common Old World thistle that grows everywhere. One little, sweet, white violet (*blanda*) grows only in wet places, and the Canada violet only in high, cool woods, while the common blue violet is much more general in its distribution. How fastidious and exclusive is the cypripedium! You will find it in one locality in the woods, usually on high, dry ground, and will look in vain for it elsewhere. It does not go in herds like the commoner plants, but affects privacy and solitude. When I come upon it in my walks, I seem to be intruding upon some very private and exclusive company. The large yellow cypripedium has a peculiar, heavy, oily odor.

In like manner one learns where to look for arbutus, for pipsissewa, for the early orchis; they have their particular haunts, and their surroundings are nearly always the same. The yellow pond-lily is found in every sluggish stream and pond, but *Nymphaea odorata* requires a nicer adjustment of conditions, and consequently is more re-

stricted in its range. If the mullein were fragrant, or the toad-flax, or the daisy, or blue weed (*Echium*), or golden-rod, they would doubtless be far less troublesome to the agriculturist. There are, of course, exceptions to the rule I have here indicated, but it holds in most cases. Genius is a specialty; it does not grow in every soil; it skips the many and touches the few; and the gift of perfume to a flower is a special grace like genius or like beauty, and never becomes common or cheap.

"Do honey and fragrance always go together in the flowers?" Not uniformly. Of the list of fragrant wild flowers I have given, the only ones that the bees procure honey from, so far as I have observed, are arbutus, dicentra, sugar-maple, and linden. Flowers very rich in honey, as clover, apple-blossoms, buckwheat, and locust, are also fragrant. Non-fragrant flowers that yield honey are those of the raspberry, clematis, sumac, white oak, bugloss, allanthus, golden-rod, aster, fleabane. A large number of odorless plants yield pollen to the bee. There is honey in the columbine, but the bees do not get it. I wonder they have not learned to pierce its spurs from the outside, as they do the dicentra. There ought to be honey in the honeysuckle, but if there is the hive-bees make no attempt to get it.

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appear upon the scene and complete the drama by swooping down upon the released fish in mid-air. The osprey, by reason of its lighter and trimmer build, and its longer and sharper wings, is better adapted to capturing a fish in the water than the eagle, yet it seems the eagle does not always make a cat's-paw of him, but is capable of performing some daring feats of this kind itself. When the Duke of Argyle was in this country he had the rare good fortune to see our eagle take a salmon from the swift current of the Cascapedia. The incident is so graphic and interesting that I will give it here, in the Duke's words:

"About a thousand yards below our encampment, the river disappeared around a sudden bend, with a very sharp current. The eagle appeared coming up stream around this bend, and flying slowly about thirty feet above the level of the water. Over the sharpest part of the current he hovered for a moment, and then dashed into the stream. With a good glass I saw him buried deeply into the water, holding his neck well above it. It was evident he had some difficulty in getting out of it again. A few heavy and laborious flaps of his immense and powerful wings lifted him at last, but with empty talons. Very tired, apparently, he flew to an adjacent bank of gravel, and sat there for some minutes to rest. But his countenance and attitude were that of restlessness, eagerness, and disappointment. He then rose and returned to exactly the same point in the air, and thence made a second plunge. It was beautiful to see his bearing in the stream, with the water breaking against his great brown chest, and his arched neck keeping his snowy head clear of its turbulence. This time the difficulty in emerging was much greater, for his talons were fast in a fine salmon. With a strong effort, however, his pinions again lifted him and his prey, which it seemed as much as he could do to carry, to the same bank of gravel, where the struggles of the fish were soon put an end to by the eagle's terrific clutches and his powerful beak."

It is a fact worth remembering that the female eagle is larger, stronger, and fiercer than the male, and it would be exceedingly interesting to know the sex of the bold bird above described. The care and support of the young among all birds devolves largely upon the female, but so far as I know, in no case except among the birds of prey is she the larger and stronger. Among insects, and again among fishes and reptiles, the female is the larger and more powerful, but among nearly all other creatures the male comes to the front, and leads in size and strength. Hence, when we see an especially large, fine eagle breasting the waves or the storm, or soaring into the empyrean, and as a matter of course, dignify it with the masculine gender, we are wrong; the noble bird belongs to the other sex.



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"She's better dressed than usual," he said to himself. "And she's always well dressed—rather too well dressed, fact is, for a place like this. This sort of thing is in better form, under the circumstances."

It was so much "better form," and he so far approved of it, that he quite thawed, and was very amiable and very entertaining indeed.

Octavia was entertaining, too. She asked several most interesting questions.

"Do you think," she inquired, "that it is bad taste to wear diamonds?"

"My mother wears them—occasionally."

"Have you any sisters?"

"No."

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He was silent. He did not enjoy being amusing at all, and he made no pretense of appearing to submit to the indignity calmly.

She bent forward a little.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "you are mad again—I mean you are vexed. I am always vexing you."

There was a hint of appeal in her voice, which rather pleased him, but he had no intention of relenting at once.

"I confess I am at a loss to know why you laughed," he said.

"Are you," she asked, "really?"—letting her eyes rest upon him anxiously for a moment. Then she actually gave vent to a little sigh. "We look at things so differently, that's it," she said.

"I suppose it is," he responded, still chillingly.

In spite of this, she suddenly assumed a comparatively cheerful aspect. A happy thought occurred to her.

"Lucia would beg your pardon," she said. "I am learning good manners from Lucia. Suppose I beg your pardon."

"It is quite unnecessary," he replied.

"Lucia wouldn't think so," she said. "And why shouldn't I be as well behaved as Lucia? I beg your pardon."

He felt rather absurd, and yet somewhat mollified. She had a way of looking at him, sometimes, when she had been unpleasant, which rather soothed him. In fact, he had found of late, a little to his private annoyance, that it was very easy for her either to soothe or disturb him.

And now, just as Octavia had settled down into one of the prettiest and least difficult of her moods, there came a knock at the front door, which, being answered by Mary Anne, was found to announce the curate of St. James.

Enter, consequently, the Reverend Arthur Poppleton,—blushing, a trifle timorous, perhaps, but happy beyond measure to find himself in Miss Belinda's parlor again, with Miss Belinda's niece.

Perhaps the least possible shade of his joyousness died out when he caught sight of Mr. Francis Barold, and certainly Mr. Francis Barold was not at all delighted to see him.

"What does the fellow want?" that gentleman was saying, inwardly. "What does he come simpering and turning pink here for? Why doesn't he go and see some of his old women, and read tracts to them? That's *his* business."

Octavia's manner toward her visitor

formed a fresh grievance for Barold. She treated the curate very well indeed. She seemed glad to see him, she was wholly at her ease with him, she made no trying remarks to him, she never stopped to fix her eyes upon him in that inexplicable style, and she did not laugh when there seemed nothing to laugh at. She was so gay and good-humored that the Reverend Arthur Poppleton beamed and flourished under her treatment, and forgot to change color, and even ventured to talk a good deal and make divers quite presentable little jokes.

"I should like to know," thought Barold, growing sulkier as the others grew merrier,— "I should like to know what she finds so interesting in him, and why she chooses to treat him better than she treats me—for she certainly does treat him better."

It was hardly fair, however, that he should complain; for, at times, he was treated extremely well: and his intimacy with Octavia progressed quite rapidly. Perhaps, if the truth were told, it was always himself who was the first means of checking it, by some suddenly prudent instinct which led him to feel that perhaps he was in rather a delicate position, and had better not indulge in too much of a good thing. He had not been an eligible and unimpeachably desirable *parti* for ten years without acquiring some of that discretion which is said to be the better part of valor. The matter-of-fact air with which Octavia accepted his attentions caused him to pull himself up sometimes. If he had been Brown, or Jones, or even Robinson, she could not have appeared to regard them as more entirely natural. When—he had gone so far, once or twice—he had deigned to make a more than usually agreeable speech to her, it was received with none of that charming sensitive tremor to which he was accustomed. Octavia neither blushed nor dropped her eyes.

It did not add to Barold's satisfaction to find her as cheerful and ready to be amused by a mild little curate, who blushed and stammered, and was neither brilliant, graceful, nor distinguished. Could not Octavia see the wide difference between the two?

Regarding the matter in this light, and watching Octavia as she encouraged her visitor, and laughed at his jokes, and never once tripped him up by asking him a startling question, did not, as already has been said, improve Mr. Francis Barold's temper, and by the time his visit was over, he had lapsed into his coldest and most haughty manner. As soon as Miss Belinda entered,

and engaged Mr. Poppleton for a moment, he rose and crossed the little room to Octavia's side.

"I must bid you good-afternoon," he said.

Octavia did not rise.

"Sit down a minute, while Aunt Belinda is talking about red flannel night-caps and lumbago," she said. "I wanted to ask you something. By the way, what *is* lumbago?"

"Is that what you wished to ask me?" he inquired, stiffly.

"No. I just thought of that. Have you ever had it, and what is it like? All the old people in Slowbridge have it, and they tell you all about it, when you go to see them. Aunt Belinda says so. What I wanted to ask you was different —"

"Possibly Miss Bassett might be able to tell you," he remarked.

"About the lumbago? Well, perhaps she might. I'll ask her. Do you think it bad taste in *me* to wear diamonds?"

She said this with the most delightful seriousness, fixing her eyes upon him with her very prettiest look of candid appeal, as if it was the most natural thing in the world that she should apply to him for information. He felt himself faltering again. How white that bit of forehead was! How soft that blonde, waving fringe of hair! What a lovely shape her eyes were, and how large and clear, as she raised them!

"Why do you ask *me*?" he inquired.

"Because I think you are an unprejudiced person. Lady Theobald is not. I have confidence in you. Tell me."

There was a slight pause.

"Really," he said, after it, "I can scarcely believe that my opinion can be of any value in your eyes. I am—can only tell you that it is hardly customary in—an—in England for young people to wear a profusion of ornament."

"I wonder if I wear a profusion."

"You don't need any," he condescended.

"You are too young, and—all that sort of thing."

She glanced down at her slim, unringed hands for a moment, her expression quite thoughtful.

"Lucia and I almost quarreled the other day," she said,—"at least, I almost quarreled. It isn't so nice to be told of things, after all. I must say I don't like it as much as I thought I should."

He kept his seat longer than he had intended, and when he rose to go, the Reverend Arthur Poppleton was shaking hands

with Miss Belinda, and so it fell out that they left the house together.

"You know Miss Octavia Bassett well, I suppose," remarked Barold, with condescension, as they passed through the gate. "You clergymen are fortunate fellows."

"I wish that others knew her as well, sir," said the little gentleman, kindling. "I wish they knew her—her generosity and kindness of heart and ready sympathy with misfortune!"

"Ah!" commented Mr. Barold, twisting his mustache with somewhat of an incredulous air. This was not at all the sort of thing he had expected to hear. For his own part, it would not have occurred to him to suspect her of the possession of such desirable and orthodox qualities.

"There are those who—misunderstand her," cried the curate, warming with his subject, "who misunderstand, and—yes, and apply harsh terms to her innocent gayety and freedom of speech; if they knew her as I do, they would cease to do so."

"I should scarcely have thought —" began Barold.

"There are many who scarcely think it—if you will pardon my interrupting you," said the curate. "I think they would scarcely believe it if I felt at liberty to tell them, which I regret to say I do not. I am almost breaking my word in saying what I cannot help saying to yourself. The poor under my care are better off since she came, and there are some who have seen her more than once, though she did not go as a teacher or to reprove them for faults, and her way of doing what she did was new to them, and perhaps much less serious than they were accustomed to, and they liked it all the better."

"Ah!" commented Barold, again. "Flannel under-garments, and—that sort of thing."

"No," with much spirit, "not at all, sir, but what, as I said, they liked much better. It is not often they meet a beautiful creature who comes among them with open hands, and the natural, ungrudging way of giving which she has. Sometimes they are at a loss to understand, as well as the rest. They have been used to what is narrower and more—more exacting."

"They have been used to Lady Theobald," observed Barold, with a faint smile.

"It would not become me to—mention Lady Theobald in any disparaging manner," replied the curate, "but the best and most charitable among us do not always carry out our good intentions in the best way.



I dare say Lady Theobald would consider Miss Octavia Bassett too readily influenced, and too lavish."

"She is as generous with her money as with her diamonds, perhaps," said Barold. "Possibly the quality is peculiar to Nevada. We part here, Mr. Poppleton, I believe. Good-morning."

#### CHAPTER XXI.

##### LORD LANSLOWNE.

ONE morning in the following week, Mrs. Burnham attired herself in her second-best black silk, and, leaving the Misses Burnham practicing diligently, turned her steps toward Oldclough Hall. Arriving there, she was ushered into the blue drawing-room by Dobson, in his character of footman, and in a few minutes Lucia appeared.

When Mrs. Burnham saw her, she assumed a slight air of surprise.

"Why, my dear," she said, as she shook hands, "I should scarcely have known you."

And though this was something of an exaggeration, there was some excuse for the exclamation. Lucia was looking very charming, and several changes might be noted in her attire and appearance. The ugly twist had disappeared from her delicate head, and in its place were soft, loose waves and light puffs; she had even ventured on allowing a few ringed locks to stray on to her forehead; her white morning-dress no longer wore the trade-mark of Miss Chickie, but had been remodeled by some one of more taste.

"What a pretty gown, my dear!" said Mrs. Burnham, glancing at it curiously. "A Watteau plait down the back—isn't it a Watteau plait?—and little ruffles down the front, and pale pink bows. It is quite like some of Miss Octavia Bassett's dresses, only not so over-trimmed."

"I do not think Octavia's dresses would seem over-trimmed if she wore them in London or Paris," said Lucia, bravely. "It is only because we are so very quiet, and dress so little in Slowbridge, that they seem so."

"And your hair!" remarked Mrs. Burnham. "You drew your idea of that from some style of hers, I suppose. Very becoming, indeed. Well, well! And how does Lady Theobald like all this, my dear?"

"I am not sure that——" Lucia was be-

ginning, when her ladyship interrupted her by entering.

"My dear Lady Theobald," cried her visitor, rising, "I hope you are well. I have just been complimenting Lucia upon her pretty dress and her new style of dressing her hair. Miss Octavia Bassett has been giving her the benefit of her experience, it appears. We have not been doing her justice. Who would have believed that she had come from Nevada to improve us?"

"Miss Octavia Bassett," said my lady, sonorously, "has come from Nevada to teach our young people a great many things—new fashions in duty, and demeanor, and respect for their elders. Let us hope they will be benefited."

"If you will excuse me, grandmamma," said Lucia, speaking in a soft, steady voice, "I will go and write the letters you wished written."

"Go," said my lady, with majesty, and, having bidden Mrs. Burnham good-morning, Lucia went.

If Mrs. Burnham had expected any explanation of her ladyship's evident displeasure, she was doomed to disappointment. That excellent and rigorous gentlewoman had a stern sense of dignity, which forbade her condescending to the confidential weakness of mere ordinary mortals. Instead of referring to Lucia, she broached a more commonplace topic.

"I hope your rheumatism does not threaten you again, Mrs. Burnham," she remarked.

"I am very well, thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Burnham, "so well, that I am thinking quite seriously of taking the dear girls to the garden-party, when it comes off."

"To the garden-party!" repeated her ladyship. "May I ask who thinks of giving a garden-party in Slowbridge?"

"It is no one in Slowbridge," replied this lady, cheerfully. "Some one who lives a little out of Slowbridge—Mr. Burmistone, my dear Lady Theobald, at his new place."

"Mr. Burmistone!"

"Yes, my dear, and a most charming affair it is to be, if we are to believe all we hear. Surely you have heard something of it from Mr. Barold."

"Mr. Barold has not been to Oldclough for several days."

"Then he will tell you when he comes, for I suppose he has as much to do with it as Mr. Burmistone."

"I have heard before," announced my lady, "of men of Mr. Burmestone's class securing the services of persons of established position in society when they wished to spend their money upon entertainments, but I should scarcely have imagined that Francis Barold would have allowed himself to be made a party to such a transaction."

"But," put in Mrs. Burnham, rather eagerly, "it appears that Mr. Burmestone is not such an obscure person, after all. He is an Oxford man, and came off with honors; he is quite a well-born man, and gives this entertainment in honor of his friend and relation, Lord Lansdowne."

"Lord Lansdowne!" echoed her ladyship, sternly.

"Son of the Marquis of Lauderdale, whose wife was Lady Honora Erroll."

"Did Mr. Burmestone give you this information?" asked Lady Theobald, with ironic calmness.

Mrs. Burnham colored never so faintly.

"I—that is to say—there is a sort of acquaintance between one of my maids and the butler at the Burmestone place, and when the girl was doing Lydia's hair, she told her the story. Lord Lansdowne and his father are quite fond of Mr. Burmestone, it is said."

"It seems rather singular to my mind that we should not have known of this before."

"But how should we learn? We none of us know Lord Lansdowne, or even the marquis. I think he is only a second or third cousin. We are a little—just a little—*set* in Slowbridge, you know, my dear—at least I have thought so, sometimes, lately."

"I must confess," remarked my lady, "that I have not regarded the matter in that light."

"That is because you have a better right to—to be a little set than the rest of us," was the amiable response.

Lady Theobald did not disclaim the privilege. She felt the sentiment an extremely correct one. But she was not very warm in her manner during the remainder of the call, and, incongruous as such a statement may appear, it must be confessed that she felt that Miss Octavia Bassett must have something to do with these defections on all sides, and that garden-parties, and all such swervings from established Slowbridge custom, were the natural result of Nevada frivolity and freedom of manners. It may be that she felt remotely that even Lord Lansdowne and the Marquis of Lauderdale

were to be referred to the same reprehensible cause, and that, but for Octavia Bassett, Mr. Burmestone would not have been educated at Oxford and have come off with honors, and have turned out to be related to respectable people, but would have remained in appropriate obscurity.

"I suppose," she said, afterward, to Lucia, "that your friend Miss Octavia Bassett is in Mr. Burmestone's confidence, if no one else has been permitted to have that honor. I have no doubt *she* has known of this approaching entertainment for some weeks."

"I do not know, grandmamma," replied Lucia, putting her letters together, and gaining color as she bent over them. She was wondering, with inward trepidation, what her ladyship would say if she knew the whole truth—if she knew that it was her granddaughter, and not Octavia Bassett, who enjoyed Mr. Burmestone's confidence.

"Ah," she thought, "how could I ever dare to tell her?"

The same day, Francis Barold sauntered up to pay them a visit, and then, as Mrs. Burnham had prophesied, Lady Theobald heard all she wished to hear, and, indeed, a great deal more.

"What is this I am told of Mr. Burmestone, Francis?" she inquired. "That he intends to give a garden-party, and that Lord Lansdowne is to be one of the guests, and that he has caused it to be circulated that they are cousins."

"That Lansdowne has caused it to be circulated—or Burmestone?"

"It is scarcely likely that Lord Lansdowne—"

"Beg pardon," he interrupted, fixing his single glass dexterously in his right eye, and gazing at her ladyship through it. "Can't see why Lansdowne should object. Fact is, he is a great deal fonder of Burmestone than relations usually are of each other. Now I often find that kind of thing a bore, but Lansdowne doesn't seem to. They were at school together, it seems, and at Oxford, too, and Burmestone is supposed to have behaved pretty well toward Lansdowne at one time, when he was rather a wild fellow—so the father and mother say. As to Burmestone 'causing it to be circulated,' that sort of thing is rather absurd. The man isn't a cad, you know."

"Pray don't say 'you know,' Francis," said her ladyship. "I know very little but what I have chanced to see, and I must confess I have not been prepossessed in Mr.

Burmistone's favor. Why did he not choose to inform us ——"

"That he was Lord Lansdowne's second-cousin, and knew the Marquis of Lauderdale, grandmamma?" broke in Lucia, with very pretty spirit. "Would that have preposessed you in his favor? Would you have forgiven him for building the mills, on Lord Lansdowne's account? I—I wish I was related to a marquis," which was very bold indeed.

"May I ask," said her ladyship, in her most monumental manner, "when *you* became Mr. Burmistone's champion?"

#### CHAPTER XXII.

##### "YOU HAVE MADE IT LIVELIER."

WHEN she had become Mr. Burmistone's champion, indeed! She could scarcely have told when, unless, perhaps, she had fixed the date at the first time she had heard his name introduced at a high tea, with every politely opprobrious epithet affixed. She had defended him in her own mind then, and felt sure that he deserved very little that was said against him, and very likely nothing at all. And the first time she had seen and spoken to him, she had been convinced that she had not made a mistake, and that he had been treated with cruel injustice. How kind he was, how manly, how clever, and how well he bore himself under the popular adverse criticism! She only wondered that anybody could be so blind, and stupid, and willful as to assail him.

And if this had been the case in those early days, imagine what she felt now, when—ah, well!—when her friendship had had time and opportunity to become a much deeper sentiment. Must it be confessed that she had seen Mr. Burmistone even oftener than Octavia and Miss Belinda knew of? Of course it had all been quite accidental; but it had happened that now and then, when she had been taking a quiet walk in the lanes about Oldclough, she had encountered a gentleman, who had dismounted, and led his horse by the bridle, as he sauntered by her side. She had always been very timid at such times, and had felt rather like a criminal; but Mr. Burmistone had not been timid at all, and would, indeed, as soon have met Lady Theobald as not, for which courage his companion admired him more than ever.

It was not very long before to be with this hero re-assured her, and made her feel stronger and more self-reliant. She was never afraid to open her soft little heart to him, and show him innocently all its goodness and ignorance of worldliness. She warmed and brightened under his kindly influence, and was often surprised in secret at her own simple readiness of wit and speech.

"It is odd that I am such a different girl when—when I am with you," she said to him, one day. "I even make little jokes. I never should think of making even the tiniest joke before grandmamma. Somehow, she never seems quite to understand jokes. She never laughs at them. You always laugh, and I am sure it is very kind of you to encourage me so; but you must not encourage me too much, or I might forget, and make a little joke at dinner, and I think, if I did, she would choke over her soup."

Perhaps, when she dressed her hair, and adorned herself with pale pink bows, and like appurtenances, this artful young person had privately in mind other beholders than Mrs. Burnham, and other commendation than that to be bestowed by that most excellent matron.

"Do you mind my telling you that you have put on an enchanted garment?" said Mr. Burmistone, the first time they met when she wore one of the old-new gowns. "I thought I knew before how ——"

"I don't mind at all," said Lucia, blushing brilliantly. "I rather like it. It rewards me for my industry. My hair is dressed in a new way. I hope you like that, too. Grandmamma does not."

It had been Lady Theobald's habit to treat Lucia severely from a sense of duty. Her manner toward her had always rather the tone of implying that she was naturally at fault, and yet her ladyship could not have told wherein she wished the girl changed. In the good old school in which my lady had been trained, it was customary to regard young people as weak, foolish, and, if left to their own desires, frequently sinful. Lucia had not been left to her own desires. She had been taught to view herself as rather a bad case, and to feel that she was far from being what her relatives had a right to expect. To be thrown with a person who did not find her silly, or dull, or commonplace, was a new experience.

"If I had been clever," Lucia said once

to Mr. Burmestone,—"if I had been clever, perhaps grandmamma would have been more satisfied with me. I have often wished I had been clever."

"If you had been a boy," replied Mr. Burmestone, rather grimly, "and had squandered her money, and run into debt, and bullied her, you would have been her idol, and she would have pinched and starved herself to supply your highness's extravagance."

When the garden-party rumor began to take definite form, and there was no doubt as to Mr. Burmestone's intentions, a discussion arose at once, and went on in every genteel parlor. Would Lady Theobald allow Lucia to go, and if she did not allow her, would not such a course appear very pointed indeed? It was universally decided that it would appear pointed, but that Lady Theobald would not mind that in the least, and perhaps would rather enjoy it than otherwise, and it was thought Lucia would not go. And it is very likely that Lucia would have remained at home, if it had not been for the influence of Mr. Francis Barold.

Making a call at Oldclough, he found his august relative in a very majestic mood, and she applied to him again for information.

"Perhaps," she said, "you may be able to tell me whether it is true that Belinda Bassett—*Belinda Bassett*," with emphasis, "has been invited by Mr. Burmestone to assist him to receive his guests."

"Yes, it is true," was the reply; "I think I advised it myself. Burmestone is fond of her. They are great friends. Man needs a woman at such times."

"And he chose Belinda Bassett?"

"In the first place, he is on friendly terms with her, as I said before," replied Barold; "in the second, she's just what he wants—well-bred, kind-hearted, not likely to make rows, et cætera." There was a slight pause before he finished, adding, quietly: "He's not the man to submit to being refused—Burmestone."

Lady Theobald did not reply, or raise her eyes from her work; she knew he was looking at her with calm fixedness, through the glass he held in its place so cleverly; and she detested this more than anything else; perhaps because she was invariably quelled by it, and found she had nothing to say.

He did not address her again, immediately, but turned to Lucia, dropping the eyeglass, and resuming his normal condition.

"You will go, of course?" he said.

Lucia glanced across at my lady.

"I—do not know. Grandmamma——"

"Oh!" interposed Barold, "you must go. There is no reason for your refusing the invitation—unless you wish to imply something unpleasant—which is, of course, out of the question."

"But there may be reasons——" began her ladyship.

"Burmestone is my friend," put in Barold, in his coolest tone. "And I am your relative, which would make my position in his house a delicate one, if he has offended you."

When Lucia saw Octavia again, she was able to tell her that they had received invitations to the *fête*, and that Lady Theobald had accepted them.

"She has not spoken a word to me about it, but she has accepted them," said Lucia. "I don't quite understand her lately, Octavia. She must be very fond of Francis Barold. He never gives way to her in the least, and she always seems to submit to him. I know she would not have let me go, if he had not insisted on it, in that taking-it-for-granted way of his."

Naturally, Mr. Burmestone's *fête* caused great excitement. Miss Chickie was never so busy in her life, and there were rumors that her feelings had been outraged by the discovery that Mrs. Burnham had sent to Harriford for costumes for her daughters.

"Slowbridge is changing, mem," said Miss Chickie, with brilliant sarcasm. "Our ladies is led in their fashions by a Nevada young person. We're improving most rapid—more rapid than I'd ever have dared to hope. Do you prefer a frill or a flounce, mem?"

Octavia was in great good spirits at the prospect of the gayeties in question. She had been in remarkably good spirits for some weeks. She had received letters from Nevada, containing good news, she said. Shares had gone up again, and her father had almost settled his affairs, and it would not be long before he would come to England. She looked so exhilarated over the matter, that Lucia felt a little aggrieved.

"Will you be so glad to leave us, Octavia?" she asked. "We shall not be so glad to let you go. We have grown very fond of you."

"I shall be sorry to leave you; and Aunt Belinda is going with us. You don't expect me to be very fond of Slowbridge, do you, and to be sorry I can't take Mrs. Burnham—and the rest?"

Barold was present when she made this speech, and it rather rankled.

"Am I one of 'the rest'?" he inquired, the first time he found himself alone with her. He was sufficiently piqued to forget his usual *hauteur* and discretion.

"Would you like to be?" she said.

"Oh! very much—very much—naturally," he replied, severely.

They were standing near a rose-bush, in the garden, and she plucked a rose, and regarded it with deep interest.

"Well," she said, next, "I must say I think I shouldn't have had such a good time if you hadn't been here. You have made it livelier."

"Tha-anks," he remarked. "You are most kind."

"Oh!" she answered, "it's true. If it wasn't, I shouldn't say it. You, and Mr. Burmestone, and Mr. Poppleton have certainly made it livelier."

He went home in such a bad humor that his host, who was rather happier than usual, commented upon his grave aspect at dinner.

"You look as if you had heard ill news, old fellow," he said. "What's up?"

"Oh, nothing!" he was answered, sardonically; "nothing whatever—unless that I have been rather snubbed by a young lady from Nevada."

"Ah!" with great seriousness; "that's rather cool, isn't it?"

"It's her little way," said Barold. "It seems to be one of the customs of Nevada."

In fact, he was very savage indeed. He felt that he had condescended a good deal lately. He seldom bestowed his time on women, and when he did so, at rare intervals, he chose those who would do the most honor to his taste at the least cost of trouble. And he was obliged to confess to himself that he had broken his rule in this case. Upon analyzing his motives and necessities, he found that, after all, he must have extended his visit simply because he chose to see more of this young woman from Nevada, and that really, upon the whole, he had borne a good deal from her. Sometimes he had been much pleased with her, and very well entertained; but often enough—in fact, rather too often—she had made him exceedingly uncomfortable. Her manners were not what he was accustomed to; she did not consider that all men were not to be regarded from the same point of view. Perhaps he did not put into definite words the noble and patriotic sentiment that an Englishman was not to be regarded from

the same point of view as an American, and that though all this sort of thing might do with fellows in New York, it was scarcely what an Englishman would stand. Perhaps, as I say, he had not put this sentiment into words; but it is quite certain that it had been uppermost in his mind upon more occasions than one. As he thought their acquaintance over, this evening, he was rather severe upon Octavia. He even was roused so far as to condescend to talk her over with Burmestone.

"If she had been well brought up," he said, "she would have been a different creature."

"Very different, I have no doubt," said Burmestone, thoughtfully. "When you say well brought up, by the way, do you mean brought up like your cousin, Miss Gaston?"

"There is a medium," said Barold, loftily. "I regret to say Lady Theobald has not hit upon it."

"Well, as you say," commented Mr. Burmestone, "I suppose there is a medium."

"A charming wife she would make, for a man with a position to maintain," remarked Barold, with a short and somewhat savage laugh.

"Octavia Bassett?" queried Burmestone. "That's true. But I am afraid she wouldn't enjoy it—if you are supposing the man to be an Englishman, brought up in the regulation groove."

"Ah!" exclaimed Barold, impatiently, "I was not looking at it from her point of view, but from his."

Mr. Burmestone slipped his hands in his pockets and jingled his keys slightly, as he did once before in an earlier part of this narrative.

"Ah! from his," he repeated. "Not from hers. His point of view would differ from hers—naturally."

Barold flushed a little, and took his cigar from his mouth to knock off the ashes.

"A man is not necessarily a snob," he said, "because he is cool enough not to lose his head where a woman is concerned. You can't marry a woman who will make mistakes, and attract universal attention by her conduct."

"Has it struck you that Octavia Bassett would?" inquired Burmestone.

"She would do as she chose," said Barold, petulantly. "She would do things which were unusual—but I was not referring to her in particular. Why should I?"

"Ah!" said Burmestone. "I only thought of her because it did not strike me



that one would ever feel she had exactly blundered. She is not easily embarrassed. There is a *sang froid* about her which carries things off."

"Ah!" deigned Barold, "she has *sang froid* enough and to spare."

He was silent for some time afterward, and sat smoking later than usual. When he was about to leave the room for the night, he made an announcement for which his host was not altogether prepared.

"When the *fête* is over, my dear fellow," he said, "I must go back to London, and I shall be deucedly sorry to do it."

"Look here!" said Burmestone, "that's a new idea, isn't it?"

"No, an old one; but I have been putting the thing off from day to day. By Jove! I did not think it likely that I should put it off, the day I landed here."

And he laughed, rather uneasily.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## "MAY I GO?"

THE very day after this, Octavia opened the fourth trunk. She had had it brought down from the garret, when there came a summons on the door, and Lucia Gaston appeared.

Lucia was very pale, and her large, soft eyes wore a decidedly frightened look. She seemed to have walked fast, and was out of breath. Evidently something had happened.

"Octavia," she said, "Mr. Dugald Binnie is at Oldclough."

"Who is he?"

"He is my grand-uncle," explained Lucia, tremulously. "He has a great deal of money. Grandmamma——" She stopped short, and colored, and drew her slight figure up. "I do not quite understand grandmamma, Octavia," she said. "Last night she came to my room to talk to me; and this morning she came again, and—oh!" she broke out indignantly, "how could she speak to me in such a manner!"

"What did she say?" inquired Octavia.

"She said a great many things," with great spirit. "It took her a long time to say them, and I do not wonder at it. It would have taken me a hundred years, if I had been in her place. I—I was wrong to say I did not understand her—I did—before she had finished."

"What did you understand?"

"She was afraid to tell me in plain words—I never saw her afraid before, but she was afraid. She has been arranging my future for me, and it does not occur to her that I dare object. That is because she knows I am a coward, and despises me for it—and it is what I deserve. If I make the marriage she chooses, she thinks Mr. Binnie will leave me his money. I am to run after a man who does not care for me, and make myself attractive, in the hope that he will condescend to marry me, because Mr. Binnie may leave me his money. Do you wonder that it took even Lady Theobald a long time to say that?"

"Well," remarked Octavia, "you won't do it, I suppose. I wouldn't worry. She wants you to marry Mr. Barold, I suppose."

Lucia started.

"How did you guess?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, I always knew it. I didn't guess." And she smiled ever so faintly. "That is one of the reasons why she loathes me so," she added.

Lucia thought deeply for a moment; she recognized, all at once, several things she had been mystified by before.

"Oh, it is! It is!" she said. "And she has thought of it all the time, when I never suspected her."

Octavia smiled a little again. Lucia sat thinking, her hands clasped tightly.

"I am glad I came here," she said, at length. "I *am* angry now, and I see things more clearly. If she had only thought of it because Mr. Binnie came, I could have forgiven her more easily; but she has been making coarse plans all the time, and treating me with contempt. Octavia," she added, turning upon her, with flushing cheeks and sparkling eyes, "I think that, for the first time in my life, I am in a passion—a real passion. I think I shall never be afraid of her any more." Her delicate nostrils were dilated, she held her head up, her breath came fast. There was a hint of exultation in her tone. "Yes," she said, "I am in a passion. And I am not afraid of her at all. I will go home and tell her what I think."

And it is quite probable that she would have done so, but for a trifling incident which occurred before she reached her ladyship.

She walked very fast, after she left the house. She wanted to reach Oldclough before one whit of her anger cooled down, though, somehow, she felt quite sure that, even when her anger died out, her courage would not take

flight with it. Mr. Dugald Binnie had not proved to be a very fascinating person. He was an acrid, dictatorial old man; he contradicted Lady Theobald flatly every five minutes, and bullied his man-servant; but it was not against him that Lucia's indignation was aroused. She felt that Lady Theobald was quite capable of suggesting to him that Francis Barold would be a good match for her, and if she had done so, it was scarcely his fault if he had accepted the idea. She understood now why she had been allowed to visit Octavia, and why divers other things had happened. She had been sent to walk with Francis Barold; he had been almost reproached when he had not called; perhaps her ladyship had been good enough to suggest to him that it was his duty to further her plans. She was as capable of that as of anything else which would assist her to gain her point. The girl's cheeks grew hotter and hotter, her eyes brighter at every step, because every step brought some new thought; her hands trembled, and her heart beat.

"I shall never be afraid of her again," she said, as she turned the corner into the road. "Never! never!"

And at that very moment a gentleman stepped out of the wood at her right, and stopped before her.

She started back, with a cry.

"Mr. Burmestone!" she said; "Mr. Burmestone!"

She wondered if he had heard her last words; she fancied he had. He took hold of her shaking little hand, and looked down at her excited face.

"I am glad I waited for you," he said, in the quietest possible tone. "Something is the matter."

She knew there would be no use in trying to conceal the truth, and she was not in the mood to make the effort. She scarcely knew herself.

She gave quite a fierce little laugh.

"I am angry!" she said. "You have never seen me angry before. I am on my way to my—to Lady Theobald."

He held her hand as calmly as before. He understood a great deal more than she could have imagined.

"What are you going to say to her?" he asked. She laughed again.

"I am going to ask her what she means. I am going to tell her she has made a mistake. I am going to prove to her that I am not such a coward, after all. I am going to tell her that I dare disobey her—

that is what I am going to say to her," she concluded, decisively.

He held her hand rather closer.

"Let us take a stroll in the copse and talk it over," he said. "It is deliciously cool there."

"I don't want to be cool," she said. But he drew her gently with him, and a few steps took them into the shade of the young oaks and pines, and there he paused.

"She has made you very angry?" he said.

And then, almost before she knew what she was doing, she was pouring forth the whole of her story—even more of it than she had told Octavia. She had not at all intended to do it, but she did it, nevertheless.

"I am to marry Mr. Francis Barold, if he will take me," she said, with a bitter little smile,—“Mr. Francis Barold, who is so much in love with me—as you know. His mother approves of the match, and sent him here to make love to me—which he has done, as you have seen. I have no money of my own, but if I make a marriage which pleases him, Dugald Binnie will probably leave me his—which it is thought will be an inducement to my cousin—who needs one. If I marry him, or rather he marries me, Lady Theobald thinks Mr. Binnie will be pleased. It does not even matter whether Francis is pleased or not—and, of course, I am out of the question—but it is hoped that it will please Mr. Binnie. The two ladies have talked it over, and decided the matter. I dare say they have offered me to Francis, who has very likely refused me, though perhaps he may be persuaded to relent in time—if I am very humble, and he is shown the advantage of having Mr. Binnie's money added to his own—but I have no doubt I shall have to be very humble indeed. That is what I learned from Lady Theobald, last night, and it is what I am going to talk to her about. Is it enough to make one angry, do you think—is it enough?”

He did not tell her whether he thought it enough or not. He looked at her with steady eyes.

"Lucia," he said, "I wish you would let me go and talk to Lady Theobald."

"You?" she said, with a little start.

"Yes," he answered. "Let me go to her. Let me tell her that, instead of marrying Francis Barold, you will marry me. If you will say yes to that, I think I can promise that you need never be afraid of her any more."

The fierce color died out of her cheeks, and the tears rushed to her eyes. She raised her face with a pathetic look.

"Oh," she whispered, "you must be very sorry for me. I think you have been sorry for me from the first."

"I am desperately in love with you," he answered, in his quietest way. "I have been desperately in love with you from the first. May I go?"

She looked at him, for a moment, incredulously. Then she faltered:

"Yes."

She still looked up at him, and then, in spite of her happiness, or perhaps because of it, she suddenly began to cry softly, and forgot she had been angry at all, as he took her into his strong, kind arms.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### THE GARDEN-PARTY.

THE morning of the garden-party arose bright and clear, and Slowbridge awakened in a great state of excitement. Miss Chickie, having worked until midnight that all her orders might be completed, was so overpowered by her labors as to have to take her tea and toast in bed.

At Oldclough, varied sentiments prevailed. Lady Theobald's manner was chiefly distinguished by an implacable rigidity. She had chosen, as an appropriate festal costume, a funereal-black *moire antique*, enlivened by massive fringes and ornaments of jet—her jewelry being chains and manacles of the latter, which rattled as she moved, with a sound somewhat suggestive of bones.

Mr. Dugald Binnie, who had received an invitation, had as yet amiably forborne to say whether he would accept it or not. He had been out when Mr. Burmestone called, and had not seen him.

When Lady Theobald descended to breakfast, she found him growling over his newspaper, and he glanced up at her with a polite scowl.

"Going to a funeral?" he demanded.

"I accompany my granddaughter to this—this entertainment," her ladyship responded. "It is scarcely a joyous occasion, to my mind."

"No need to dress yourself like that, if it isn't," ejaculated Mr. Binnie. "Why don't you stay at home, if you don't want to go? Man's all right, isn't he? Once

knew a man of the name of Burmestone, myself. One of the few decent fellows I've met. If I was sure this was the same man, I'd go myself. When I find a fellow who's neither knave nor fool, I stick to him. Believe I'll send to find out. Where's Lucia?"

What his opinion of Lucia was, it was difficult to discover. He had an agreeable habit of staring at her over the top of his paper, and over his dinner. The only time he had made any comment upon her, was the first time he saw her in the dress she had copied from Octavia's.

"Nice gown that," he blurted out. "Didn't get it here, I'll wager."

"It is an old dress I remodeled," answered Lucia, somewhat alarmed. "I made it myself."

"Doesn't look like it," he said, gruffly.

Lucia had touched up another dress, and was very happy in the prospect of wearing it at the garden-party.

"Don't call on grandmamma until after Wednesday," she had said to Mr. Burmestone. "Perhaps she wouldn't let me go. She will be very angry, I am sure."

"And you are not afraid?"

"No," she answered. "I am not afraid at all. I shall not be afraid again."

In fact, she had perfectly confounded her ladyship by her demeanor. She bore her fiercest glance without quailing in the least, or making any effort to evade it; under her most scathing comments she was composed and unmoved. On the first occasion of my lady's referring to her plans for her future, she received a blow which fairly stunned her. The girl rose from her chair, and looked her straight in the face, unflinchingly, and with a suggestion of *hauteur* not easy to confront.

"I beg you will not speak to me of that again," she said. "I will not listen." And turning about, she walked out of the room.

"This," her ladyship had said, in sepulchral tones, when she recovered her breath,—"this is one of the results of Miss Octavia Bassett." And nothing more had been said on the subject since.

No one in Slowbridge was in more brilliant spirits than Octavia herself, on the morning of the *fête*. Before breakfast, Miss Belinda was startled by the arrival of another telegram, which ran as follows:

"Arrived to-day, per *Russia*. Be with you to-morrow evening. Friend with me.

"MARTIN BASSETT."

On reading this communication, Miss Belinda burst into floods of delighted tears.

"Dear, dear Martin!" she wept. "To think that we should meet again! *Why* didn't he let us know he was on the way? I should have been so anxious that I should not have slept at all."

"Well," remarked Octavia, "I suppose that would have been an advantage."

Suddenly, she approached Miss Belinda, kissed her, and disappeared out of the room, as if by magic, not returning for a quarter of an hour, looking rather soft, and moist, and brilliant about the eyes, when she did return.

Octavia was a marked figure upon the grounds at that garden-party.

"Another dress, my dear," remarked Mrs. Burnham. "And what a charming color she has, I declare! She is usually paler. Perhaps we owe this to Lord Lansdowne."

"Her dress is becoming, at all events," privately remarked Miss Lydia Burnham, whose tastes had not been consulted about her own.

"It is she who is becoming," said her sister. "It is not the dress so much, though her clothes always have a *look*, some way. She's prettier than ever to-day, and is enjoying herself."

She was enjoying herself. Mr. Francis Barold observed it rather gloomily as he stood apart. She was enjoying herself so much that she did not seem to notice that he had avoided her, instead of going up to claim her attention. Half a dozen men were standing about her and making themselves agreeable; and she was apparently quite equal to the emergencies of the occasion. The young men from Broadoaks had at once attached themselves to her train.

"I say, Barold," they had said to him, "why didn't you tell us about this? Jolly good fellow you are, to come mooning here for a couple of months and keep it all to yourself."

And then had come Lord Lansdowne, who, in crossing the lawn to shake hands with his host, had been observed to keep his eye fixed upon one particular point.

"Burmistone," he said, after having spoken his first words, "who is that tall girl in white?"

And in ten minutes, Lady Theobald, Mrs. Burnham, Mr. Barold, and divers others too numerous to mention, saw him standing at Octavia's side, evidently with no intention of leaving it.

Not long after this, Francis Barold found

his way to Miss Belinda, who was very busy and rather nervous.

"Your niece is evidently enjoying herself," he remarked.

"Octavia is most happy to-day," answered Miss Belinda. "Her father will reach Slowbridge this evening. She has been looking forward to his coming with great anxiety."

"Ah!" commented Barold.

"Very few people understand Octavia," said Miss Belinda. "I'm not sure that I follow all her moods myself. She is more affectionate than people fancy. She—she has very pretty ways. I am very fond of her. She is not as frivolous as she appears to those who don't know her well."

Barold stood gnawing his mustache and made no reply. He was not very comfortable. He felt himself ill-used by Fate, and rather wished he had returned to London from Broadoaks, instead of loitering in Slowbridge. He had amused himself at first, but in time he had been surprised to find his amusement lose something of its zest. He glowered across the lawn at the group under a certain beech-tree, and as he did so, Octavia turned her face a little and saw him. She stood waving her fan slowly and smiling at him in a calm way, which reminded him very much of the time he had first caught sight of her at Lady Theobald's high tea.

He condescended to saunter over the grass to where she stood. Once there, he proceeded to make himself as disagreeable as possible, in a silent and lofty way. He felt it only due to himself that he should. He did not approve at all of the manner in which Lansdowne kept by her.

"It's deucedly bad form on his part," he said, mentally. "What does he mean by it?"

Octavia, on the contrary, did not ask what he meant by it. She chose to seem rather well entertained, and did not notice that she was being frowned down. There was no reason why she should not find Lord Lansdowne entertaining: he was an agreeable young fellow, with an inexhaustible fund of good spirits, and no nonsense about him. He was fond of all pleasant novelty, and Octavia was a pleasant novelty. He had been thinking of paying a visit to America, and he asked innumerable questions concerning that country, all of which Octavia answered.

"I know half a dozen fellows who have been there," he said. "And they all enjoyed it tremendously."

"If you go to Nevada, you must visit the mines at Bloody Gulch," she said.

"Where?" he ejaculated. "I say, what a name! Don't deride my youth and ignorance, Miss Bassett."

"You can call it L'Argentville if you would rather," she replied.

"I would rather try the other, thank you," he laughed. "It has a more hilarious sound. Will they despise me at Bloody Gulch, Miss Bassett? I never killed a man in my life."

Barold turned and walked away, angry, and more melancholy than he could have believed.

"It is time I went back to London," he chose to put it. "The place begins to be deucedly dull."

"Mr. Francis Barold seems rather out of spirits," said Mrs. Burnham to Lady Theobald. "Lord Lansdowne interferes with his pleasure."

"I had not observed it," answered her ladyship. "And it is scarcely likely that Mr. Francis Barold would permit his pleasure to be interfered with, even by the son of the Marquis of Lauderdale."

But she glared at Barold, as he passed, and beckoned to him.

"Where is Lucia?" she demanded.

"I saw her with Burmestone, half an hour ago," he answered, coldly. "Have you any message for my mother? I shall return to London to-morrow—leaving here early."

She turned quite pale. She had not counted upon this at all, and it was extremely inopportune.

"What has happened?" she asked, rigidly.

He looked slightly surprised.

"Nothing whatever," he replied. "I have remained here longer than I intended."

She began to move the manacles on her right wrist. He made not the smallest profession of reluctance to go. She said, at last:

"If you will find Lucia, you will oblige me."

She was almost uncivil to Miss Pilcher, who chanced to join her after he was gone. She had not the slightest intention of allowing her plans to be frustrated, and was only roused to fresh obstinacy by encountering indifference on one side and rebellion on the other. She had not brought Lucia up under her own eye for nothing. She had been disturbed of late, but by no means considered herself baffled. With the assist-

ance of Mr. Dugald Binnie, she could certainly subdue Lucia, though Mr. Dugald Binnie had been of no great help, so far. She would do her duty unflinchingly. In fact, she chose to persuade herself that, if Lucia was brought to a proper frame of mind, there could be no real trouble with Francis Barold.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## "SOMEBODY ELSE."

BUT Barold did not make any very ardent search for Lucia. He stopped to watch a game of lawn-tennis, in which Octavia and Lord Lansdowne had joined, and finally forgot Lady Theobald's errand altogether.

For some time, Octavia did not see him. She was playing with great spirit, and Lord Lansdowne was following her delightedly.

Finally, a chance of the game bringing her to him, she turned suddenly and found Barold's eyes fixed upon her.

"How long have you been there?" she asked.

"Some time," he answered. "When you are at liberty, I wish to speak to you."

"Do you?" she said.

She seemed a little unprepared for the repressed energy of his manner, which he strove to cover by a greater amount of coldness than usual.

"Well," she said, after thinking a moment, "the game will soon be ended. I am going through the conservatories with Lord Lansdowne, in course of time; but I dare say he can wait."

She went back, and finished her game, apparently enjoying it as much as ever. When it was over, Barold made his way to her.

He had resented her remaining oblivious of his presence when he stood near her, and he had resented her enjoyment of her surroundings, and now, as he led her away, leaving Lord Lansdowne rather disconsolate, he resented the fact that she did not seem nervous, or at all impressed by his silence.

"What do you want to say to me?" she asked. "Let us go and sit down in one of the arbors. I believe I am a little tired—not that I mind it, though. I've been having a lovely time."

Then she began to talk about Lord Lansdowne.

"I like him ever so much," she said. "Do you think he will really go to America?"



I wish he would—but if he does, I hope it won't be for a year or so—I mean, until we go back from Europe. Still, it's rather uncertain when we *shall* go back. Did I tell you I had persuaded Aunt Belinda to travel with us? She's horribly frightened, but I mean to make her go. She'll get over being frightened after a little while."

Suddenly, she turned and looked at him.

"Why don't you say something?" she demanded. "What's the matter?"

"It is not necessary for me to say anything."

She laughed.

"Do you mean because I am saying everything myself? Well, I suppose I am. I am—awfully happy to-day, and can't help talking. It seems to make the time go."

Her face had lighted up curiously. There was a delighted excitement in her eyes, puzzling him.

"Are you so fond of your father as all that?"

She laughed again—a clear, exultant laugh.

"Yes," she answered, "of course I am as fond of him as all that. It's quite natural, isn't it?"

"I haven't observed the same degree of enthusiasm in all the young ladies of my acquaintance," he returned, dryly.

He thought such rapture disproportionate to the cause, and regarded it grudgingly.

They turned into an arbor, and Octavia sat down and leaned forward on the rustic table. Then she turned her face up to look at the vines covering the roof.

"It looks rather spidery, doesn't it?" she remarked. "I hope it isn't; don't you?"

The light fell bewitchingly on her round little chin and white throat; and a bar of sunlight struck on her upturned eyes, and the blonde rings on her forehead.

"There is nothing I hate more than spiders," she said, with a little shiver, "unless," seriously, "it's caterpillars—and caterpillars I loathe!"

Then she lowered her gaze, and gave her hat—a large, white Rubens, all soft, curling feathers and satin bows—a charming tip over her eyes.

"The brim is broad," she said. "If anything drops, I hope it will drop on it, instead of on me. Now, what did you want to say?"

He had not sat down, but stood leaning against the rustic wood-work. He looked pale, and was evidently trying to be cooler than usual.

"I brought you here to ask you a question."

"Well," she remarked, "I hope it's an important one. You look serious enough."

"It is important—rather," he responded, with a tone of sarcasm. "You will probably go away soon?"

"That isn't exactly a question," she commented. "And it's not as important to you as to me."

He paused a moment, annoyed because he found it difficult to go on; annoyed because she waited with such undisturbed serenity. But at length he managed to begin again.

"I do not think you are expecting the question I am going to ask," he said. "I do not think I expected to ask it myself—until to-day. I do not know why—why I should ask it so awkwardly, and feel—at such a disadvantage. I brought you here to ask you—to marry me."

He had scarcely spoken four words before all her airy manner had taken flight, and she had settled herself down to listen. He had noticed this, and had felt it quite natural. When he stopped, she was looking straight into his face. Her eyes were singularly large, and bright, and clear.

"You did not expect to ask me to marry you," she said. "Why didn't you?"

It was not at all what he had expected. He did not understand her manner at all.

"I—must confess," he said, stiffly, "that I felt at first that there were—obstacles in the way of my doing so."

"What were the obstacles?"

He flushed, and drew himself up.

"I have been unfortunate in my mode of expressing myself," he said. "I told you I was conscious of my own awkwardness."

"Yes," she said, quietly, "you have been unfortunate. That is a good way of putting it."

Then she let her eyes rest on the table a few seconds, and thought a little.

"After all," she said, "I have the consolation of knowing that you must have been very much in love with me. If you had not been very much in love with me, you would never have asked me to marry you. You would have considered the obstacles."

"I am very much in love with you," he said, vehemently, his feelings getting the better of his pride, for once. "However badly I may have expressed myself, I am very much in love with you. I have been wretched for days."

"Was it because you felt obliged to ask me to marry you?" she inquired.

The delicate touch of spirit in her tone and words fired him to fresh admiration, strange to say. It suggested to him possibilities he had not suspected hitherto. He drew nearer to her.

"Don't be too severe on me," he said—quite humbly, considering all things.

And he stretched out his hand, as if to take hers.

But she drew it back, smiling ever so faintly.

"Do you think I don't know what the obstacles are?" she said. "I will tell you."

"My affection was strong enough to sweep them away," he said, "or I should not be here."

She smiled slightly again.

"I know all about them, as well as you do," she said. "I rather laughed at them, at first, but I don't now. I suppose I'm 'impressed by their seriousness,' as Aunt Belinda says. I suppose they *are* pretty serious—to you."

"Nothing would be so serious to me as that you should let them interfere with my happiness," he answered, thrown back upon himself, and bewildered by her logical manner. "Let us forget them. I was a fool to speak as I did. Wont you answer my question?"

She paused a second, and then answered:

"You didn't expect to ask me to marry you," she said. "And I didn't expect you to —"

"But now —" he broke in, impatiently.

"Now—I wish you hadn't done it."

"You wish —"

"You don't want *me*," she said. "You want somebody meeker—somebody who would respect you very much, and obey you. I'm not used to obeying people."

"Do you mean also that you would not respect me?" he inquired, bitterly.

"Oh," she replied, "you haven't respected me much!"

"Excuse me —" he began, in his loftiest manner.

"You didn't respect me enough to think me worth marrying," she said. "I was not the kind of girl you would have chosen of your own will."

"You are treating me unfairly!" he cried.

"You were going to give me a great deal, I suppose—looking at it in your way," she went on; "but if I *wasn't* exactly what you wanted, I had something to give, too. I'm young enough to have a good many

years to live, and I should have to live them with you, if I married you. That's something, you know."

He rose from his seat, pale with wrath and wounded feeling.

"Does this mean that you refuse me," he demanded,—"that your answer is no?"

She rose, too—not exultant, not confused, neither pale nor flushed. He had never seen her prettier, more charming, or more natural.

"It would have been 'no,' even if there hadn't been any obstacle," she answered.

"Then," he said, "I need say no more. I see that I have—humiliated myself in vain, and it is rather bitter, I must confess."

"It wasn't my fault," she remarked.

He stepped back, with a haughty wave of the hand, signifying that she should pass out of the arbor before him.

She did so, but just as she reached the entrance, she turned, and stood for a second, framed in by the swinging vines and their blossoms.

"There's another reason why it should be 'no,'" she said. "I suppose I may as well tell you of it. I'm engaged to somebody else."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"JACK."

THE first person they saw, when they reached the lawn, was Mr. Dugald Binnie, who had deigned to present himself, and was talking to Mr. Burnmistone, Lucia, and Miss Belinda.

"I'll go to them," said Octavia. "Aunt Belinda will wonder where I have been."

But, before they reached the group, they were intercepted by Lord Lansdowne; and Barold had the pleasure of surrendering his charge, and watching her, with some rather sharp pangs, as she was borne off to the conservatories.

"What is the matter with Mr. Barold?" exclaimed Miss Pilcher. "Pray, look at him."

"He has been talking to Miss Octavia Bassett, in one of the arbors," put in Miss Lydia Burnham. "Emily and I passed them a few minutes ago, and they were so absorbed that they did not see us. There is no knowing what has happened."

"Lydia!" exclaimed Mrs. Burnham, in stern reproof of such flippancy.

But, the next moment, she exchanged a glance with Miss Pilcher.

"Do you think ——" she suggested. "Is it possible ——"

"It really looks very like it," said Miss Pilcher; "though it is scarcely to be credited. See how pale and angry he looks."

Mrs. Burnham glanced toward him, and then a slight smile illuminated her countenance.

"How furious," she remarked, cheerfully, "how furious Lady Theobald will be."

Naturally, it was not very long before the attention of numerous other ladies was directed to Mr. Francis Barold. It was observed that he took no share in the festivities, that he did not regain his natural air of enviable indifference to his surroundings—that he did not approach Octavia Bassett until all was over and she was on the point of going home. What he said to her then, no one heard:

"I am going to London to-morrow. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she answered, holding out her hand to him. Then she added, quickly, in an under-tone: "You oughtn't to think badly of me. You won't, after a while."

As they drove homeward, she was rather silent, and Miss Belinda remarked it.

"I am afraid you are tired, Octavia," she said. "It is a pity that Martin should come, and find you tired."

"Oh, I'm not tired. I was only—thinking. It has been a queer day!"

"A queer day, my dear!" ejaculated Miss Belinda. "I thought it a charming day."

"So it has been," said Octavia—which Miss Belinda thought rather inconsistent.

Both of them grew rather restless as they neared the house.

"To think," said Miss Belinda, "of my seeing poor Martin again."

"Suppose," said Octavia, nervously, as they drew up, "suppose they are here—already!"

"They!" exclaimed Miss Belinda. "Who ——"

But she got no further. A cry burst from Octavia—a queer, soft little cry.

"They are here!" she said; "they are! Jack—Jack!"

And she was out of the carriage, and Miss Belinda, following her closely, was horrified to see her caught at once in the embrace of a tall, bronzed young man, who, a moment after, drew her into the little parlor, and shut the door.

Mr. Martin Bassett, who was big, and sunburned, and prosperous-looking, stood in the passage, smiling triumphantly.

"M—M—Martin!" gasped Miss Belinda. "What—oh, what does this mean?"

Martin Bassett led her to a seat, and smiled more triumphantly still.

"Never mind, Belinda," he said. "Don't be frightened. It's Jack Belasys, and he's the finest fellow in the West. And she hasn't seen him for two years."

"Martin," Miss Belinda fluttered, "it is not proper—it really isn't."

"Yes, it is," answered Mr. Bassett; "for he's going to marry her, before we go abroad."

It was an eventful day for all parties concerned. At its close, Lady Theobald found herself in an utterly bewildered and thunderstruck condition. And to Mr. Dugald Binnie, more than to any one else, her demoralization was due. That gentleman got into the carriage, in rather a better humor than usual.

"Same man I used to know," he remarked. "Glad to see him. I knew him as soon as I set eyes on him."

"Do you allude to Mr. Burmiston?"

"Yes. Had a long talk with him. He's coming to see you, to-morrow. Told him he might come myself. Appears he's taken a fancy to Lucia. Wants to talk it over. Suits me exactly, and suppose it suits her. Looks as if it does. Glad she hasn't taken a fancy to some haw-haw fellow, like that fool, Barold. Girls generally do. Burmiston's worth ten of him."

Lucia, who had been looking steadily out of the carriage-window, turned, with an amazed expression. Lady Theobald had received a shock which made all her manacles rattle. She could scarcely support herself under it.

"Do I ——" she said. "Am I to understand that Mr. Francis Barold does not meet with your approval?"

Mr. Binnie struck his stick sharply upon the floor of the carriage.

"Yes, by George!" he said. "I'll have nothing to do with chaps like that. If she'd taken up with him, she'd never have heard from me again. Make sure of that."

When they reached Oldclough, her ladyship followed Lucia to her room. She stood before her, arranging the manacles on her wrists, nervously.

"I begin to understand now," she said. "I find I was mistaken in my impressions of Mr. Dugald Binnie's tastes—and in my impressions of you. You are to marry Mr. Burmiston. My rule is over. Permit me to congratulate you."

The tears rose to Lucia's eyes.

"Grandmamma," she said, her voice soft and broken, "I think I should have been more frank, if—if you had been kinder, sometimes."

"I have done my duty by you," said my lady.

Lucia looked at her, pathetically.

"I have been ashamed to keep things from you," she hesitated. "And I have often told myself that—that it was sly to do it—but I could not help it."

"I trust," said my lady, "that you will be more candid with Mr. Burmestone."

Lucia blushed guiltily.

"I—think I shall, grandmamma," she said.

It was the Rev. Alfred Poppleton who assisted the rector of St. James to marry Jack Belasys and Octavia Bassett; and it was observed that he was almost as pale as his surplice.

Slowbridge had never seen such a wedding, or such a bride as Octavia. It was even admitted that Jack Belasys was a singularly handsome fellow, and had a dashing, adventurous air, which carried all

before it. There was a rumor that he owned silver mines himself, and had even done something in diamonds, in Brazil, where he had spent the last two years. At all events, it was ascertained beyond doubt that, being at last a married woman, and entitled to splendors of the kind, Octavia would not lack them. Her present to Lucia, who was one of her bridesmaids, dazzled all beholders.

When she was borne away by the train, with her father, and husband, and Miss Belinda, whose bonnet-strings were bedewed with tears, the Rev. Alfred Poppleton was the last man who shook hands with her. He held in his hand a large bouquet, which Octavia herself had given him out of her abundance. "Slowbridge will miss you, Miss—Mrs. Belasys," he faltered. "I—I shall miss you. Perhaps, we—may even meet again. I have thought that, perhaps, I should like to go to America."

And as the train puffed out of the station and disappeared, he stood motionless for several seconds; and a large and brilliant drop of moisture appeared on the calyx of the lily which formed the center-piece of his bouquet.

THE END.

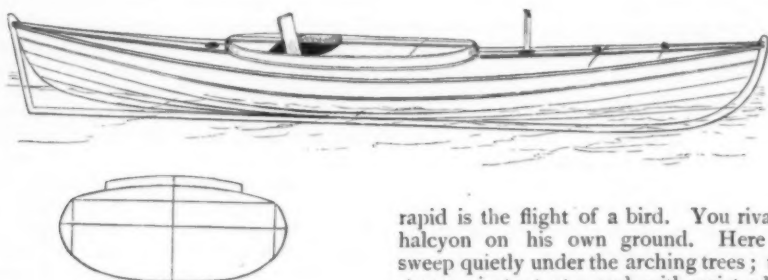
## RUNNING THE RAPIDS OF THE UPPER HUDSON.



THE CAMP AT NIGHT.

HAVE you ever run a rapid? Have you ever rushed through a wilderness on a torrent? Perhaps you have made a trip through some river of Maine, where you sat in a light birch canoe while two Indians steered you through the foam and waves. You have not forgotten the rush, the roar, the daring. But what was your part in that glorious time? Your rôle resembled that of the blankets. The taciturn savage guided you with the certainty of fate; he took you within touch of the most manly adventures, and brought you back to the pursuit of

humdrums. Meanwhile you sat through them all, perfectly safe, perfectly idle, perfectly worthless. And now, having flown with his wings, you crow over your achievement. This is not exactly the exploit to fill a man with the utmost joy and pride. I mean, by shooting a rapid, to take your life and your boat into your own hands, and run a swift, crooked, rocky stream unknown to you. This will make your spirit bound higher than the flight of a bird. Every minute is a climax. It stops your breath in the chill of approaching death; it fires your



OUTLINE AND CROSS-SECTION OF THE SHADOW CANOE.

blood in the heat of frantic toil; and it stirs your heart with the frenzy of triumph,—and still more deeply with gratitude for self-preservation.

To shoot a rapid is to live a new life. For then both mind and body are roused to their utmost activity. Imagine yourself rushing down an unknown stream filled with large rocks that break a swift, crooked, strong current. Each instant brings you to circumstances entirely unforeseen; your decisions must be made instantaneously; and your execution must be fearless in the most fearful dangers, and skillful in the most surprising difficulties. The choice of your course demands an accurate judgment of various elements. You must read the signs of hidden rocks in waters both slow and swift, both deep and shallow. You must judge the depth of water at different rates of motion over different kinds of beds. You must foresee the probable direction of currents beyond your situation. You must estimate the speed of the current and the chances for stemming it while you work across the stream to a passable channel. You must also reckon the chances of shooting down diagonally across the current before it dash you on the rocks bordering your channel. And these problems, as well as many others, come to you with almost the quickness of thought. Then, after your choice is duly made it is often impossible to execute it; for the currents you have just descended may have placed you too far to the right or the left. Moreover, the immediate course must be chosen with regard not only to the immediate dangers, but to those also that follow. The actions of guiding the canoe are simple in themselves—a stroke or a back-stroke right or left. But intensity of purpose lends your body its greatest energy, and makes every stroke the ultimate of physical activity. Shooting a

rapid is the flight of a bird. You rival the halcyon on his own ground. Here you sweep quietly under the arching trees; there stop an instant at a rock with quiet eddies; then start off again on the swift shoot; dart here and there as in an aimless flight; course it straight down stream; then fly to the fall, and, with a quiver, plunge under foaming waves. Then, as you rise like the halcyon from his bath, be not surprised if your spirit exult in such triumphs of the wing, and sing shrill songs of victory. Moreover, still deeper feeling stirs the mind. The old comparison of life to a stream takes new force on a rapid. You feel at once the irresistible march of events toward an unknown future. You feel as a double being, half a subject of fate and half an agent of your own salvation. Your course of conduct has that absorbing interest felt in common life only at eventful moments. For every act, if good, is a means of self-preservation; if bad, a means of immediate self-destruction. Cause and effect come together, almost without the intervention of time. Your excitement is intense, your glee is painfully keen, yet a graver mood comes now and then with the solemn undertone of death ringing in your ears. So you rush through this epitome of life, filled with pleasures and perils; and at its close, in a quiet pool, memories of the passage fill the mind with joy and gratitude.

My adorable companion in such trips deserves more than the record of her name. The *Allegro* is a canoe of the *Shadow* model built by Everson. This design possesses such undeniable advantages over those of previous invention, that it makes canoeing much more safe, agreeable, and easy. It thus promises to extend the sport among many who heretofore have hesitated to attempt it. The *Shadow* has the same general dimensions as those of the *Nautilus*, viz., fourteen feet in length, and twenty-eight inches beam on deck; but she has some important changes in the details of the model and of the interior arrangements. The top streaks "tumble home" nearly two inches, as may be seen by the figure of her cross-section. Her beam on



her bearings is therefore about thirty-two inches; and her floor is quite flat, and runs well forward and aft. These changes give her greater stiffness and buoyancy, and make her draw but little water. Her sheer is but seven inches, yet this is found to be quite sufficient, and her stem and stern-posts are cut away somewhat; she thus escapes much of the tiresome opposition of a head wind, and turns more readily under the paddle. I have altered the *Shadow* somewhat to fit her still better for running rapids. Her flat floor is excellent in giving her stiffness, and keeping her well up on top of the water. I cut away her stern-post to make it

this country, where rapids are so prominent a feature of the most delightful routes. As "carries" are another important feature of our canoeing, lightness is indispensable. This is coupled with great strength in the latest invention, the veneer canoes built at Racine, Wisconsin. Thus much of my companion, whose enthusiasm for adventure, whose docility of temper, and whose beauty I cannot recall without a twitter of emotion.

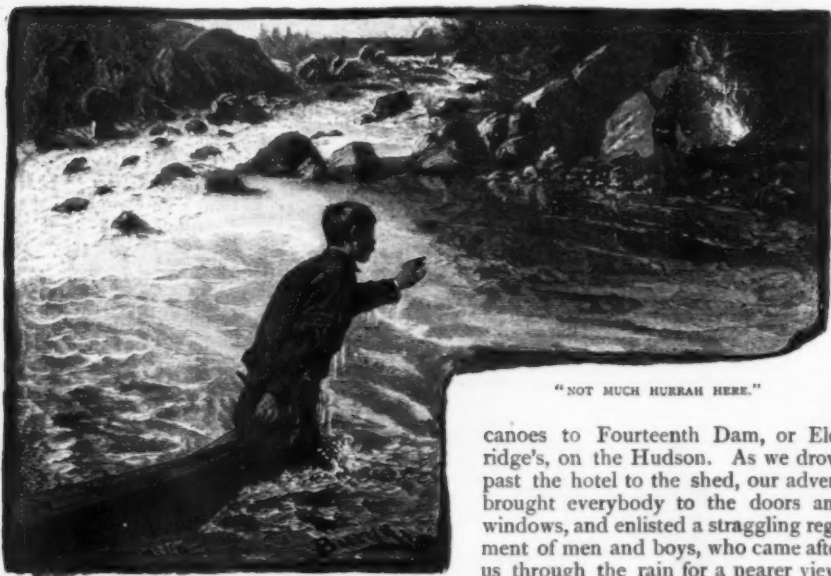
The choice of a route ought not to embarrass any one. For when you begin this free cruising, the whole world seems made for canoeing. Sea and lake offer wide water; quiet rivers invite you to lazy saunterings



A WARNING.

rise as the stem does, and I reduced her keel to a half inch; this saves her from being caught by cross-currents, and enables her to turn quickly. A canoe for the rapids and also for general cruising should have a "flat keel," with a deep adjustable keel—made in three pieces for stowing below—to be put on when cruising in ordinary waters. The bow should flare off aloft much more than that of the original *Shadow*, to save her from diving under too much when meeting the curling swells at the foot of every shoot. Such a model, in my opinion, unites qualities that are particularly desirable in

through forest and plain; and mountain streams hurrah to you for a breathless race down a torrent. This latter challenge I accepted from the Hudson—not from the old river where it sinks into the sea, but from its roaring, turbulent youths among the mountains. The Boreas, the North, the Rocky, the Cedar, and the Indian rivers are his frolicking family. They escape from the peaks of the Adirondacks, and rush with foam and tumult at the head of the Hudson. And the dignified old river you know below Albany is all confused by their antics, and obliged to join their turmoil. For twenty



"NOT MUCH HURRAH HERE."

miles or more, down to the Glen, the Hudson is a torrent over narrow, rocky beds, among bold mountains. It is so furious in a freshet that only the most reckless lumbermen venture on its rapids. Swift but somewhat smoother waters commence at the Glen, and continue ten miles, to Thurman. Here still waters begin a course of fifteen miles, interrupted by the falls at Luzern, and terminated at Jessup's Landing. At this point the river enters six or seven miles of rapids among the mountains; then it flows on swiftly about fifteen miles to Fort Edward; and to Albany, about fifty miles, it pursues a quiet course, now and then interrupted by a slight fall, dam, or rapid. Thus, the river offers twenty-five or thirty miles of actual rapids among wild mountains; and also some quiet stretches among fertile plains and comfortable civilization. But the upper Hudson, though rough, is not so large as to require a pilot familiar with its eddies, rocks, and shoots.

We began our descent of the Hudson at the highest navigable waters. We were two: one was the captain of the *Rosalie*, a *Nautilus* canoe of willful disposition; the other was the captain of the *Allegro*, a canoe of angelic mold and motive. We had crossed the Adirondack wilderness from the Fulton chain of lakes *via* the Raquette to Blue Mountain Lake, and had carted our

canoes to Fourteenth Dam, or Eldridge's, on the Hudson. As we drove past the hotel to the shed, our advent brought everybody to the doors and windows, and enlisted a straggling regiment of men and boys, who came after us through the rain for a nearer view. But we had become hardened to adu-

lation. Our canoes were the first that had entered the wilderness. We had held, for the inquisitive, levees, *matinées*, *soirées*, *séances*, *conversazioni*, at all times of day and night, on beaches, roads, bogs, and logs, till we were inured to admiration and curiosity. So the crowd made but little impression on us at first. But when our intention to run the rapids was avowed, and the possibility and the impossibility of the enterprise were delivered at us, all at once the crowd became very interesting. After hearing their chorus of conflicting statements, we systematically buttonholed the most intelligent by-standers, and pried into their secret thoughts. One old log-driver, who had run rafts every freshet for thirty years, believed in his inmost soul that two funerals would end our trip. Another man of experience thought that our canoes would be distributed in jack-straws as relics of metropolitan insanity. Still another thought we could go down if we "carried" around the Spruce Mountain rift, the Horse Race, and the other rough places. On the other hand, some believed we could succeed. We questioned these minutely about the falls, the rifts, and the most dangerous localities along the way. Then, after the shower had passed, we drove off a short distance down the river. Men in wagons and on foot followed us to see the



THE HORSE RACE.

launch. But as the day was nearly spent, we disappointed them by camping for the night. They returned early next morning, however, and waited an hour or two for our departure. One man, who had arrived after our launching, pursued us two miles, and then followed three miles farther, to see us run the rapids. We stowed most of our cargo in the after-hatch, that the bow might be light, and to steer easily, and avoid catching on rocks and swinging around. It was a bright September morning, fresh with a strong west wind. So we began our run-

ning of the rapids with inspiring weather, with a good depth of water under the dancing ripples, and with hearty good wishes from our interested companions on the shore.

The scene was quite striking to any one who had the time to see it. As for ourselves, we were at once too much occupied to give more than a glance at the surroundings. High mountains rise on each bank, wild, dark, and inhospitable. The forest is scarcely broken, excepting by a few bald peaks. The narrow gorge of the river is hardly touched with civilization, notwith-



A QUEST FOR PROVISIONS.

standing the railroad and an occasional cabin. The banks are lined with huge boulders; the bed of the river is filled with great rocks; and the water is broken into countless currents, eddies, and shoots.

The two little crafts, comely and fragile, already seem castaways in that wilderness. But we have no time nor disposition for such sentiments; we begin at once our combat with the elements, and already feel the energy and daring required for the exploit.

We are at the head of the Spruce Mountain rift. It is considered the most dangerous place on the river. Every year, some of the log-drivers are drowned in its furious currents. Then the waters present to view a sea of foaming waves rushing at headlong speed. Their roar drowns every other sound. The great, sharp swells then met in the swiftest water are likely to capsize or swamp a boat; but, on the other hand, the wide, deep channels between the rocks offer plenty of sea-way and many chances for a safe passage. If you upset, there is generally plenty of water to swim in; and a strong man, who is cool and skillful, can save himself even in those tumultuous currents. At the present time, with average water, navigation is much more difficult, and, perhaps, as dangerous as in a freshet. Now, the rift is a course of bare rocks and foaming shoots. The high rocks are half out of water, and many of the low ones are scarcely covered. The boulders are often but a few yards apart, and sometimes but a few feet. Consequently, the channels are very narrow and crooked, and in some places too narrow even for a

boat only twenty inches wide. If the current were gentle, it would still be very easy to pick your way among these passages; for you would have time to choose a route and to follow it. But the current of the Spruce Mountain rift, and of the Horse Race below, is not less than ten or twelve miles an hour in a freshet. In this ordinary water the average speed is much less, perhaps half; but the velocity of the shoots and narrow channels is fully as great. White-capped waves roll up below every rock under water, and foaming currents shoot right and left from every boulder that divides the water. Therefore, the opportunities for capsizing or smashing the boat are so numerous that you wonder if she can possibly go through. The dangers from an upset into this kind of water are that you might get your limbs broken by catching between the boulders, you might be caught on a rock and held under by the pressure of the current, or you might be knocked senseless by hitting your head on the rocks. The water is much more wicked for being too shallow for swimming and too deep for wading. Nevertheless, there are many favorable circumstances to aid you. If you manage your boat well, you will probably go through without breaking her or upsetting. The boulders are large and smooth, and therefore not likely to punch through the planks; every swell is not able to capsize or fill the boat; and a quick eye and a steady hand will save her from nearly all the worst places. If you are spilled out you have many chances to swim ashore, or else drift there. Certainly, you will prefer to float; and certainly, also, the effort to do it in these waters will kindle your whole being to a white heat. But we often live by luck; why not here? As some German of practical experience has observed, it's a dangerous thing to live, any way.

The waters ahead are narrow shoots between rocks. Some of the boulders, high above water, are easily seen; others quite low are shown by a foaming wave rolling out from each side as the waters divide; others, again, just covered, are marked by a white-capped swell below them. The deepest, clearest water is known by the high, sharp, and regular swells on its surface. The channels between the rocks are from three to ten feet wide; and, at intervals of a few yards, they turn right or left in swift, tortuous shoots. We are drifting down a smooth stretch, but straight toward a white-capped swell. It rolls up some feet below the rock.

that makes it; so, after deciding to pass it on the left, I give a stroke with the paddle, and send the canoe safely by it. But I sit so low in the water that I cannot see far ahead, to choose a route; and we begin to go quite fast in this current. So I back water to slow her, for fear of running suddenly into some impassable place. Besides, she turns more readily at low speed, and I avoid rock after rock quite surely as we glide along. Now and then we are completely surprised. Certain smooth pieces of water in a rapid show a good channel. I took that short quiet stretch for such a place, and steered toward it; but now I find it is the eddy below a great flat rock that hides the swell. So I back water with all speed. I then turn to the right through some rougher water. Farther down I see a breast-work of rocks and breakers extending from the left shore nearly across the stream. There is no passage there; I must cross to the right bank. Safety depends on keeping the boat headed down stream; for, if she lies across the current while drifting, a rock may catch the keel and capsize her instantaneously. The current here is not the swiftest; so I back water vigorously to stop her descent on the rocks below. She gradually obeys, and soon creeps up stream a little. Then I turn her stern just a little across stream to the right, and continue backing. She thus moves slowly across the river, but never gets broadside to the current. When we have reached a point right above the clear channel, I give a stroke or two on the left to turn her straight down stream, and in a moment we go on again between the rocks and the white-caps. But we are scarcely in this channel before I see that the main body of water is in the center of the river bed, and that we cannot pass among the rocks right ahead. The current here is too swift to stem by backing. As, however, the nearest channel to be reached is not very far to the left, and is some distance below, I turn her bow somewhat across the current and make a bold rush down stream. But the channel ahead is only four or five feet wide; and if I steer badly there will be a wrecked canoe in about ten seconds. We fly past rocks, and over others just below the keel.

The water is dangerously shallow. In this critical course every stroke must be carefully calculated. I dipped my paddle too deep that time and lost a stroke; for it struck a rock and shot out of the water as if flung upward by a treacherous hand.



IN CALM WATER.

The next stroke must make up the loss. The current is all the time bearing us toward the rocks this side of the channel,





A STEAMING SUPPER.

and it seems doubtful that we can cross the current far enough to enter. I turn her a little more across stream, pray that the water may be deep enough to float her keel above rocks, while she drifts almost sideways, and put forth all my strength in a few strokes. We dash on, and reach the head of the channel; but she lies so much across the stream that she must certainly strike bow and stern on each side of the entrance. It is almost hopeless, but I lay all my strength on a back stroke on the right, and then a forward stroke on the left makes her just clear her bow as she darts down the shoot. It would be a good plan to rest now and get breath again. But here is where the rapids begin in earnest. The river falls very perceptibly ahead; the rocks increase; the current is swifter and more broken. Here we are on the worst rift of the Hudson. I can give but a glance at each obstacle; but that glance is my utmost effort to see and comprehend the situation. Then my mind seems supernaturally keen in deciding, and every nerve is flooded with electric power. My strokes are jerks. The canoe darts here and there as if mad.

There is not an instant's pause. We turn suddenly right, then left; just miss a rock here, gain a channel there just wide enough to pass the boat like an arrow through a hole; she strikes her keel, but goes on; or she scrapes one side of her bottom on a rock, and rolls partly over as a startling admonition. We come to a line of rocks and swells too suddenly for escape; a rock just covered with water right ahead is the lowest leap; we put on all speed and steer straight for its round crown. She rides up it on her keel; I keep my balance and sympathetically tremble for the boat while her momentum carries her over it till far past her midships; then she hangs by the stern. But she is safe, and I soon shove her off for another race. Surely such good luck cannot last all through the Spruce Mountain rift. At last we find ourselves in a channel so crooked and obstructed that I must pause to study the situation, although the hesitation may be fatal. The only issue is down a swift, narrow shoot; and a rock lies in the middle of it, about two boat-lengths below the entrance. As this is the only chance, here goes! I drive her at full

speed, right down at the rock. She cannot be turned in this short distance; she flies as straight as an arrow to her destruction. But I swing my left arm across my chest and enter the port blade of the paddle diagonally into the water on the starboard side. Her high speed makes the oblique blade press against the water and haul her sideways, several feet to starboard. She shies from the rock in a single bound. I can scarcely breathe, and my blood boils with excitement. As she glides into the pool below the shoot, I let her drift about in the eddy, while the paddles rest across the combing.

Now for the first time I have an opportunity to look around. Where is the *Rosalie*? I had passed her stranded on a rock at the top of the rift, while her captain labored to get her off. As this was not an uncommon trick with her perverse nature it gave me no anxiety; I sent the captain a nod of encouragement and went on my way rejoicing in a *Shadow* canoe. Looking up the rift now from its foot, I wonder how a boat ever got through it whole; and I feel like patting the *Allegro* on the back for her success. I suppose the *Rosalie* is hidden from view by the numerous boulders studding the bed of the river, and making it look like a barren field of rocks with foaming waves between. As the day is nearly done, I land on the beach to make camp and await the *Rosalie*. I had gathered a large pile of wood for a camp-fire, and still the *Rosalie* was not visible, even from the point above. Then I leveled a place on the sand for laying our boats, and wondered if there would really be only one to occupy it. Finally I kindled the fire; and then went into the woods to cut some poles and forked sticks for making camp. When I returned, the other captain was just wading to the beach, and pulling the *Rosalie* by the nose.

"Hurrah!" I exclaimed, as I dropped the ax and sticks, and hurried to the water. I saw at a glance that something had happened.

"There's not much hurrah here," said he, shivering with great animation.

"Why? What's the matter?"

"She struck a rock up here, and capsized quick as a wink. The water was deep and I went all under. When I came up, my paddle was gone too far for me to get it. I'm v-very sorry,—but this ends my trip." As he said this, he hitched up his trousers with emphasis.

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"Oh, well!" I replied, "I can soon make you a paddle that will answer."

"Yes, I know; but my time is about up, and it wouldn't be worth while. I guess I'll take the train on Monday, and go home."

We soon had the boats placed side by side on the beach, about two feet apart, and propped up to lie level. We then took out their cargoes, and removed the hatches and back-boards to leave the well empty for a bed. A small mattress of cork shavings and a blanket were arranged on the bottom. Then a piece of unbleached sheeting, oiled, seven feet by nine, was spread over the boats on poles, in such a way as to form a tent covering the wells. Better beds, and a better camp for storm or sunshine, need not be offered to tired men. We soon had a good supper stowed away, and the wet cargo of the *Rosalie* hung on poles about the fire. After toasting ourselves an hour, and discussing the maneuvers of canoes in rapids, we turned in for a long night of sound sleep. As the next day was Sunday, we still prolonged the period of rest, while the *Rosalie* and her captain prepared to depart by rail. She traveled as freight the rest of the way to New York, about 200 miles, for eighteen dollars. Why railroads should make such exorbitant charges on light canoes is a matter for disgust, wonder, and war.

The *Allegro* resumed her course in good spirits on Monday morning, notwithstanding the loss of our companion. She was eager for more rapids, more exploits on the wing. We were not long in reaching the "Horse Race," below Riverside. That rift is the most rapid on the river. Its name suggests its motion, but not by any means its wild and tumultuous course. Perhaps Mazepa's Race would be better, if one holds to the analogy. The mountains on each hand are bold, high, and dark with forest or with barren rocks. The scene is gloomy, inhospitable, even without the dismal voice of the torrent. As I approach the head of the rift, I cannot see the foot, for the river falls with an ominous and hidden descent. I throw off the apron in front of me and stand up in the canoe to get a view. There are plenty of rocks ahead—with white-capped swells. But the water is evidently deeper than I found it on the Spruce Mountain rift, not quite so much broken by rocks, and the channels are somewhat wider. Moreover, I see the rift has no actual falls at the lower end, but a rapid descent of foaming swells among hidden rocks. That lively place

must be entered at a given point; and that point is just below a rough-and-tumble passage that may derange all my calculations. Here will be sharp work! I run her up to the shore, to stow the baggage differently, that I may kneel in the after end of the cockpit; she now raises her head more out of water, is more easily turned, and on my knees I can see farther ahead, and also exert much more strength on the paddle. The usual difficulty of choosing the course is increased by a glare of sunlight, and by a strong head-wind. This blows the light canoe about, and makes it hard to steer just where the greatest accuracy is necessary. Moreover, it makes the surface of the water wonderfully deceptive just where the greatest dangers are concealed. You judge of rapid water by the appearance of its surface. The face of a river is full of character. Here it sleeps, while curling dimples come and go with dreams of sylvan beauties resting on its breast. There it awakens to merry life. Further on, where the combat rages, every feature is in the tumult of passion. And a practiced eye reads all this as he runs, and governs his course accordingly. The head of a rift is often smooth, with a wedge-shaped "apron" marking the course of the channel. The central, main part of the rift is a confused mass of eddies, white-capped waves, and swift shoots. The foot is a swift rush of deep water marked with high, sharp-topped swells quite regular in succession. The deep pool below is quiet, with dark eddies and flecks of foam. Besides these general features, which vary much according to the geological formations, a rapid is full of important details. Every hidden rock marks the surface in a way that shows the depth of water and the velocity of the current. A rock in a deep, slow current figures the quiet surface with delicate lines and small eddies; in water a little swifter, it makes a round, smooth hood of water over its head, and small ripples below; in a rapid, strong current, it makes a foaming, crested wave and an eddy setting upstream; and, in a steep descent, it throws the water into high, tumultuous seas. Thus you estimate the nature of the water by signs, forms, and colors of waves and eddies, that are quite reliable guides. But the high wind to-day changes everything. On still water it rolls up waves that belong to a deep, swift channel; on swift, clear shoots it makes white-capped waves that indicate large rocks; and on rocky courses

it tumbles up the water in complete confusion. The rocks thus seem to move about the stream, like sunken monsters seeking prey. So the course is full of surprises. I suddenly find a huge boulder right ahead, where I believed there was clear water. I get to a line of breakers where I expect to strand, but glide through rough, deep water. I lie back in imagined safety while running down a uniform shoot, but all at once find a huge rock close to my side. Nevertheless, the eye soon becomes accustomed to the change of signs, and estimates the colors and forms on a new scale. But at last I am near the end of the Horse Race. I have not approached the last swift rush of water in the right place; in avoiding some heavy seas in mid-channel, I kept too near a large eddy, setting upstream below a rock, and the upward current striking the bow turned the canoe almost about, and so took her out of the course. A glance at the tumultuous breakers and high swells ahead reveals one narrow passage between two boulders. I strike quick and hard, and, with the help of good luck, dart into the main channel. Here the rush almost takes my breath. For a moment destruction seems perfectly certain. The current is a mass of foaming waves over rocks. But the water is deeper than I thought from its broken and discolored surface. We rush on, through swells that roll the canoe from one side to the other, wash her decks, and toss us about in the most startling manner. The race was swift, though short, and we glide out at last on the still pool below with the elation and gratitude of victors.

The sentiments are strangely stirred in such a trip alone, down an unknown rapid. The feeling of danger, the isolation in wild surroundings, the intense mental and physical activity, all unite to form a very exceptional experience. There is no time for ennui and ordinary loneliness. You are too keenly sensitive, too profoundly moved, for anything commonplace. The dominant feeling is gratitude for your preservation, and for your delights. Scarcely less strong is the yearning for companionship. Pride over the achievement is not unknown, and affection for your canoe wells up again and again as you quietly paddle her through still waters or anxiously drive her through new dangers. As I shot down the rift and under the bridge at the Glen, I kept thinking: "Oh, for some one to tell it to—some boy, just in

his prime!" So I landed, and, instead of cooking my solitary meal, I went to a house in search of dinner and a pair of ears. I was at once fully supplied in both regards at a full table. Then we all went down to the river to see the *Allegro*. As I narrated her exploits on the rifts, the boys' eyes dilated with wonder and hero-worship. When I reëmbarked, one of them said: "So your friend went home, eh! But you're goin' to grit her through, aint you?" That boy would have given all his mother's cakes and kisses to go with me, and I would certainly have accepted such an offer. But I soon pushed off, and resumed my solitary yet delightful cruise. That evening, as the sun went down in a glowing sky, I wandered again through corn-fields and an orchard in search of some human being and some potatoes. An aged woman, preparing supper in a farmer's kitchen, listened to my requests for food, but gave me little encouragement. The farmer's wife at last came to the door and explained that the hens had failed, that the bread had disappeared, and that the potato-bug was the only responsible party in that township; but I must have had an atmosphere of canoe about me, for, after a few minutes, she kindly divided her stores and gave me six eggs, half a loaf, and five potatoes. I picked up some apples in the orchard, and returned to my boat on the bank of the river. In the evening, as I was eating my supper by the camp-fire, the farmer and his son appeared on the scene. They had been attracted by the blaze, and had come to know where it was. My explanation re-assured them, and finally we had a pleasant chat by the fire. He urged me to come to his house for the night; but, failing in this kindness, he insisted that I should come up for breakfast. So, after all, I did not spend a lonely evening. The next morning, at breakfast, our visit was still more social. The old farm-house was in neater trim and the ladies were more cordial than before. We were scarcely seated at table before I realized that I had entered no common situation.

Mine hostess, in the kindness of her heart, had prepared a bountiful, excellent, and varied breakfast. I had come to it with the greatest zest of social and physical hunger. Every condition, therefore, promised one of those phenomenal meals that are the joy of a canoeist and the pride of any healthy man. Now mine host was a man of sound sense and quite miscellaneous read-

ing. He had a head and face of the Andrew Jackson type, showing keen perceptions and a persistent will. We commenced with broiled chicken, and the comfortable silence of serious minds. But soon he said:

"Well, now, you follow books, and know how to judge them; and I'd like to find out just the truth on one thing: Isn't Pope the greatest poet that ever lived?"

I had to relinquish my succulent second joint, and venture on the most perilous passage of my cruise. For I know more of rocks and rapids, and care more for them, than for books. So my opinion could scarcely fulfill my host's expectations in regard to its infallibility. Yet how could I disappoint his literary interest? I did not.

"Wont you have some more baked potatoes? Now I want a poet to teach me something new. That's why every line of Pope satisfies me. What do you think of Homer? I can't get much interested in him. Perhaps he's too big—like them big trees in California, it takes two men and a boy to see to the top of him."

I never before was so devoted to a bare chicken-bone. I nibbled and scraped so assiduously that I found time for only a word or two.

"Have some more baked potatoes. Now, really, Shakspeare, he is no doubt a great genius; but I can't find so much real sense in his plays as in Pope's works. What do you think of him?"

The steaming buckwheat cakes gave me a momentary diversion; but the feast of reason soon resumed its supremacy. We had Burns and Pope, Byron and Pope, Longfellow and Pope. Then came Darwinism, predestination, Beecher, the Southern questions, the new political party, and Edison's inventions. But I struggled manfully through it all, and at the end I felt a full measure of success. The family accompanied me to the shore to see the *Allegro*, and get a glimpse of her independent, roaming life. My interesting visit ended with their best wishes, as I stowed in the locker potatoes, apples, and green corn, and regretfully shoved off for further adventures. These hap-hazard peeps through back-doors are one of the most entertaining features of a canoe cruise. You have the keenest relish for the companionship and the hospitality; and you see characters in their plain realities, without the mask of ceremony.

The Hudson about Thurman changes

from a wild mountain torrent to a stream of charming pastoral character. The valley here and there expands a little, and gives room for bits of cultivation among varied hills and dales. The gloom of the forest is broken by a few fields and a farm-house that are very welcome to the eye. The hills often shut the course of the river from view with bold points and narrow passes, quite like a miniature of the grander Highlands. The islands in the broad stream are picturesque with arching elms. The shores are varied with mossy rocks under golden beeches; with fields where brown stouts of buckwheat peep over the bank; or with green pastures and orchards near a home. The placid river was a long gallery of autumnal pictures. I floated a day through its gorgeous halls of crimson, gold, and green, flooded with sunlight; I drifted as idly and as quietly as the fleets of leaves that came and went with the zephyr. After the rush and nervous combat on the rapids, these tranquil beauties and these dreamy hours were inexpressibly delightful.

The roar of Hadley's Falls broke the spell, and announced one of the most interesting episodes in the cruise. As I paddled down the rift to the head of the falls, a number of ladies in the boarding-houses along the shore caught sight of the *Allegro*, and came down to see her. A young man helped me carry her around the falls, and launch her in an eddy or little bay behind a point of rocks just at their foot. The gorge of the river here is very narrow, crooked, and walled in with precipitous rocks. The current is swift, tortuous, and turbulent. Just below the foot of the fall is a steep plunge or shoot, where the water almost falls over some rocks, and rolls up crested waves of quite formidable appearance. A few yards below this is a second plunge, rather rougher than the first. Elsewhere the current is deep, and safe enough if it does not dash you against the cavernous walls of rock. The best channel is in the center of each shoot. The ladies watched my operations with close attention while I embarked. I tried to turn her bow toward the middle of the river, and avoid dashing against the left bank of the shoot. But the current bore her bow toward the shore, and pointed her ominously to the rocks. After many vain efforts, I landed and examined the water again at the shoot. Some of the ladies seemed quite pale and agitated; one of them asked me why I did not put my boat in below the "bad places." I answered

that I liked the fun of running such water. This made the black eyes of one dance with excitement. Another then asked with some sarcasm why I did not go. I explained the difficulties to be met. Then they were silent while I reëmbarked. I had concluded to risk a passage on the left side of the shoot, in the shallow water. So I tried again to turn her bow out from the rocks. But the current bore her in. I backed up till the stern was at the very point of the rocks by which the swift current rushed, and then tried to turn the bow out. But I backed too far, for the current caught her, and bore her away sidewise. The ladies exclaimed. For a moment the current seemed to have its own way; but I soon got control of the canoe, and, with a few sharp strokes, brought her back into the eddy below the point. There I watched the whirl of currents a while, and finally availed myself of their movements to get her bow pointed down-stream. I gave her a shove, and we started. The ladies clasped their hands together. The canoe went straight to the left side of the shoot, close to the rocks; but she cleared them, and plunged down with a strange motion, as of falling. She struck her keel a sharp blow on the rock at the foot of the shoot, but she did not capsize. She ran all under the crested wave and gave me a shower on the chest and face. I had just time to get breath again, and clear my eyes, when I found her running with the current against the side of the narrow gorge. A sharp struggle ensued, and I finally got her head turned down-stream again. The second shoot was close at hand. Each side of the gorge throws a sharp wave from the bank toward the center of the shoot. These two waves meet at an acute angle, and form two crested walls of water thrown upward with great force. The shoot plunges steeply down, and passes under these waves. Now the only safe passage is directly through the center of this angle. There the boat stands some chance of being lifted equally on each side by each wave, instead of being raised on one side only by one wave, and thus capsized. As we came into the shoot, I saw that she was too far to the left, and, quickly passing the port blade to starboard, I slid her sidewise to the right. She went down the steep, swift, smooth "apron" of the shoot like a flash. In an instant she dived all under the crested wave, and shook with many sudden turnings and swayings in the strong currents. She



passed not quite in the center of the angle of waves; for she rolled up one side with a jerk that startled me, but fortunately did not throw me off my balance. A moment later she floated quietly on the pool below the bridge, and turned around with the current while I took breath. Some people on the bridge peered over the railing, and the ladies at the falls waved their handkerchiefs. The passage was short, but swift, and exciting; and its successful termination was not the worst of it.

The Hudson returns, at Jessup's Landing, to the ways of its youth, by plunging down a great fall and then running seven miles as a wild rapid between high mountains. I unwisely followed the counsel of the most prudent villagers instead of the most enterprising, and had my canoe carted four miles down the river to New Bridge. This mistake lost me over three miles of strong, swift water, deeper and safer than the rifts about Riverside and the Glen. But I made up the loss by camping here several days and hunting gray squirrels. The mountains about are delightful hunting-grounds. Every peak commands an extensive view—of the deep gorge where the river foams and roars, of the wide valley of the Hudson rolling through the plain from Glen's Falls to Troy, and of the Green Mountains along the eastern horizon. Every evening the neighbors collected about my camp-fire for stories. They brought me combs of wild honey and sweet apples to roast. These bright fall days in the woods, and the jovial hours of the evening were some of the pleasantest of the trip. But finally I launched on the last rapids, and soon left the mountains and the rifts for the plain and the still waters of every-day life.

The quiet Hudson below Glen's Falls offered no exciting passages, but this part of my trip was quite as delightful as any other, for the peaceful scenery, the rest on smooth water, and the presence of civilization, were all exceedingly welcome after the rough wilderness. Doubtless they were the more enjoyable because the *Allegro* awakened, all along the route, amusing expressions of curiosity and many acts of kindness. At Glen's Falls, a man who passed me on the canal took me for an Indian, and whooped, grimaced, and grunted in the most cordial and savage manner. But I maintained the taciturnity of my tribe, and gravely worked my paddle without replying. Three men in a wagon stopped their

oxen, after much hallooing, to look at me and discuss whether I was an Indian or a negro. I concluded that I had become somewhat tanned. Everybody stopped his work to stare. One man, just opening the hatch of a canal-boat, let the hatch-cover right down on his toes, and stood, quite unmindful of the pain, until I had passed out of sight.

At Northumberland I left the Hudson and followed the canal on its west bank, to avoid some dams in the river; and at the same time to follow a more elevated route for better views. The canal offered also a new phase of life, and many pleasant civilities. Toward sundown I paddled up to a canal-boat loaded with lumber, and rested from a long day's pull by towing alongside. The captain chatted to me while he manned the long tiller; his wife came up from the cabin to look at the canoe; and their two children leaned over the rail as near as possible to the *Allegro*, and almost devoured her with curiosity. The mother and daughter soon returned to the cabin, and then the rattle of dishes almost drove me distracted. In a few minutes the deck-hand was called to supper; then the captain went down; then the driver on the tow-path was taken aboard and went below into that heaven of feed. But an angel was watching over me all that time. She had suddenly appeared above my head with a tray nicely spread with a steaming supper. She was very pretty, with her little hands weighed down with her load, her matronly bearing, and her evident pleasure in extending her hospitality. I was too much overcome to refuse such an offer. So I set the tray before me on the deck, and between bites told her stories of the rapids. The boat and its people seemed so attractive that I chartered them all to take the *Allegro* on board for the night. She was soon placed in a hollow between the piles of lumber, covered with the tent, and opened to receive calls from all hands. Then the family took me still more into their circle. As we went into their cabin, and I inspected their diminutive but neat quarters, I thought it compared favorably with the cabin of the *Allegro*; for the beds, stove, stores, and furniture were all within reach of a central seat. After a chat I bade them good-night, and went on deck to turn in. The silence of a misty night was scarcely broken by the tread of the horses on the tow-path. Now and then the man at the helm called out to the driver in a slow, sleepy voice. The boat, as well as everything else,

seemed in perfect rest; but when the headlight glared on a bridge or a tree it seemed as if Nature were on a silent march to the rear. I soon fell asleep, after a long day of labor at the paddle; but the night seemed almost a dream; for I knew that we traveled, yet felt not the slightest motion; that some one watched over our progress, although he rarely spoke; and, more than all, I enjoyed again the delightful feeling of home in the little floating world that had received me.

I turned out just before sunrise, to enjoy every minute of the last day of my cruise. The scene was entirely veiled by fog. But this soon formed into large clouds that rolled about the great valley, and finally ascended the eastern hills, and let the sun pour down. Thus the knolls and plains were full of pretty lights and shadows on fields of corn and pumpkins, orchards bending with fruit and cozy farm-houses. Blue peaks stood up around the horizon; and a clear sky at last vaulted as bright a world and as happy a day as ever the sun shone on. The little girl sat close beside me with her patch-work, and mingled her musical babble with her womanly ways and serious pleasure. And thus we floated slowly and idly through a charming country, while watching the various operations of locking and weighing the boat, and other peculiar

scenes of canal life. As we advanced, the country became still fuller of human interests. The sound of flails floated over the banks, the hum of villages grew louder and more frequent. Then the smoky breath of Troy rang with shrill whistles, and the heavy toils of commerce! Here I launched again, bade good-bye to my kind hosts, and regretfully ran my last course down to Albany. In that quiet scene, where man and his unromantic life of labor have whitewashed nature, the rush, the roar of the rapids, and the isolation of the wilderness, all seemed a dream. I had run the rapids in an egg-shell, as it were. But now it was not without apprehension that I confided myself to a smoking, steaming palace to go on down the river. I had to see the *Allegro* ignominiously swung up to beams, above the reach of curious passers, and descend from my halcyon life to the humdrums of existence. Wondering men looked up at her and speculated on her voyage, and praised her beauty. I thought: "You admire only her comely form; but I love her light-some mastery over waves, her free runs with the wind, her confiding intimacy with sea or lake, river or torrent, and with all this, her intrepid spirit, ready for any adventure, and her stanch friendship tried in flood and field, by night and by day."

## A FREAK OF FATE.

BERTHOLET declared gloomily that he meant to see something of "life." This in a soliloquy sacred to heroes.

You would not believe how he clung to youth, or, rather, the wild fantasies of Parisian youth, in the shape of wide trowsers, cuffs that scratched his knuckles, and a shirt-collar too tall behind and too low in front. He nursed his sparse, dyed hair with pathetic anxiety, and so pomaded and perfumed himself that he carried about his own sacred atmosphere, to the disgust of Madame.

Madame Bertholet's objections to her husband dated from their wedding-day; he had not been her ideal when his hair was brown, not green,—accidents will happen,—and when his teeth were his own by the divine right of growth. After thirty years of married life, custom had failed to reconcile Madame to the inevitable.

Thirty years ago Madame was round and rosy, with a tiny hard line about the corners

of her mouth. Time, that jester, amused himself by exaggerating these characteristics: Madame's roundness had developed into fourteen stone, her complexion to what it would be false politeness to term rosy. The hard line had crept up to her black eyes, and found congenial outlet in a prayer-book with a snapping clasp.

Madame was Calvinistic, and life was to her neither a pleasure nor a joke. Neither was it to Monsieur. He was not Calvinistic, but he had a way of reflecting Madame's moods, and so distorting them that when she spoke of death with the profound indifference born of the toughest life, Monsieur, pulling his stiff cuffs over his lean knuckles, would imagine he were already dead.

The trouble was that Monsieur Bertholet was rich. He had amassed a fortune in supplying the Paris rabble with horse-flesh in the guise of joints and cutlets, till at last Ma-

dame, who was ambitious, suggested selling out and retiring into the gloomy grandeur of a mansion whose noble occupant had left his fortune on various roulette tables, and who gladly disposed of his family mansion on condition that a single room was reserved for his own use.

Madame's soul rejoiced in the gloom of her new acquisition. It did her good to see her family struggle over the slippery floors, or lean their harassed backs against the perpendicular stiffness of the chairs.

Two vulnerable spots there were, however, in her rigorous heart: Monsieur le Pasteur and "the little one." Madame's priest was a comfortable sight, sitting by the fire in the only easy-chair, sipping curaçoa or crunching chocolate *confits* sacred to his coming, while he and Madame pronounced damning judgments on heathen, Jews, and Christians.

"I do not often see Monsieur Auguste at church, my daughter," M. le Pasteur would say, gently.

"My poor little one! He works so hard, and Sundays he is so tired. You know he is delicate."

M. le Pasteur brushed a few crumbs from his priestly coat and coughed dubiously. There was, however, such settled conviction in every line of his friend's face, that he crunched some more chocolate and said nothing.

There was a fiction in the family called "the little one," otherwise Auguste. He was Madame's hot-house growth, and at the age of twenty-eight—in the intervals of studying law—was fed by her on the most harmless pap of knowledge. It was his mother's mission in life to show him a nice, straight path of existence, which should lead him to the feet—no, not the feet: that would be too romantic—to the fortune of a Calvinistic maiden, and so rescue him from those traps with which manly existence in Paris is necessarily endangered.

Monsieur Bertholet was early sacrificed to the fiction of "the little one's" innocence, and, not to contaminate the infantile purity of his own son, the unhappy man was restricted to a life of such monotonous misery that, driven to extremity, he had even tried to make friends with Madame and M. le Pasteur. In both efforts he had signally failed. Then he had lingered about the kitchen, and being, so to speak, ejected, prowled about the stairs, looking up and down, as if expecting some one who never came. The noble occupant of the third floor back, coming down these same stairs

one evening, recognized, with a grim smile, in the solitary figure leaning against the banisters, a humble imitation of his own scant hair and generous linen.

"M. le Comte," Bertholet murmured, gratefully, as that nobleman threw him a smile.

The next day the same meeting; M. le Comte said a word or two. Three days after, Bertholet confessed to Madame that M. le Comte had invited him to his club.

"Is it a righteous place?" Madame asked M. le Pasteur, lifting her black brows.

M. le Pasteur was in his usual place by the hearth.

"Heavens, yes! It was a righteous place enough, where they played a game or two at cards of an evening; but it was very noble and select;" and so Bertholet was allowed, nay, encouraged, to go.

Bertholet went, and sensibly kept the secret of the five thousand francs he lost to his accommodating tenant.

M. le Comte was a gentlemanly black-guard, and, having present supply, dropped his landlord, who, however, preserved the fiction of this friendship, and, under its shelter, even reached a certain theater whose very name suggests the world, the flesh, and the devil.

There was something of good in Bertholet's sinful heart that the thought of "the little one" should haunt him as he sunk shyly into the velvet arm-chair, pulled down his cuffs, smoothed his thin hair, and looked stealthily into the audience.

"Think of 'the little one,'" the fiddles scratched and the flutes piped, while the double-bass and the trombones added, ominously, "and Madame."

Monsieur Bertholet looked at his deserted box, hired for fear of danger, and tried to think that he was enjoying himself; then his gaze wandered enviously toward the stalls where the *jeunesse dorée* is supposed to loll in aristocratic laziness, and beheld, to his gasping amazement, "the little one,"—M. Auguste,—in claw-hammer and crushed hat,—an inherited fondness for too expansive a display of linen, and a fashion of studying the stage through his opera-glass that but too surely betokened much practice.

"*Mon Dieu!*" M. Bertholet gasped, and sank back into his chair, while a faint grin dawned over his face. "So! These are the prayer-meetings he attends—ha, ha!"

As father, M. Bertholet was, for a moment, overpowered, and there is no knowing what he might have done had he not

himself been tasting forbidden fruit, and if, at the same time, he were not in deadly terror of M. Auguste. He was, however, mortal, and a feeling of joy stole over his heart to think how Madame was being deceived, and, being human before being a father, M. Bertholet smiled again, sat a little more at ease in the shadow of his lace curtains, and devoted undivided attention to the stage.

From that day M. Bertholet, having lost all interest in making a shining example of himself, quite forsook the path of virtue, in a feeble and stealthy way, and hardly darkened the slippery threshold of Madame's *salon* again. "Life" was to M. Bertholet an awful phrase, not compatible with the Calvinistic sanctity of the parlor. Indeed, it was only to be dreamed of far away from Madame's presence; so M. Bertholet, having weighed pros and cons in his distracted mind, determined to flee to some congenial land where plunging into mysterious depths was compatible with personal security. In other words, he decided to take his fortune and, in disguise, to fly to parts unknown.

## II.

THREE days after, M. Bertholet quietly disappeared from the bosom of his family.

Gradually it dawned on Madame and "the little one" that something unusual had happened, but they bore the uncertainty with calmness till the third day, when, with astonishing unanimity of purpose, they both hurried in secret to M. Bertholet's lawyer for information about the will. There, to their momentary confusion, they met.

"My little one!"

"My mother!"

M. Auguste was round, like his mother, and his hair was combed over his forehead in a fine, shining sweep. He pressed his hat to his heart, and remarked gently—for he was always polite—that if his sainted father had left no will, the greater part of the property would revert to him, M. Auguste.

Madame looked up with a gasp, and, for a moment, her face turned to dull yellow. Was this her Auguste, her "little one"?

"In fact," he continued, placidly, "I may as well tell you that I mean to marry, now that I am my own master."

"You marry, 'little one'?" Madame gasped.

"Confound 'little one'!" M. Auguste

replied, with some exasperation, minutely examining his mustache at a convenient mirror.

"Little one!" Madame cried, with a stamp of her foot, "I—I forbid it!"

M. Auguste turned on her with a most unfilial look in his small black eyes.

"Suppose, my mother, your 'little one' were already married?"

With astonishing quickness Madame leaped to her feet, and gave M. Auguste a stinging blow on his ears.

"I—I hope he isn't dead! I hope he'll come back and send you begging, *misérable!*"

Quick as a flash he grasped her hand.

"But then, my mother, you will not be able to marry M. le Pasteur."

An angry red rose to Madame's face, and with the last of her by no means feeble strength she freed her hands, gave her child another blow, and sank exhausted into a chair.

A black smile, if there is such a thing, dawned in the scowl on "the little one's" forehead, and ran like lightning down his long nose; one side of his face was white and the other red with the marks of five fingers.

He stood before his mother, hat in hand, and said, quite politely:

"Come and see us—bring M. le Pasteur. My wife is an angel—she will try to like you. She dances at the 'Variétés.'"

Madame looked up. The good old days have passed when a glance could crush, but Madame did her best, and pointed to the door.

"Wretch!"

M. Auguste turned with a shrug, and nearly fell against a little man who tumbled in—a little man with a quill behind his ear, a quavering voice, and no breath.

"Madame!" He held a brown snuff-box, which he snapped with nervous violence.

"Well, M. le Notar?"

"M. Bertholet cannot be dead."

Madame's eyes flashed triumphantly, while "the little one," turning the door-handle, muttered an oath.

"I fear," the little notary said, apologetically turning from mother to son,— "I fear, from all I have discovered, that Monsieur Bertholet has run away with his own fortune, five hundred thousand francs, and that he has left nothing behind."

Madame did not faint, but she leaned back in her chair and stared into vacancy.

"Not dead, but gone! Gone with all the money—our money—my money!"



"You are no better off than I, my mother."

She looked up. M. Auguste stood before her, twirling a tiny cane. "I am going in search of him, poor old man; and when I find him I shall make his life pleasant, and," he concluded, with a singular smile, "his little fortune shall make us comfortable. We shall be a happy family. Good-day, my mother—come and see us," and so with a polite bow he left the room.

"Little one!"

A man who can run away with five hundred thousand francs is not to be despised, and Madame, recovering herself gradually, felt that she had, perhaps, been a little unsympathetic in her treatment of M. Bertholet.

She rose in unfeigned trouble. "He must be found," she said to the lawyer. "He must have been mad to have deserted me. Employ detectives—anything—but bring him back. Five hundred thousand francs," she said, laying her hand on the little man's arm,—“five hundred thousand francs left without guidance in a sinful world will come to no good.”

### III.

MONSIEUR BERTHOLET, trying to lose himself in the great Northern Railway station, felt the by no means strange sensation that the eyes of the world were upon him. He could hardly be said to look like himself as he mingled in the crowd. A flaxen beard and wig, marvelous checked trousers, and a tall gray hat, had transformed him into the Frenchman's ideal of an Englishman and filled his French soul with disgust. Before long he feebly cursed the folly that had betrayed him into enveloping himself in such a conspicuous disguise, in his first fatal step to an existence that should unfold to him the mysteries of "life."

In a querulous endeavor to discover whether the train destined to bear him to Calais—and to London and liberty—ever meant to start, he tangled himself in the meshes of wheelbarrows, porters, and travelers. He was jostled about and hurried along, till at last he stood aching and battered behind three broad-shouldered fellows, in whose shadow he hid himself, while he hugged to his breast a small newspaper parcel, his only luggage.

He breathed a little more freely, and looked with silent envy at the broad backs before him. They were only common soldiers, these three—poor devils, with the

prospect of a third-class ride, and a meal of dry bread out of the forage-bag each carried slung across his shoulders.

A whistle and a shriek from the engine. "Calais! Calais!" and then a skurry and rush of people down the platform.

"*Tiens!* Duval, the old Englishman has gone," one of the soldiers cried, looking over his shoulder.

Gone? Poor M. Bertholet had made a dash for a *coupé*, when a couple of arms were thrown about his neck and an affectionate kiss resounded on each of his cheeks.

"The little one!"

"I knew you," Auguste cried, gleefully. "I knew your walk, my old one!"

"Let me go!" screamed M. Bertholet, struggling to free himself.

It was an unpropitious time for explanations; bells were ringing, and barrow-loads of luggage threatened destruction to their legs.

"Come home with me, and you shall have a good time!" Auguste shouted, just as his father leaped toward the train, with the cry:

"*Dieu!*—*Dieu!*—your mother!"

Sure enough, there was Madame, struggling through the crowd, and searching with keen black eyes.

M. Bertholet was appalled; but he had also the strength of utter despair. How he freed himself from Auguste's encircling arms he never knew; but he struck wildly about him, leaped into an empty *coupé*, and slammed the door to just as, with a puff and a shriek from the engine, the train glided out of the station.

Madame stared blankly into "the little one's" face. "*Imbécile!*" she cried, and turned her broad back on him, and wrung her hands a little under her ladylike shawl.

M. Auguste had traced his father easily enough, and Madame had watched M. Auguste, and this was the end of their successful planning. Tears crept up to her angry eyes, and so blinded them that, as she turned, she stumbled against a broad-shouldered soldier, who muttered something under his curly dark mustache before he saw that it was a lady. Then he made a hasty military salute, and rejoined his two friends.

"Ah, Chelot, the day is out of joint with you!" the man called Duval cried, as the other came up, while he playfully kicked at an unsightly newspaper parcel, that had been rolled and pushed along till it touched his hobnailed boots. The package was rather small, round, and dusty, and did not invite inspection.

Chelot said nothing; but a look of pain



came into his honest brown eyes, as he mechanically watched the other two playing at foot-ball with the accidental plaything.

As for M. Auguste, he stood for a moment perfectly helpless, grasping his inoffensive, retreating chin with one hand, while he wondered angrily how everybody could be so calm; wondered what those three men would do if they had lost five hundred thousand francs—those three men who, he hoped, would get shot some day for the way they grinned as he pushed rudely past them.

In a *coupé* of the train tearing Calaisward at the rate of fifty miles an hour, a mysterious old gentleman was rolling over the seats and beating his bald head against the plush cushions.

"Lost! lost! lost!" he screamed, over and over again. "Five hundred thousand francs in a newspaper parcel! Guard, for heaven's sake, stop the train!"

"Five hundred thousand francs in a newspaper! Monsieur is a little wild," the guard said, politely, looking in. "But if it will quiet Monsieur, he shall be listened to at Calais. If I find it," he said, with a benevolent grin, "I'll take care of it. But, *cher* Monsieur, be prevailed upon to be quiet."

But nothing would persuade M. Bertholet to be quiet. He tried to leap out of the window, and, being held back by force, flung himself at full length on the floor.

Quick as lightning, the guard tied his hands behind his back with a handy cord—the guard was prepared to deal with mad passengers—and left him, after he had made a neat pile of a yellow beard and wig, a tall white hat and a pair of blue spectacles.

As for M. Bertholet, he lay prone, and, having struggled all strength out of himself, he could only gasp:

"Lost—lost—lost—five hundred thousand francs in a newspaper!"

#### IV.

THESE were the days of the third Napoleon and Mexican ambition. That glittering bubble, the Empire, had soared its highest, was glittering its gaudiest, and, like all bubbles under the same circumstances, it was about to burst.

Chelot, waiting for the train to Merle, strode up and down the platform, with thoughts far away in the village three miles beyond Merle, where Claude used to wait for him, under the big chestnut-tree before the mill with its red gable.

Of the other two, Duval, still kicking the improvised foot-ball idly, remarked that such a wet blanket of a friend as Chelot he had never seen.

"In six days he'll be sick—deadly sick," the other, Jean Pierre, added, tilting himself up and down, ship fashion.

"In two weeks, Chelot, you'll be making love to a Mexican *ma'm'selle*."

"In three weeks *Ma'm'selle* Claude will be forgotten."

Chelot turned his back on them angrily, and strode to the edge of the platform just as the train came alongside.

"*Ah ciel*, the old boy is angry! I say, Chelot, we may never see thee again. Forget bad jokes!" Duval cried, good-naturedly.

But Chelot was sick and sore, and somehow he couldn't turn his honest face about with a pleasant smile, and so he sprang on the *coupé* step and paid no attention. Duval gave a parting kick to the dusty newspaper and hurried after him.

"Old boy," he said, with a friendly blow on his shoulder, "why be angry at foolish words? We were always good friends; so come, now, and shake hands. You're going far away, and we know the fortune of war. Bah!" he cried, hastily, "I mean to dance at your wedding till I drop!" And he grasped Chelot's outstretched hand and wrung it heartily.

"Now, there's Jean Pierre; take his hand; he's a good fellow."

Jean Pierre, who had strolled up, was a bit of a joker, and while he shook Chelot's hand with one, with the other he secretly thrust a battered newspaper bundle into the young man's forage-bag, rejoicing, with the hollow joy of all practical-jokers, to think of the disappointment in store when he should pull out the ill-looking paper, instead of the piece of bread underneath.

Chelot leaned out of the car-window and watched them rather sadly, till the train swung around a curve and tore its way into the golden summer afternoon.

Chelot was young, and five days ago, before the news came that his regiment was ordered to Mexico, he had loved all the world in his honest fashion, because Claude was his world and Claude loved him. In six days his regiment was ordered to sail; but *vogue à la galère*. Six days of youth and love are better than ten years of old age, he thought; and he stroked his brown mustache and imagined Claude's surprise at seeing him. Five days of happiness, and then he would gently tell her that he

must leave her for a long time, perhaps forever. He leaned his head against the open window, and watched the wheat-fields bend beneath the sweep of the summer wind that touched the frail petals of the scarlet poppies, till they hid beneath the ripening grain. The apple-trees were heavy with fruit, and between the orchards and far-spreading fields the red-roofed farm-houses twinkled in sight; then they were lost to view as the train shot past. Flocks of sheep, nibbling peacefully in the pastures, followed the bell-wether, and scampered into safe distance from this curving, rumbling snake. At last came Merle, where Chelot leaped out, giving himself a shake by way of toilette. He looked down with pride at his scarlet trowsers and covertly smoothed his blue jacket. He swung his forage-bag a trifle farther backward, gave a cock to his cap, and, with his broad shoulders well back, trudged down the highway with an easy, swinging gait that sent the blood to his brown face and made his eyes sparkle. "In five days? Ah, bah! *Vogue à la galère!*" He whistled a merry tune, trudging up and down hill to Plaileroi and Claude. Two or three times he stopped, —once to pat a bow-legged dog, who came up rubbing his stupid head against him; once to kiss a fat baby, with a tight cap over its flaxen poll, that lay doubled up in a speckled heap among the daisies and clover before a cottage door; and once to gather a handful of flaming poppies for Claude. In the distance he could just see the village steeple, and he knew that in the hollow, at the foot of the hill, just beyond the bridge, lay the mill. The ancient chestnut-tree stood before the door, where the time-worn mill-stones were piled, step-fashion, to the broad threshold, where Claude sat, summer evenings, spinning and waiting for him. Chelot knew every stone and tree on the road. The children came up and touched him with friendly, small, black paws, and the landlord of the "Pot-au-Feu," sunning his portly circumference on the porch of his inn, shook his tasseled night-cap at him.

"If thou art not too fine for a dance in the kitchen, bring thy sweetheart after dusk and show us what thy legs can do."

No wonder that mine host of the "Pot-au-Feu" was *maire* of Plaileroi: he had an uncommonly genial way of making himself necessary.

The young man shouted back a joyous acceptance, and sprang down the hill, while

his heart beat like a sledge-hammer as he crossed the bridge over the mill-stream and saw the huge wheel turning noisily. Six months ago he had seen Claude, and how often in the meantime he had pictured their meeting! He was so near that he could distinguish a dusty, white figure in the door-way—the miller—the miller, scraping and bowing to a retreating figure who passed Chelot just as he reached the chestnut-tree, —a long, lank personage, with a yellow face, in the ominous elegance of a broadcloth suit, baggy at the knees and too short at the wrists, and with a huge bouquet at his breast. Chelot glanced after him, with an instinctive desire to punch his shiny tall hat a foot or two deeper over his face and dusty hair; then he turned toward the house. The miller had disappeared, and he stood alone under the chestnut-tree, with the exception of a donkey hitched to a cart, who was examining his legs with profound attention. So this was coming back to Plaileroi and Claude!

He sat down disconsolately on the bench beneath the chestnut-tree, where they so often had sat together, he and Claude, just as a smothered laugh caught his ear, and the next instant a shower of chestnut burs and leaves came raining down upon him.

He sprang to his feet, and looking up between the dark branches, caught sight of a laughing, rosy face peeping at him through the clustering chestnut-leaves, and tantalizingly out of his reach.

"Claude!"

There was a sparkle of small white teeth and a funny nod of a brown head toward the figure plodding down the road. Then with a warning "Chut!" Claude glided and scrambled out of her hiding-place, and neatly fell into her lover's outstretched arms.

For a moment she clung to him, and the laughter in her dark eyes gave way to something wonderfully gentle and loving.

"I have you again, beloved," she whispered, hiding her rough head against his breast; then she tore herself away with a little laugh, and stood before him, shading her face with the bunch of poppies. "Are you sure that you love me?"

With one quick motion he was at her side, clasping her to his heart, poppies and all.

"Why do you ask, my torment?"

"Because *he*" (nodding down the road) "says he loves me. He wants to buy the mill and the miller's daughter, and he is rich—oh, so very rich. Every day I have to hide from him and father."

"Your father? and we betrothed?"

"Yes, father favors him," she said, with a troubled look toward the mill.

"And you, Claude?" He grasped her hands with a violence that nearly pained her.

"Doubt me, Bertrand?" she said, quite gravely. "If I could only show you how true I am!" Then, with a sigh, "If you were rich you might buy your discharge, and then we could marry, and you would be the miller."

"And if not?" he asked, sadly.

"Why do you ask? What is the matter?" she cried, in sudden alarm, clinging to his arm.

"Nothing; nothing shall come between us but death."

"Death? Why do you speak of death? You are well and strong, and God is good. Bertrand, Bertrand, what has happened?"

"I am a fool!" he cried, roughly. "Because I am so happy, I fear something may happen."

She shook her head silently, and it seemed as if the twilight that had begun to creep over the valley, the mill, and the stream had touched her sunny face, as, without a word but with a wistful look into Bertrand's face, she led the way into the mill.

v.

It had grown so dark that the oil-lamps began to twinkle throughout the village. In the huge kitchen of the "Pot-au-Feu" two fiddles and a trumpet twanged and tooted a rollicking galop, and whatever of Plaileroi had a pair of sound legs went scampering up and down the bare floor, till the whole village was in a whirl, from the fat cook with a huge ladle in her hand to Claude.

It seemed to Claude as if the world were spinning about, so did Bertrand whirl her up and down to the time of the music.

Plaileroi balls were primitive enough—the world went in its usual form, and hardly smoothed its hair, and so Chelot: he hadn't even taken off his forage-bag.

"If we could only dance forever!" he groaned; and faster, faster he went, clasping her more tightly, and knowing, miserably enough, that it was his last dance.

"I am tired, Bertrand."

He stood still, holding her hand as if in a dream, seeing for the first time that Plaileroi had given out, and was watching them with noisy approbation that followed them out of the room: "Not a handsomer pair within ten miles."

Some one stood in the door-way, in black broadcloth, and with a withered bouquet on his breast. He was looking over the heated crowd, watching the two jealously. Chelot brushed past him and Claude turned her face away.

So they went through the porch of the "Pot-au-Feu" into the garden and the peaceful night. The crickets were chirping, and the soft breeze touched the leaves of the poplars lining the road-side.

"See!—a falling star. I have wished," Claude whispered.

"A fine dance, Ma'm'selle. To last a year—eh, Monsieur?"

Like an unpleasant ghost in broadcloth, he stood beside them, with his tall hat on the back of his head and his hands in his trousers pockets.

"Monsieur Garbelle."

"Another kind of dance in Mexico—eh, Monsieur Chelot?"

Claude looked up at M. Garbelle with a white face.

"What do you mean? Tell me! Mexico—for God's sake, what is it?"

Chelot turned on his rival in a kind of quivering rage, and one strong hand nearly came in fatal contact with the withered nose on M. Garbelle's breast.

"Claude, wait till I tell you," he cried, and grasped her hands in his.

"No, now!"

"Monsieur Chelot's regiment is ordered to Mexico for a year. Perhaps Mademoiselle don't know that there is a war in Mexico? It is a wild country, far away, and M. Chelot will have to cross the sea before he is there. The big sea—so big," and M. Garbelle spread out his lank arms to give an adequate idea of the ocean.

"Is this true?"

"It is true. I thought we might be happy five days more in this world. Forgive me, Claude," he implored, looking into the dull misery of her eyes.

As for Monsieur Garbelle, having succeeded in his little plan, he had slunk away. From the rambling old tavern the shrill fiddles and the trumpet struck up a new tune, that floated gayly down the hill after them. But the old charm had fled; it was all discord. Claude, with her head on Bertrand's breast, was weeping bitterly.

It was high noon the next day. The miller in the kitchen was cutting huge junks of bread from a long loaf on the table, washing the bites down with coffee.

Across the other end of the table Chelot had flung his forage-bag the night before, and there it still lay. The miller, with a scornful laugh, leaned across the table and took it up, when out dropped a crust of bread and a tattered newspaper roll.

"Not much to bring from Paris," he said, with great contempt. He knew some one—with a sly look at poor Claude, who was standing listlessly by the window—who at least would bring home a silk gown from such a journey.

The girl paid no attention. Her father was talking nonsense. She knew it was only Bertrand's bag. A curious change had passed over her in one night of unspeakable grief. She had grown older and paler. The miller was a weasel-faced old man in a smock-frock and a night-cap. He had ambition, and fortune was favoring him. He rose to leave the kitchen, giving a parting push to the bag, when Claude turned upon him suddenly.

"Father, what will make him free?"

He knew what she meant, without explanation.

"Money—much money."

"We are poor, are we not?" she continued, wistfully.

"Oh, yes—poor as rats," he answered, with great cheerfulness, knowing the drift of her thoughts.

"Where he—Bertrand—is going is a wild and dangerous country?"

"Oh, yes; very dangerous."

"He may never come back," she murmured.

"Very likely," the miller said, pleasantly. "If they are not shot, down there, they are starved; but they never come back."

She had grown so deadly pale that even the miller was touched.

"Can no one save him?" she cried, wringing her hands. "Oh for a little money!"

"Monsieur Garbelle," the miller suggested.

"Do you think he would lend us some?"

"Not for nothing," he answered, scratching his head. "But I'll send him to make his own terms. He's always about the mill nowadays," he said, trying to suggest a shattered existence, and so shuffled out of the kitchen.

M. Garbelle was there, and came sneaking in, doubtful of his reception. He was not an inviting-looking object, covered with a thin layer of flour from too much prowling about the mill.

Claude was sitting with her back to him,

her head buried in the table against Bertrand's bag. She looked up as he stood beside her. It was a new look to Garbelle, and he liked it. She was really wonderfully handsome.

"Ma'm'selle, you want money? I have it, and I will give you what you want, if —"

She looked at him breathlessly.

"Well, M. Garbelle?"

"If you will marry me."

## VI.

POOR Chelot had gone away in the early dawn with a heavy heart. He had been to all the Chelots for five miles about to borrow money. It was a wild endeavor, for they were close-fisted gentry. Sure enough, they shrugged their shoulders, and declared in various ways that men were cheap and money dear. So he came back to Plaileroi at twilight, with empty hands and quite hopeless.

Heaven knows how he would have slaved to pay the debt—but now? He looked up drearily, for some one called him from the "Pot-au-Feu." It was M. le Maire, who waved a letter in one hand while he leaned out of the low window. The "Pot-au-Feu" and the post-office were one in primitive Plaileroi.

A letter for him—Chelot! The miracle happened once a year, and so he turned it in all directions in his perplexity.

"It was left for you an hour ago. For heaven's sake, open it, man!" the burgomaster said, with some irritation. He was dying of curiosity, natural enough when the whole mail of a village consists of one letter.

It was a soft letter without stamp or mark, only a down-hill direction in one corner; but a pleasant letter, M. le Maire concluded, for after a second of bewildered delight Chelot leaped in the air, caught M. le Maire about his short neck, and hugged him passionately.

"Free, free, free!" he cried, and shook three one-hundred-franc bills in the other's face. There was a bit of paper inclosed on which was written, in crabbed writing, "From a faithful friend."

"God is so good!" he cried, and a film dimmed his eyes, and his lips quivered a little under his brown mustache.

Then, with a laugh, he swung his cap in the air and sprang down-hill. He had escaped a great danger, and, in his sudden joy, he never once thought of the cause.

Free! and Claude his forever!

Monsieur Garbelle was crossing the bridge; he looked up at the other's radiant face with a frown. But Chelot did not care; he was free, and in his great happiness willing to love even his rival.

"I am free, M. Garbelle. See, all this money is mine!" he cried, nearly thrusting it into the other's face.

"You have received it already?" M. Garbelle asked, retreating to the moss-grown stone railing.

"What do you mean? Who sent it?" Chelot asked, blankly.

M. Garbelle had had an unpleasant courtship, and an expensive, so he was longing for a little revenge to soothe his soul.

"Ha! ha! It is a little bargain: Ma'm'selle Claude accepts three hundred francs from me, and I take Ma'm'selle Claude."

"Sold herself for me!" Bertrand thought over and over again, as if he could not grasp the idea. However, there stood M. Garbelle, grinning, until with one hand the young man grasped his broadcloth collar, and with the other stuffed the bank-bills in M. Garbelle's pocket, and then, with a vigorous kick, sent him staggering uphill.

"The debt is repaid, M. Garbelle," he said, sternly, and, turning his back on him, he went toward the mill.

That whole afternoon the miller was happy. M. Garbelle was his—his future son-in-law. As for Claude, she said nothing, but she worked with feverish activity. "I shall go mad if I think," she said to herself.

After M. Garbelle had given her the money, he tried to reward himself by feebly clasping her arm with one bony hand, but she shook him off like a spider.

At dusk she sat down on a settle by the open hearth, shivering in the fire-light, and the miller put a fresh log on the fire and the flames went blazing and crackling up the great chimney.

She was sitting there still when Bertrand came in. He threw himself at her feet, and for a moment they looked silently and sorrowfully into each other's faces.

"Claude," he said, at last, drawing her toward him, "I shall come back to you again—I swear I shall. The price you paid for my life was too dear—I—I—have given the money back. Have patience, my darling, for a year—only a year."

She hid her face on his shoulder and wept silently, but something of peace touched her heart. God only knew how patient she

would be! It had grown darker, and the fire-light cast red shadows across the floor, and from the cracks in the door a sudden yellow glimmer pierced through.

It was the miller, who came in holding a lamp and shading his eyes from the gloom, followed by M. le Maire, longing to know what the letter and the money were about—so curious that he had trudged all the way down-hill for chance information.

The miller, placing the lamp on the table, caught sight of Bertrand.

"You here again?" he asked, with much disfavor. He would have said more; but he was afraid of Claude. M. le Maire pricked up his sharp ears; but he was also a Frenchman, and polite, and he had no interest in family skirmishes.

There was an ominous silence, and M. le Maire, sitting down by the table, stretched out his fat hands to a ragged newspaper roll lying beside a forage-bag and a crust of bread. Anything to break the dead silence.

"*Tiens!* A paper from Paris! What a pleasure!" M. le Maire said, and, without a moment's hesitation, he began to unroll it with nimble fingers.

"It is the only thing Chelot brought from Paris," the miller said, with much scorn, while he filled a couple of pipes, and dived into the recesses of a huge carved chest for a bottle of new wine, for M. le Maire was an honored guest.

"In the name of heaven, how did you come by this?"

M. le Maire so asked the question that the miller leaped to his feet, and dropped the bottle in his hand with a crash, in his consternation. He wasn't dreaming, but—money? The table was covered with it, and the ragged paper that Bertrand had brought from Paris was plethoric with more. It strewn the table and fell on the ground, and the numbers on the bills were of fabulous amounts. Between all stood M. le Maire, open-mouthed, petrified, and pointing a fat forefinger at Bertrand.

For a second Chelot was bewildered; then a sudden light dawned upon him.

"To be sure—yes, I remember! Jean Pierre thrust it in my bag yesterday, as I left Paris. He and Duval were kicking it about till Jean Pierre dropped it in there," pointing to the bag, which the miller was examining, to see if a bill or two had remained behind. "I suppose some one lost it," Bertrand said, indifferently.

It seemed like a nineteenth-century fairy tale, as the three stood about M. le Maire,



while he counted the bills with a moist forefinger. The miller watched each motion with open-mouthed wonder. After the first few thousands, his ears were dulled; he could comprehend no further; while Claude thought of the happiness such a bit of paper could give her and hers.

She turned to the window, and looked into the darkness till the last bill was counted and the whole was tucked safely into an inside pocket of M. le Maire's waistcoat.

"It was like a bad dream," she murmured, and looked humbly at Bertrand, who stood watching all with calm indifference.

"If we had all that money," she whispered, laying her hand on his arm.

Something of his old bright smile came back, as he stroked his mustache and looked down at her.

"But we haven't," he answered, lightly, and that was all.

"Five hundred thousand francs. Some one has lost half a million," M. le Maire said, impressively. "Whoever it is will cry loud enough to be heard. If it hadn't been for me, that money would have lain there till doomsday," he said, with great solemnity. "What would you do without me—just tell me that? I shall ride to Merle to-night, and telegraph to the chief of police in Paris. As for you, Chelot, the money is yours till the owner appears; so you must sleep at the inn to-night. I shouldn't like all the world to know what lies in the 'Pot-au-Feu.' Come, Chelot! You, miller, bring a lantern. Good-night, Ma'm'selle Claude. In the meantime, I shall ride over to Merle."

The miller accompanied the two to the inn. To say that M. le Maire was excited was to say nothing. He was magnificent!

"Legends," he declared, as he harnessed his fat horse to a square box on four wheels,—"legends will be handed down about that money, Chelot, my boy; and you, miller, won't be forgotten. But I——" and M. le Maire stopped a second and laid his forefinger against his nose; "I—oh—I——"

Language failed to provide him with words sufficiently eulogistic, and, like other artists under equally impressive circumstances, M. le Maire remained silent.

## VII.

M. LE MAIRE was still snoring placidly in the early morning, when a coach tore down the highway and pulled up, with a sweep, at the "Pot-au-Feu."

M. le Maire sat up in bed and rubbed his heavy eyes with the tassel of his night-cap.

"I dreamt——" M. le Maire began, when a thundering knock below sent him to the window like a shot, and, putting his head out, he demanded, irritably, what was wanted.

Two men stood below; one looked up with a stern, official eye.

"I am a police commissary; this gentleman"—pointing to his companion—"has lost a package containing a large sum of money that answers the description of the one you found. Let us in!"

For a second M. le Maire stared at the happy possessor of so much money, though he wasn't much to look at. Of course it was Monsieur Bertholet; but after a day of unspeakable misery, and an early journey, the poor man could not be expected to appear at his best. His nose was red and a pea-green haze covered his features; but with the last remnants of energy he pulled his cuffs over his knuckles. He trembled with joy and eagerness, and M. le Maire, enveloped in a mysterious, long garment, had hardly unbarred the door before M. Bertholet fell about his neck.

"My preserver!"

"No, not exactly," he answered, honestly, struggling to escape.

"Well, then, who is he? Where is he? Let me see him!"

"He is in bed; I'll send him down directly."

That did not satisfy M. Bertholet's grateful impatience. He followed M. le Maire's fluttering garments down the winding corridors, and so burst into a small room where Bertrand was dreaming of Mexico with the magnificent fantasy of a Frenchman, and suddenly awoke to find a queer old man sitting at his bedside, clasping his hand,—a strange old man, with wisps of thin, green hair, and a limp but generous display of linen.

"You shall have the reward, twenty thousand francs!" cried Bertholet, over and over.

"He is mad!" Chelot thought, and shuddered.

"Day before yesterday I lost the money in the railway-station in Paris. In Calais they said I was mad, and sent me to Paris by the next train, with two keepers."

Chelot watched him, horror-struck.

"I remember I saw you at the station, my fine fellow; I'll make your fortune."

A light dawned on Chelot.

"To be sure; oh, I see,—why, yes."

"I'm the owner of the five hundred thousand francs," M. Bertholet interposed.

"And you are not mad?" Chelot asked, still doubting M. Bertholet's feverish joy.

M. Bertholet mad? He was mad the night he had been left to recover his reason at leisure in a police-cell, after a forced journey back to Paris, with two keepers and a pair of handcuffs. He was mad the next morning, when Madame and "the little one" came, each in turn, and overwhelmed him with reproaches. But mad now? No, he was coming to himself; he had learned a lesson: Madame was nothing without him, and "the little one" less than nothing.

Experience is so extravagant a necessity that it has amounted to a luxury from the day Mother Eve ate an apple and lost Paradise, down to M. Bertholet, who paid twenty-five thousand francs for his share.

It was a great day for Plaileroi and the "Pot-au-Feu." Bertholet sat beside M. le Maire in the great kitchen, and watched him brew wonderful drinks for such of the villagers as chose to look in. All Plaileroi came and stared at the rich man, who had lost a fortune in Paris and found it in Plaileroi. They drank to his health and to M. le Maire's, and stared again when they heard that he had given the miller's Claude a dowry of twenty thousand francs, and remembered M. le Maire handsomely.

Chelot would accept nothing, even when he was told that twenty thousand francs was the advertised reward. However, after a moment's consultation with the host of the "Pot-au-Feu," Claude had been transformed into an heiress by the mere scratch of a pen in M. Bertholet's hand.

"It's all one," M. le Maire had said, in explanation, when Claude came shyly into the room, followed by Bertrand.

"Am I mad?" M. Bertholet asked the young man, and patted Claude's blushing face. It was an expensive pat. It was all he had seen of "life," and it cost a pile of money. Still he did not care, though he watched them rather enviously when the fiddlers arrived, and in a trivet set Plaileroi scampering and spinning down the long kitchen.

"They have the best of it," he thought, catching sudden glimpses of a laughing face, the glitter of white teeth, and Bertrand's brown mustache in dangerous proximity.

Grandeur begets solitude, and M. Bertholet pulled down his cuffs, rasped his throat a little, and wished M. le Maire to the devil.

"Will Monsieur dance with me?" asked a shy voice, and Claude stood before him, blushing.

Would he? Good heavens, yes!

He leaped to his feet, pulled down his cuffs, the fiddles struck up a new tune, and, after thirty years of inaction, M. Bertholet's feet cracked their old muscles to the tune of a dance, and M. Bertholet's elbows forced a way through the population of Plaileroi with superb effect. In the midst of it—

"*Mon mari!*" said a familiar voice.

M. Bertholet thought he was dreaming, and danced on.

"*Mon mari!*" said the voice again, plaintively.

He stopped as if he had been shot. There stood Madame at the open door, travel-stained and humble.

"My friend, I heard that you were here, and so I followed you."

"And now you can go home again," M. Bertholet interposed, politely, and taking her by one fat elbow he led her through the garden to the vehicle in which she had come.

"Will you not come home with me, my friend?"

"Not till I choose, my dear," he answered, shutting her into the coach.

"Perhaps you haven't heard the news," she said, spitefully, looking out of the window. "'The little one' is married."

"Then I pity him," M. Bertholet replied, with much feeling.

"She's a dancer—a ballet-dancer!" Madame screamed in a fury, as the coachman, with a crack of his whip, started his lank beasts toward Merle.

It was sinful and not fatherly but M. Bertholet laughed till he ached; he was still laughing when he reached the "Pot-au-Feu," and the merry tune of a dance tickled his ears.

"Now," said M. Bertholet, and he pulled his cuffs down for the last time in this story,—"now I shall begin to live. Madame is crushed, and 'the little one' is—ha! ha! married."

The fiddles twanged and the trumpet tooted, and M. Bertholet and all Plaileroi whirled about in the kitchen of the "Pot-au-Feu."

## THE KING'S JESTER.



I've heard it told  
That "All the fools are not dead yet!"  
The truth's as patent now, as when  
The Jester jeered the wiles of men.

Still as of old  
Priest, lawyer, leech, and martinet  
Jangle no bells nor wear a cowl,  
But, none the less, all play the fool.

Fool's eyes are bold  
And 'neath the wise man's robes can get.  
His wounds are sharp—beware his aim,  
And rattling raillery of blame!

## NEW YORK ATTICS AND HOUSE-TOPS.

If not in the certainty of resultant beauty, life is like a prism in the changing aspects which it has from different points of sight, and it is only when one angle of view is adhered to with the fixity of habit, that the world appears stagnant and wearisome. It is stimulating, for instance, to find another stand-point than the pavement for watching the throbbing traffic of the city street. These hollow channels, grooved like Western cañons between miles and miles of shops and houses, never let us know more than the immediate neighborhood; there are labyrinths and vistas, but no climax that displays to us the entirety and cohesion of part with part. The undeviating lengths of thoroughfare are monotonous, and the activities within them chafe and make us fretful without having the sonorousness and depth of meaning which the blended sounds gather as they roll up to the roof. As far as we are concerned, it is from a roof that we prefer to contemplate the city—such as that on which we stood yesterday, with the spire of Trinity near its apex across the way, and only the sky and a gilded vane above us. Nor is it idle fancy or idiosyncrasy that actuates us. Is Thomas Carlyle's picture of the sapient Teufelsdröckh's speculum or watch-tower still remembered?—

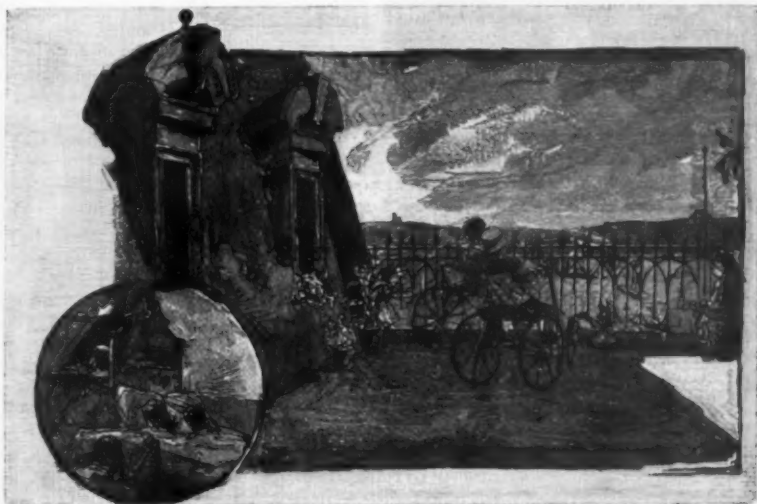
"It might truly be called the pinnacle of Weissnichtwo, for it rose sheer up above the contiguous roofs, themselves rising from elevated ground \* \* \* wherefrom, sitting at ease, he might see the whole life-circulation of that considerable City; the streets and lanes of which, with all their doing and driving (*Thun und Treiben*), were for the most part visible there. \* \* \* '*Ach, mein Lieber,*' said he once, at midnight, when we had returned from the Coffee-house in rather earnest talk, 'it is true sublimity to dwell here; I sit above it all; I am alone with the Stars.'"

A peculiar sense of exaltation comes to the human being from altitude, and the faculties seem enlarged in proportion to the area which the vision comprehends. The loftiness of position operates like a pleasant drug, that isolates us from our own dreams and leaves us the spectator of the amusing procession that winds through it; and as we look over the cornice on the multitude below, though interested, we are unconscious of any stronger affinity with it than with so many disks of black upon white paper.

As we withdraw from the cornice, no streets and few living things can be seen. The yellow-green rivers and the bay of purer color bear a traffic that seems stealthy and noiseless. Glancing from these, there is open before us a vast surface of roofs, obscure in the distance under a pale haze of anthracite, with steeples and chimneys projecting from them, and gaps of invisible depth separating them. In level and color the space is like a desert; and this analogy is sustained by innumerable columns of vapor, which feather in the upper air like the issue of so many hot springs. At first, these white wreaths seem to give the only movement to the scene, but a further observation discovers one maiden in all the space, with the wind blowing her petticoats as she hangs some clothes to dry, in a pen-like inclosure on one of the dull red squares; and then we perceive three men stringing some telegraph-wires, and a flicker of sunshine attracts our attention to a fourth, who is securing plates of tin to an old gable-roof. This is the metropolis seen from the Equitable building in the full glare of mid-day.

Our height conceals the traffic from us. Teufelsdröckh could see the living flood pouring through the streets, of all qualities and ages: the couriers arriving, bestrapped and bebooted; the baron, with his household, coming in from the country; the old soldier begging alms, and thousands of carriages, wagons, and carts entering Weissnichtwo and setting out again. But though the multitudinous activities are veiled from us by the long, vacant, monochromatic areas of roofs, their existence is emphasized by the concealment, and what the eye cannot see the whole being feels with a strange and profound reflectiveness. So, too, the sound that deafens the pedestrians below reaches us in harmonious undulations, and though its volume is softened and blended, its depth and many sources strike us with increased impressiveness.

We are not describing a singular or personal effect. The "Equitable roof" is a gratuitous exhibition afforded to the public by an opulent insurance company, and is a point of view much frequented by strangers and persons in search of new sensations. It is attainable by luxurious elevators, without charge or exertion; and the other day, when



CHILDREN'S PLAY-GROUND ON THE ROOF.

we stood up there, a young girl from the country stood by us, and, though in all the desert-like reach of roofs only the twisting jets of steam, the maid hanging out the clothes, and the telegraph-men were visible, she, also, felt the strong current beneath the still surface, and exclaimed, "How busy it is!"

We are weary of the streets and their familiar sights, even up to the third and fourth stories. The show-windows, with their fabrics and what-nots, have nothing new, and the friction of the crowd distresses our nerves. But upon the roofs there is inspiration and novelty. The air is free and pure, the prospect is spacious, and the heavens, with their splendid sunsets and gentle twilights, are not shut out from us by the ragged and depraved unpicturesqueness of the cornice lines of brown-stone fronts and business houses.

All is not so inactive up here as it seems; moreover, on the roofs, or in the "sky-parlors" immediately under the roofs, a variety of occupations are conducted amid surroundings of which few who are not concerned in them have any idea. The history of attic life in the city opens many a sad experience, and many a novel one. The yellow moon of midsummer falls in the sultry night on some strange scenes over yonder, on the roofs of those tenement barracks; and here, on the Equitable roof, and on the roofs of many other large offices in

the neighborhood, there is life when all below is silent and deserted.

The janitors of such buildings as the Equitable are fortunately situated. They are well paid and are treated with deference by all the tenants; their life is easy, and their quarters are especially enviable, having all the comforts and conveniences of a modern "flat." The president of the insurance company, no doubt, lives somewhere on Fifth Avenue, and has before his windows no other or more exalting prospect than the brown-stone fronts across the way. But the janitor has a cottage for himself on the roof, nestled under a tower, and when the air below is stagnant and parched, invigorating breezes pour into his dwelling from the bay, while all day long the harbor, from the Battery to its outlet at the Narrows, is a picture of unending interest and beauty. All the commerce of the rivers, visible but silent, is before him: he has summer mornings when the southern distance is a vaporous gold without a tangible object in it, and moonlight nights when the waters, prickled by the yellow lights of the shipping, quiver in millions of silvery edges. After his supper, he may sit at his door and look on something very much better than a façade of marble or a procession of vehicles. His children have a little space reserved for them, scattered with playthings, and there are no walls above them or surrounding





A TENEMENT HOUSE-TOP IN SUMMER.

them—only an ornamental iron fence between them and the precipitous front of the immense building, with the sky and sunshine conferring full benefit upon them. But the natural advantages are not all.

The interior of the cottage is concealed from the casual visitor by pretty lace curtains. It is furnished with a good deal of taste and generosity; it has a piano, which sounds with great clearness and sweetness in the still morning air; it is heated by steam, and has a flow of hot and cold water, electric bells, a telephone, and every

other adjunct of a well-appointed American establishment. The unappetizing odors of the *cuisine* are avoided by an excellent expedient. The next building to the Equitable is a branch of Delmonico's, and a passage connects the two by which the janitor has communication with a separate kitchen. When we are reminded of roseate pictures with which his days begin, the varied scenes that fill him, and the calm evenings that follow them, and of the pure altitude in which he breathes, the janitor's lot, taken all in all, seems not so very much less enviable than the president's.

Though isolated from the strife and pressure of the streets, he is not without society. The engineer of the building has a cottage like his under another part of the tower, and a staff of signal-service men have their station on the roof. When all the offices below are locked up and business has departed for the day, and while Trinity's clock booms out the hours of the night, the observers are still employed with their instruments, and when a storm threatens, a big, red lantern is lighted to warn the shipping on the bay. Even after the janitor and the engineer have gone to bed, the observers are wide awake, and soon after midnight a little printing-press is set to work upon the weather-charts for to-morrow. Those brilliant belts of light not far away, and scarcely lower than the Equitable roof, are the printing-offices of the great morning newspapers, and one belt nearer than the others is the operating-room of the Western Union Telegraph, in which thought is for-



CHIMNEYS AND DORMERS IN OLD NEW YORK.

ever flying, and the lights are never extinguished while the darkness lasts.

What if we cross over there at this late hour? As we approach, there is a loud patter as of hail upon a glass roof, and when

refractions of the gas-lamps, which repeat the course of the streets in the upper air. All movement is suspended; the night is far spent. But in the operating-room the lights are blazing; scores of clerks are in a state of

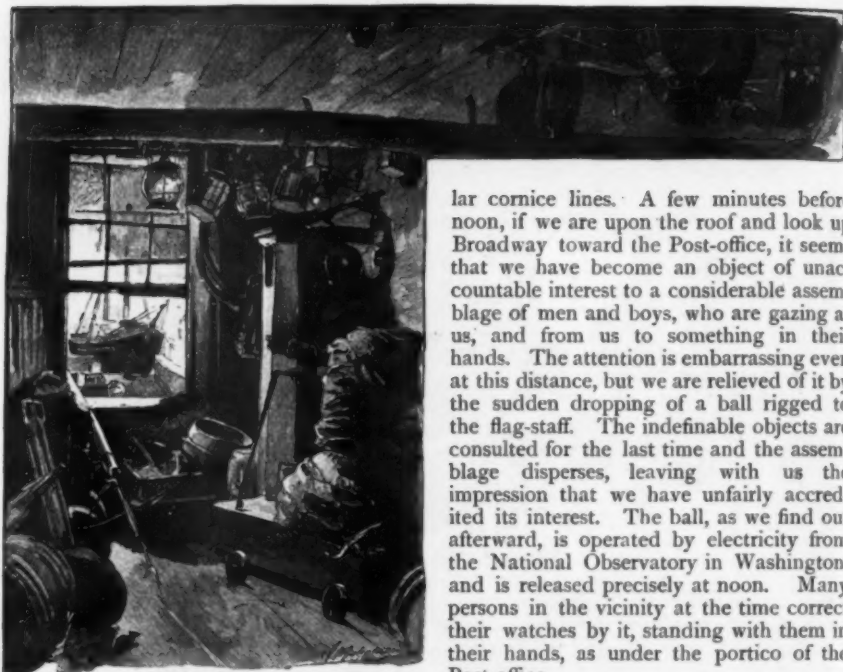


RIGGING-LOFT.

we are admitted there is before us a vast hall of cheerful appearance, divided into aisles and cross-aisles by hundreds of little tables, bent over which are as many absorbed faces. The sound seems to drench the room; it is whirled against us like the blinding spray of a hurricane; it falls a moment, and then gathers a new vehemence from the pause. Put into words, the inarticulate babel is full of meaning. This persistent click-click-click of the Morse instruments is telling of revolutions in governments, of frustrated designs upon the lives of kings, of debates in the Senate, of pageants in London, of carnivals in Rome, and of matters that concern the whole world. The voice is metallic, and it speaks of all things with a uniform precision and firmness. It patters out the Queen's message to her lords and gentlemen assembled at Westminster, and it tells a mother of the death of her son, and brings tidings to some wife from an absent husband. We glance out of the windows upon the dark ambiguity of the bay and rivers, and upon the faint

extreme nervous activity; and the messages that pour in from all quarters come from sources where there is the same urgency and sleeplessness. There is a sort of screen, not many feet square, in which all the wires are gathered, and if one could epitomize and comprehend at once the rushing flood of words springing from every motive, aimed at every end, that finds its inlet here, nearly all human nature would be unmasked. As fast as the operators fulfill their appointed hours of service, they are replaced by others, and not until the daylight is broad and the lamps extinguished, and then and all through the day the patter of the instruments continues in the same whirling storm that greets our ears as we first enter the room.

Above the operating-room, and immediately under the roof, there is a complete *ménage* for the use of employés. There are laundries, kitchens, linen-closets, and pantries. The dining-room is spacious and well-ventilated, with windows that look out upon miles and miles of roofs, and up the Hudson to



SHIP-CHANDLERS' LOFT.

where the embattlements of the Palisades begin. Lunch, dinner, tea, and supper are served from a varied bill of fare, at a lower tariff than prevails in outside restaurants, and hunger may be gratified, while the view through the windows, with its unlimited suggestiveness, diverts and recreates the mind, insuring that boon of boons—a good digestion. As we reflect upon these things, a dapper and prosperous-looking little man comes out of a door which opens to us a glimpse of walls covered with pictures, of soft and warm-colored carpets, of easy-chairs, of a bunch of flowers on a mantelpiece, of a woman sitting by a window, and of too many other pleasant things to be inventoried. This is the abode of the janitor and his family. The dapper little man is the janitor himself, who is even more charmingly situated than his neighbor in the Equitable.

The roof of the Western Union is more broken than that of the latter building, and is surrounded by massive crests of iron. The view is the same; the bay and the rivers are again revealed to us, with the same vacant, dull-red surface of roofs and angu-

lar cornice lines. A few minutes before noon, if we are upon the roof and look up Broadway toward the Post-office, it seems that we have become an object of unaccountable interest to a considerable assemblage of men and boys, who are gazing at us, and from us to something in their hands. The attention is embarrassing even at this distance, but we are relieved of it by the sudden dropping of a ball rigged to the flag-staff. The indefinable objects are consulted for the last time and the assemblage disperses, leaving with us the impression that we have unfairly accredited its interest. The ball, as we find out afterward, is operated by electricity from the National Observatory in Washington, and is released precisely at noon. Many persons in the vicinity at the time correct their watches by it, standing with them in their hands, as under the portico of the Post-office.

We have briefly spoken of scenes upon the roofs less pleasing than the gatherings of the janitor's family on summer evenings. To learn what they are we must enlist the services of a health-officer or a detective, whose badge will secure immunity for us in neighborhoods where it would be dangerous to venture without the shield of authority. Such localities, in which poverty and crime commingle and have their affinities, and in which, too, poverty sometimes eats its untainted crust, are not scarce or distant in the city. The tenement-hovel abuts on every quarter, and, though one's path may be circumscribed, this cellular erection, with its chattering inmates, edges it somewhere and forces upon our modern St. James the misery of our modern St. Giles. But we know more of St. Giles than its outposts. In the north-east, Manhattan Island, as viewed from the Equitable roof, throws out a cape which nearly doubles the width it has in the south, and it is here that all space is choked with the dreary, many-storied, overcrowded tenements, in which every inch of room, from the sub-cellars up to the attics, is utilized for shelter.

It is discouraging to explore such a locality as this at any season. The loaferish men, the slatternly women, and the vociferous children are here at all times. The same sin, misery, and ignorance disturb us and appeal to our sense of the ill-adjustment of society, whether we look upon the scene in winter or summer. But it is in the sultriness of August or September that the distress is most poignant. Come here in one of the breathless nights of midsummer. All the population seems to be out-of-doors and gasping for air; but the energy of movement and conversation that we have seen before is missing. The atmosphere seems to have reached its equilibrium. The scantily clothed women sit with their heads thrown back and bodies unerect, as in a muscular atrophy; the children lie uneasily wherever there is space for them. There is moaning, disquietude, and deep exhaustion. So compact is the crowd that it strikes us all the tenements must have been emptied into the street. But come farther; let us pick our way through the blockade of women and children on the steps and in the hall of one of the big houses. The doors and windows are all wide open; there is no privacy, and, as we walk upstairs from floor to floor, we find that the crowd below is but a surplus—that each of the miserable little rooms is occupied by almost as many as it can contain. There, is a German shoe-maker sitting upon a stool and hammering upon a last, with a brood of children sprawling around him; there, a laborer is eating his supper by the light of a kerosene lamp, while a tall, spare, pale woman waits upon him with a baby dragging at her breast; there, a laundress is ironing linen, and complains in expletives as the beads of perspiration, falling upon her work, blister the crisp starch; and in other apartments, where the lights are out, we see shadowed movements and hear loud voices. Children are screaming and women scolding everywhere. Each successive floor is lower in price and occupied by a poorer class than that below it, and at last we reach the top, where the rooms are little larger than prison-cells and the dwellers are the most abject. The comparison of prison-cells is, indeed, an unfair one, for in penal institutions the hygiene is admirable, while here the walls and floors are filthy, and a family of several persons is granted no more space than would be allowed to one felon.

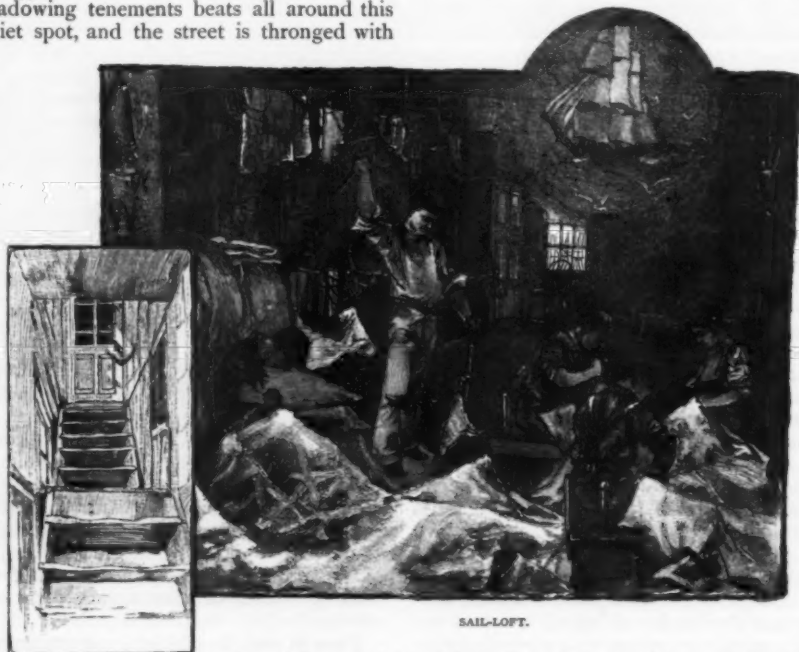
When we think of the throng in the street and of the innumerable inmates we have

seen in their apartments,—of the many persons who have brushed against us in the corridors,—we cannot imagine that we have not seen all to whom the house gives shelter. But there is a fire-escape ladder leading to the roof,—a ladder so steep and narrow that it would be like water to Tantalus—a treacherous failure to succor—if once the flames obtained possession of this wasp-net; and, scaling it, we emerge upon the roof, where still more of the tenants are gathered. The air that is sultry and impure below is not perceptibly fresher here. The moon is a fiery orange color, and the sky itself seems to glow with hidden heat; a long bar of opaline cloud floats motionless under the moon, and the infrequent stars beat feebly in the haze. Stretched out at our feet, and all over the roof, are men and women, who have come up here in vain for a breath of cool air. They roll from side to side and moan for repose, which they cannot obtain. As the night advances, their number is increased by others, who crawl up the narrow fire-escape, and before morning all the space is covered by a restless, murmuring throng. The adjoining roofs are also occupied, and as we glance to them from the uneasy objects at our feet, and think of the unlimited valleys that invite tillage, and the forests that wait for the ax, we endeavor, without success, to understand the perversity which holds these suffering masses of humanity in the overpopulated city.

There is abundant picturesqueness among the roofs. Between some of the big tenement-houses of modern date, gaps have been left, in which stand old buildings with quaint curb roofs and dormer windows. Too often, as is generally the case with the picturesque, these ancient houses are more objectionable from a sanitary point of view than the most defective of later buildings; but sometimes they give a glimpse of domestic felicity and retirement that cannot be found in the vaster hive of tenements. There is one little corner we know of where decency of life has made its benefits manifest, despite all the surrounding poverty and thriftlessness. It is the second story of one of the old houses that we have mentioned, and is under a slanting roof which is becoming concave under the weight of its years. The door outlets upon a frail little balcony, around which some flower-pots are placed; and there is a window of scant dimensions, which is draped with a white muslin curtain. We have not the least idea as to whom the tenants are, but in spring and summer even-

ings a young man sits in the balcony, smoking his pipe with an air of contentment and appreciative restfulness; and he has a companion in a young woman, who is very industrious with her needle and very neat in appearance. The shrill tumult of overshadowing tenements beats all around this quiet spot, and the street is thronged with

cold inmates of the aquaria increase the briskness of their movements as the rays slant among them. There is a faint odor of flowers and the gleam of foliage—a cheery and pervasive warmth. What place



the vicious and thriftless; but the little couple in the second story isolate themselves from their surroundings, and, as far as the casual passer-by can see, are very happy indeed.

From the Bowery and the ant-hill tenements it is an easy distance to a handsome building near Union Square, which has more than a hundred windows facing the south. The roof is mansard, and its outlines are ornamented by fancy iron spurs. A large part of it is taken up by a skylight, under which we discover another phase of "roof life." Even on overcast days, when the sun is scarcely visible, some of its warmth and radiance find their way through here, and fall upon faces whose pallor supplicates for more. We hear voices and movements, but both are feeble and almost querulous. A fountain trickles and plays in flakes of gold as sunbeams strike it, the drippings slowly suffuse the broad and vivid leaves around it, and the

is this? The walls are high and the floor is smooth. There are easy-chairs and pillows. The street is nearly a hundred feet below, and its sounds are muffled by the height. The voices are speaking about being "out and well." It is the solarium of the New York Hospital, where the patients who can leave their beds are treated to a sun-bath, and where they lie in the golden light, and feel it penetrating and revivifying their relaxed tissues. We look into the faces and read the dreams of convalescence which the gentle warmth inspires. The flowers and leaves work a spell upon the senses, and bring visions of strength and salubrious skies.

In passing through Forty-second street to the Grand Central Depot, we have often been surprised by a gleeful chorus of children's voices, and though there is a hospital at the corner of Lexington Avenue, it never occurred to us until the other day that these sounds of merriment could come from an institution so ostensibly sad. But, as at the New



York, the roof, with its capacity for breezes and sunshine, has been arranged for the recreation of convalescents. All the patients are young sufferers from some kind of physical aberration, from curvatures of the spine, and every kind of deformity; but such miracles are wrought upon them by modern orthopedic science that, while they are encumbered with the surgical appliances, they find movement easy and exhilarating. We can see no more from the street than an occasional head, and the voices are nearly drowned by the traffic. When we reach the solarium itself, however, the activity and noisiness of the cripples amaze us. Though the faces are pale and the bodies warped, the children exert themselves with almost frantic enjoyment. The floor is filled by them and worn to a waxy smoothness by the friction of their feet. They scurry this way and that in various games, and scream with pleasure and excitement. Their eyes seem to double in size and to predominate in their shrunk, transparent faces. Perhaps the reader thinks that there is nothing remarkable in all this; but he must remember that not one of these children is without deformity or disease, not one unblighted by malformation, and that they are only able to move with the aid of painful-looking belts, trusses, and crutches. A pale little boy speeds before us, imprisoned in an iron frame which supports him by the waist and is propelled upon wheels; pursuing him with perilous eagerness comes a very small girl, one of whose legs is held in shape by a steel bracelet. There are children whose feet are bent double, and whose bodies are set laterally from the hips. None among them all can walk erect or without faltering, and, when we see how soon they are exhausted, we think that no scene of all the roofs and sky-parlors can show us, is more touching than this.

As to the occupations carried on under the roofs to which we referred in the beginning of the article as being beyond the general knowledge, there are so many of them that it is impossible to even name them all. There are toy-makers, paper-box makers, paper-collar makers, and artificial-flower makers. There are sail-makers, boat-builders and riggers, and ship-chandlers. There are etchers, engravers, photographers, and workers on feathers. But in the space at our disposal we can

only glance at a few of the more striking ones, such, for instance, as the paint-loft of a theater, where, high above the arch of the proscenium, the scenes are produced for the illustration of the play. We enter by the stage door, which, in the best appointed theaters as in the older ones, has an unjustifiable look of disrepute and ill-omen; and when we have penetrated some dark and musty passages between colossal stacks of disused appurtenances, we stand in a reverberant hollow, with some sixteen hundred red-faced chairs staring at us with a dumb and motionless curiosity. The interior of a theater, when the gas is out and the auditorium and stage are vacant, is oppressively cold and silent. The retrospective contrast with what we have known it to be in the warmth and illumination of the evening



BOAT-BUILDERS' LOFT.

imparts a ghostliness to the void, and these chairs with the crimson upholstery that confront us in parallel lines seem sentient in a fixed and uncanny way. A voice acquires an echoing loudness and distinctness. No scene is set; the curtain is up, and the whole space of stage and auditorium is discovered in the misty twilight of one or two insufficient windows. At the left-hand side of the proscenium is the prompter's desk, with bells and electric keys communicating with the machinists aloft, the conductor of the orchestra, the dressing-rooms of the actors, and the fire department. Concealed himself, the prompter can also communicate with the orchestra, and inspect the audience through peep-holes in the proscenium, and from his desk he can direct operations in any part of the establishment by the movement of a finger. The prompter is necessarily a person of large experience, discretion, and presence of mind.

Creeping along "the wings" we come at the extreme rear of the stage to a circular stair-way, leading to an elevation nearly fifty feet above the level of the orchestra. The passage is narrow and unilluminated, and we reach the top out of breath, but with a strong feeling of relief. We emerge upon what are known in mysterious nomenclature as the "flies," which may be described as two platforms or galleries, one at each side of the stage, extending lengthwise from the proscenium to the back, and it is here that the scenes are moved, by a complex system of cordage, blocks, and pulleys resembling the rigging of a ship. A large motto is conspicuously painted upon one of the walls, "A place for everything," and it is so essential that the scene-shifters shall be able to put their hands upon any object at the precise moment it is wanted, that the purpose of the admonition is fulfilled in an apple-pie orderliness which, so far as the ropes are concerned, would be creditable to the poop-deck of a ship in fair weather. The halyards and lanyards, so to speak, are coiled up with a sailorly regard for exigencies that might call for their sudden use, and all the tools are placed in racks or shelves, where they can be seen or reached in a moment. There are many precautions against fire; smoking is forbidden, and in nearly every corner there is a chemical extinguisher with hose carefully coiled around it.

At the head of the stair-way by which we come up, a turn to the left brings us into the "flies," while a turn in the opposite direction brings us into the paint-loft. The

paint-loft is the highest part of the theater; it is the studio of the scene-painter, and in it are produced all the beautiful stage pictures of the establishment. Simply to say that it is the studio would lead the reader who is not specially informed to a very erroneous idea of its form and furniture; he would see in the mind's eye, no doubt, an ordinary *atelier*, with the usual adjuncts, and no other feature of notable peculiarity than the increased size indispensable for canvases of heroic proportions. But scenic art, so-called, is not at all the same thing as the other branches of painting, and though one standard may be applied to the results, the methods by which the complete work is obtained are very dissimilar. The painter for galleries has his whole canvas before him and can study at a glance the relation of one part of his picture with another, and the effect of each stroke upon the work that has preceded it. He is more or less minute and finished, however broad his style may be. But the painter for a theater has only one small section of the whole canvas before him at a time, and he has to develop that while the remainder is out of sight. He has to paint, not for the sort of inspection which another picture would receive, but with an eye to the effect his work will have when seen at a distance of from twenty-five to one hundred or more feet, in gas-light and lime-light, and never by an audience in the searching brilliance of sunlight. His starting-point is a model prepared on a scale of one inch to each foot of space that will be covered by the actual scene. The model is built upon a miniature stage, and it is exactly what the finished "set," as seen by the audience, will be in every detail, except size, with the difference, of course, that it is painted with twelve times more delicacy than its larger duplicate. The models of a talented scene-painter are of great value to managers, and are often worthy of preservation for their novel beauty. Having thus made his composition in miniature, the painter "scales" it with pencil or charcoal on his canvas; and as we turn away from the "flies," we find him working and whistling a tune in his loft. The dark ascent of the spiral stair-way, and the depth of the stage below, leave our nerves unsettled, and the position of the loft does not assuage their uneasiness. The floor is a long, narrow platform, suspended from above, which becomes tremulous under every foot-fall. Its width is not more than seven feet, and a wooden guard is all that intervenes

between it and the depth below. At one side is a bench with deep pots of color upon it, and at the other is the white canvas with a faintly sketched design upon it, which the artist is filling in with apparently chaotic and unmodulated dashes of paint. He has neither mahl-stick nor palette; his brush is flat and some eight inches broad, and he wields it with the careless vigor of a bill-poster. He is dressed from head to foot in white canvas overalls, and the hand which he holds out to us is speckled like a trout. From time to time he calls to his assistants, and the scene is elevated or lowered as he requires. A strong light is thrown upon the canvas by a row of gas-jets with tin reflectors; a pungent vapor rises from a kettle of sizing which is simmering on a gas-stove. Neither the atmosphere nor the glimpses we frequently obtain of the gully beneath us are stimulating; but the painter is in high spirits, and tells us that it is a pleasure for him to be up here,—that he actually loves the odors and precipitous surroundings of the paint-loft. When the scene is complete it is rehearsed, and the artist views his own work from the auditorium, under the lights by which it will be seen by the audience. The inspection and the criticism of the manager may satisfy him, but if they do not, the canvas is once more hauled up, for revision. At night the paint-loft is hoisted still nearer the roof, and the "flies" are lighted up by many gas-jets, each of which is protected by a wire mask.

Near Tompkins Square, in the upper story of a factory, we see a row of pale-faced girls who are painting toys—an industry of modern introduction in America, which, having superseded the necessity for importation, is now acquiring large proportions as an export. Not much art is applied to it; the colors are used lavishly, and without any restrictive adherence to fact. Horses are painted blue and pink, and other liberties are taken with nature which are sanctionable, perhaps, from the childish demand for brilliance of hue. "That, sir," said an overseer once, as he exhibited a crimson lion with a golden mane to us,—“that, sir, is the most perfect animal made in the trade”; and, no doubt, the infidelity of color gave it the preëminence. The girls cannot be even classified as skilled artificers; they are paid little and

have long hours to work for a living; but they are unconsciously preparing future surprises and joys for thousands of children whom they may never know.

We must close this rapid chronicle with one more glimpse of the city, from one of the old and almost obsolete watch-towers of the fire department, where, in a small octagonal house, nearly one hundred and fifty feet above the level, and supported on iron pillars, a man is stationed to scan the roofs below for any sign of fire. The street patrol is so numerous, and the telegraph alarm-boxes are so widely distributed, that fires are usually announced by them before they can be seen from the bell-towers, which have all been abandoned save the one to which we refer. This is in Spring street, and a few nights ago we spent an hour in it with the watchman. Passing through the engine-house, with its suggestive preparations for emergencies, we toiled up the dark spiral stair-way, and tapped at the trap-door which admitted us into the little house on the apex. The man was alone and without a light; the solitariness of his situation seemed to impart a tremulous pathos to his voice. "It's good enough up here in the long summer evenings," he said, puffing the while at his pipe; "but in the north-westerns, which shake the house so as to upset a bucket of water, there's no keeping warm, and in a thunder-storm it's awful, the way the lightning plays around." We looked below on the roofs, which in this neighborhood are mostly old-fashioned, with gables and steep slopes; it was like looking at some broken sea of lava, dark and undistinguishable. The main thoroughfares threw tracings of reflected light against the sky, and a few double files of yellow lamps were visible. There was no motion and little sound. "Yes," continued the watchman, in response to a word of ours; "there's plenty to think about down there, but it kinder makes me sad; I don't seem to belong to it, and in the blackest part of the night I seem to see things—hundreds of things—going on under them roofs, when there's really nothing." The watchman did not understand his own spiritual sense, but with him as with us the profundity and vastness of the life of the city are emphasized by the concealment, and, as we have said, what the eye could not see the heart feels with extreme solemnity.

## THE CALHOUN SUMMER HOME.\*



CALHOUN'S OFFICE AND HOME, FORT HILL.

NO MORE beautiful or salubrious region is to be found in the whole United States than that which is lifted above the low level and clinging heat of the Atlantic coast by the clustered hills of the Blue Ridge; and no part of this range is more attractive than that included in the easternmost corner of South Carolina, where that State lies like a wedge between North Carolina and Georgia.

It was here, half a century or more ago, that one of the men of the South, who has stamped his name deeply into American history, the Honorable John C. Calhoun, fixed his home, and possessed himself of what have now become ancestral acres. In the prime of the old Southern supremacy and prosperity, in the zenith of the statesman's career, it was a place where the citizens of Charleston and Columbia, and all of the rest of the world who were fortunate in having the owner's friendship, went for large hospitality and rural sport *au grand seigneur*. In these days of the decadence of all that make such a place glorious and its owner an autocrat, the half-deserted mansion has become a point of pilgrimage for those whose imaginations still cling to

the old order of things, and of curiosity to others, who care to see a relic of former pride.

The approach to it is from the railway station on the Piedmont Air Line at Central, and the distance about nine miles. The road lies almost all the way through fine woods of a great variety of trees, largely of second growth, exhibiting forcibly the decline in agriculture that has followed the downfall of the institution of slavery. Here and there a picturesque, deeply sunken stream, where the trout lies, is crossed upon a bridge of poles, or you come out upon some eminence, whence you can look away over miles and miles of forest-clothed hills, rarely broken by tilled land, showing few houses, and seeming almost as wild and quiet as when white men first came.

"What is the name of this stream?" the driver is asked, at the first one, confident that some pleasant tradition lingers about its sunny margin.

"Eighteen," he answers.

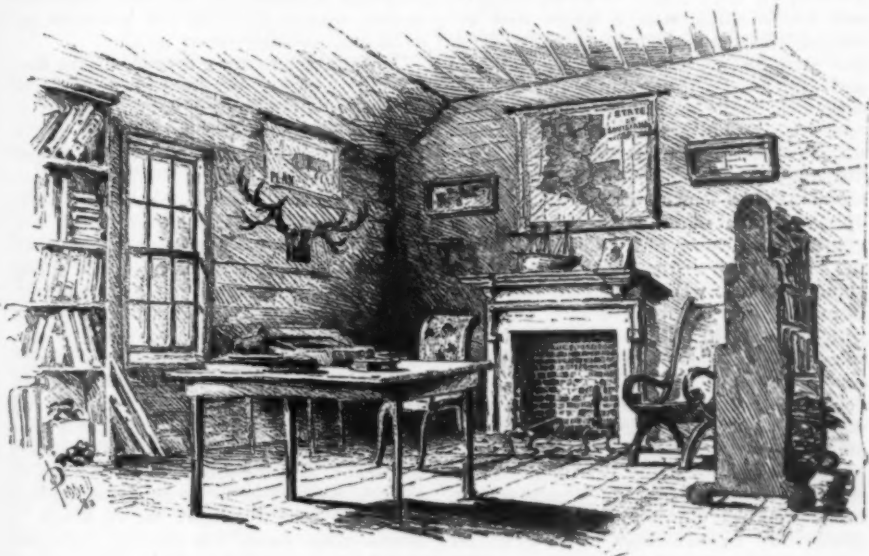
"Eighteen! How came it to be called that?"

"Why, you see, in the Revolutionary times, settlements were scarce here. The

[\* Since this article was put in type, the Calhoun house (we believe not the office) has been destroyed by fire. Due allowance for this fact must be made by the reader.—ED. S. M.]

white men were scattered all through the country separately, and down below here a piece they built a stockade. One time there was some trouble, and the white men and friendly Indians in the garrison were pushed right smart by the enemy who surrounded them. Finally a girl named Nancy Hart managed to get through, and she jumped bareback on a horse, and started up this way as hard as she could ride, rousing everybody to go to the relief of the garrison. As she rode along, she gave every creek coming down out of the mountains the name of the distance it was from the stockade. And so you'll find 'em—Six, that is Six-mile Creek, Ten, Twelve, Eighteen, Three-and-Twenty, and so on up to Ninety-six, where she stopped. I reckon she guessed at it, but 'pears like she calc'lated right close."

upon the crest of a long, steep ridge which approaches close to the margin of a placid stream now called the Seneca River. There is a vague story of early Indian fights on this ridge, and, in plowing it, many stone relics have come to light. Later, when the sturdy mountaineers were rallying for the new republic in '76, and resisting the soldiers whom the Crown landed on the Carolina coast or marched down from Virginia; when Marion was ranging the woods with his squirrel-hunters, and King's Mountain saw a day of bloody battle on its rounded summit and along its abrupt sides, then this pleasant hill by the Seneca was again fortified and garrisoned under the name of Fort Salvador, after its commander, and more than one half-Indian skirmish took place within sound of its one small cannon.



CALHOUN'S OFFICE.

It is a gradual ascent to the central part of the estate, where "Fort Hill" holds its commanding position. Calhoun found the name ready for him when he came, and well-supported by history, or, at least, by tradition. When the Six Nations, of which the Senecas were the chief representatives in this region, were at their fullest power, they had extended their sway as far south as here, driving back the Indian tribe which previously had held possession. It was a frontier post of their domain, however, and here they built a stockade for defense

Around this garrison grew up a small settlement, and a well was dug to guard against being cut off from a supply of water. Tradition says that after Salvador had been killed in one of the fights, and General Wilkinson had taken command, disasters followed and the place was abandoned, but that first a large amount of valuables and of war material was buried in the old well. It is the Captain Kidd's treasure tale of the region.

When, half a century ago, Calhoun bought this place, to which he had been



attracted while up here hunting and fishing in summer vacations, he for the first time extinguished the Seneca title, acquiring about fifteen hundred acres.

His first act was to lay out and improve an extensive park, and to build a house upon the top of the hill, where a wide landscape of marvelous beauty saluted his eyes in every direction. It is this park and mansion that now appear through an opening in the tangled woods, and realize the traditions of the old, rich, rural life in the South.

From the heavy gate which a little negro labors excitedly to swing back on its rusty hinges, showing all his white teeth at a nickel, a broad and solid road, brown with a carpet of fine needles, winds upward toward a mansion that reminds one of Mount Vernon,—a large house of stone, stuccoed and whitewashed, with a gable roof extending over the porch, and supported upon four great pillars, stuccoed into smoothness and whiteness. At the farther, or western, side of the main house begins an extension, one story in height and made of wood, which is fully one hundred feet long. This held the kitchen and house-servants' rooms, and it was half-screened from view by a row of cedars that have now become sadly gnarled and dead. Just under the brow of the hill, in front of the house, bursts out a copious spring, whose drainage has cut a deep gully into the rocky slope. Over this spring was built a low, square house, the mossy roof of which is too low to obstruct the view from the piazza. Underneath, the rock was excavated into a large chamber, where the spring was curbed and taught a sober channel, cooling the air for the rows of pans of milk and the jars of butter that dwelt in the shady, semi-subterranean retreat. Stone steps led down to this dairy, and a phœbe-bird or two built a nest in the rough portal. Beyond, a little way, four stout posts held a large pigeon-house, a ladder's length above the ground, and beyond this stretched a clover-field down to the river.

Entering the broad hall in the center of the mansion, the eye rests upon a large number of antlers, all of deer killed close by, and some with the senator's own rifle. Even now the woods about there are full of venison, and only the day before the writer's visit a black bear had come down from the forest at high noon, trotted leisurely through the door-yard, run across the park, and so gone out again to his wilderness.

In the sitting-room, which opens at the

left of the hall, everything is substantially as Mr. Calhoun left it, and all is plain and worn. The old-fashioned side-board was constructed of historic wood, and, besides much family plate, it was ornamented by two great polished horns of African oxen, handsomely mounted in gold, a gilt clock of the time of Louis XVI., and other lesser articles of *virtu*, all gifts to Mr. Calhoun. Another interesting relic was the old straight-backed, sprawl-legged arm-chair which Washington used at Trenton. The negroes believe that it incapacitates the person who sits fifteen minutes in it for successfully lying during the following sixty days. It is not in high repute among them, therefore, as an easy chair. In the more reserved "parlor," beyond this room, are many family portraits in antique frames, including a queer one of Mrs. Calhoun's mother when a girl, with her hair done up in an inconceivably bushy manner.

But the statesman's favorite haunt was his library, which occupies a square, one-storied structure by itself, a hundred feet or so in the rear of the house. One gets a good idea of the grandeur of the old estate from the porch of this little building, whence he can view the three hundred acres of park, and admire the gigantic, symmetrical, it is not too much to say perfect, examples of live-oak, cedar, and other trees that group themselves picturesquely in this noble demesne. Beyond it, the hill slopes away to the river bottoms, which, overflowed yearly, are perpetually fertile, and to the greensward or black fallow that marks the swell of old Fort Hill. At his right, close by, is the old house-garden, now a tangled, odorous jungle of roses and grapes; at his left a varied landscape, with the spires of old Pendleton, the county-town, in the distance; behind him a valley full of woodland, out of which, a dozen miles away, rise the hill and park and large white house where the senator's brother resided. This latter estate can be seen from the railway trains, when they are a few miles west of Central.

The library has its sides filled with bookshelves, and these are packed with volumes of every description, though largely the literature of the law and the rostrum. Calhoun's own speeches appear in several editions, and there are many books that bear the marks of his pen. A marble bust of the senator occupies a pedestal in the corner, and here are the table at which he wrote, the chair in which he sat, the pictures that pleased his taste. It is a dark and

somber room, though; there is not a bit of brightness or light to relieve the sober array of books, the heavy furniture, the dark paint, and dull, groined ceiling.

When John C. Calhoun sat, and wrote, and attended to his affairs in this gloomy library, he was a man not only of unbounded influence, but of great wealth. Besides this princely domain, he was proprietor of a great plantation in Alabama. He owned from three to five hundred slaves, and kept them all busy. He would send a detach-

ment down to his cotton-fields, as long as they could stand it, and then bring them back here to the brisk mountain air for recuperation. At one time this home-estate amounted to fifteen hundred acres, but now it is not more than half as large, and is going into a melancholy decay for lack of money to make its cultivation profitable or its beauty available for any one's pleasure. It still remains in the family, but a purchaser for the larger part, if not for the whole, would probably be welcomed.

## PETER THE GREAT AS RULER AND REFORMER.\* VI.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

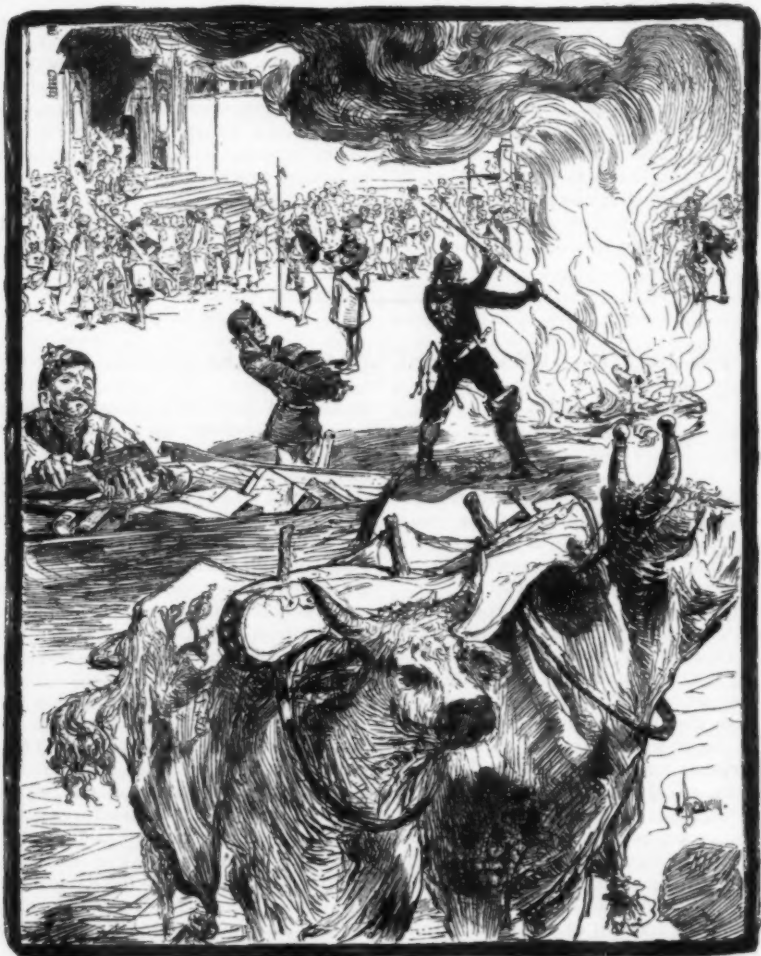
#### PATKUL.

WE have seen that the surrender of Patkul was one of the conditions of the peace of Altranstädt. The political career of this unhappy man is inseparably connected with the war between Charles and Peter.

We have already spoken of the way in which Patkul was identified with the early history of the war, the share he had in bringing it about, and in forming the alliance between Augustus and Peter. In the battle on the Düna, he commanded one wing of the Saxon troops under Field-Marshal Steinau, was severely wounded, and was taken to Mitau. Six weeks later, in September, 1701, Prince Gregory Dolgorúky, the Russian envoy at Warsaw, wrote to the Tsar: "Patkul has hardly got well from his wound, but he has been to see me, and said that he does not intend to serve any longer in Poland, on account of the way in which the King has treated his allies; that for a time he will live in Breslau and look about to find some place to serve." Peter, who, like all Patkul's contemporaries, had a great opinion of his abilities, immediately invited him to enter his service. This opportune offer was taken into consideration, and Patkul started for Moscow, where he arrived in Passion Week, in 1702. The Tsar received him kindly, consulted with him on several occasions, and renewed his offers, which were ultimately accepted by Patkul, who then received the rank of privy councillor, and was subsequently appointed a lieutenant-general. There exists in the

archives at Moscow a curious document of this period, written by Patkul in German, in which he sets forth in detail his acquirements, experience, and qualifications; disclaiming all knowledge of marine affairs, and any special acquaintance with artillery or cavalry, but asserting his thorough competence in all relating to the infantry, to engineering, mathematics, architecture, and the construction of fortresses. During the three weeks which Patkul remained in Moscow, he had many interviews and conversations with the Tsar and with Golovín on the subject of procuring foreign officers for the army, and generally with regard to inviting foreigners to take service in Russia. The famous manifesto of April 27th, 1702, inviting foreigners to settle in Russia, was issued on the advice of Patkul, and was submitted to him for approbation. On the same day, the Tsar commissioned him to enter into various negotiations with the King of Poland, and to engage at his discretion foreigners for the Russian service, fixed his salary at one thousand *reichsthalers* a month, presented him with an estate of four hundred families of serfs, and his portrait set in diamonds, valued at three thousand rubles.

"It is sufficiently known," said this celebrated manifesto, "in all the lands which the Almighty has placed under our rule, that since our accession to the throne all our efforts and intentions have tended to govern this state in such a way that all of our subjects should, through our care for the general good, become more and more prosperous. For this end, we have always tried to maintain internal order, to defend the state against invasion, and in every way possible to improve and to extend trade. With this purpose we have been compelled to make some necessary and salutary changes in the administration,



THE EXECUTIONER BURNING THE ACCUSATIONS AGAINST PATKUL, IN THE SQUARE OF THE KREMLIN.

in order that our subjects might more easily gain a knowledge of matters of which they were before ignorant, and become more skillful in their commercial relations. We have therefore given orders, made dispositions, and founded institutions indispensable for increasing our trade with foreigners, and shall do the same in future. Nevertheless we fear that matters are not in such a good condition as we desire, and that our subjects cannot in perfect quietness enjoy the fruits of our labors, and we have therefore considered still other means to protect our frontier from the invasion of the enemy, and to preserve the rights and privileges of our state, and the general peace of all Christians, as is incumbent on a Christian monarch to do. To attain these worthy aims, we have endeavored to improve our military forces, which are the protection of our state, so that our

troops may consist of well-drilled men, maintained in perfect order and discipline. In order to obtain greater improvement in this respect, and to encourage foreigners who are able to assist us in this way, as well as artists and artisans profitable to the state, to come in numbers to our country, we have issued this manifesto, and have ordered printed copies of it to be sent throughout Europe."

Although the improvement of commerce was put forward, it will be seen that the main object of the manifesto was to obtain skilled officers for the army. In order to encourage foreigners to come to Russia, and to remove all fear of ill treatment, it

was expressly stated that all previous laws and decrees restricting the arrival or the departure of foreigners were thereby repealed, that all who came with the intention of entering the Russian service would receive a free passage and a full protection; and that they might experience no difficulties arising from their ignorance of the Russian laws, they should be placed under the jurisdiction of a special tribunal composed of foreigners, where all proceedings should be conducted, not according to the Russian law, but according to the Roman civil law. More than that, the principle of religious tolerance was set forth in this decree almost as fully as by Frederick the Great, half a century later. "And as in our residence of Moscow," the manifesto goes on to say, "the free exercise of religion of all other sects, although not agreeing with our church, is already allowed, so shall this be hereby confirmed anew in such wise that we, by the power granted to us by the Almighty, will exercise no compulsion over the consciences of men, and will gladly allow every Christian to care for his own salvation at his own risk." No one was to be hindered or oppressed in either the private or public exercise of the religion of any Christian sect. It will be noticed that the freedom of religious exercise granted by Peter extended only to Christians. From these privileges he, by implication, excepted the Jews. At another time he expressed himself particularly on this point. "I would rather," he said, "see among us the best people of the Mohammedan and heathen beliefs than Jews. They are rascals and cheats. I root out evil and do not spread it. They shall have no abode and no trade in Russia, however much they may try to get it, and however near to me may be the people they bribe."

A few days after the departure of the Tsar for Archangel, a curious honor was paid to Patkul. All the Swedish prisoners were collected on the great square of the Krémelin, and there, in their midst, the executioner publicly burned all the pamphlets and accusations which had been printed in Stockholm against Patkul. This was in reply to a similar action on the part of the Swedish Government, which, four months before, had burned in Stockholm various pamphlets published in Patkul's defense.

From that time on, Patkul was active in the Tsar's service, first in Vienna, negotiating with Kaunitz, and engaging such men as Ogilvy, Rönne, and Huyssen to enter

the Russian service; then in the Ukraine, negotiating with Mazeppa and Palei, and hoping to arrange the border disputes between Poland and Russia; then at the foundation of St. Petersburg, high in the favor and confidence of the Tsar, and then in Saxony, in command of the auxiliary troops, and planning, plotting, and countermining, both at Dresden and at Berlin. He was ever on the alert, ever active, ever ready with word and pen wherever there seemed to him a point to be gained or an opportunity to be used. He advised and criticised Matvéief at The Hague, he disputed with Dolgorúky at Warsaw, he directed Huyssen in his literary campaign to influence public opinion throughout Europe, he carefully watched the maneuvers of the Court of Berlin, and gave personal counsel to King Augustus.

Yet Patkul did not fulfill the expectations of Peter. His incessant activity, his laborious intrigues, his careful reports, led to no practical result. The great object of his life was, as we know, to forward the interests and preserve the privileges of the Livonian nobility. It was for this that he did his best to bring about the war. It was for this that he took service first with Poland and then with Russia. It was therefore natural that he should strain all his influence with the Tsar to induce him to leave the Baltic provinces, to unite his forces with those of Augustus, and to attack Charles. His conduct was loyal, but his personal views in this, as in other things, conflicted with those of his new master. He was not a Russian, and, like many well-educated foreigners, looked on the Russians with contempt. The Tsar, in employing foreigners, intended them to be teachers and instructors, and to serve as examples to the Russians. He was willing to put up with an occasional mistake or error, if his subjects gradually improved. Patkul's plan was to officer the whole army with foreigners, leaving each general free to choose his subordinates. In the same way, as he had a contempt for Russian diplomats, with their inexperience, their ignorance of languages, and their lack of knowledge of society, he desired to make himself a sort of general diplomatic representative of the Tsar abroad, residing at Dresden or The Hague—with a number of secretaries, residents, and *chargés d'affaires* under his direction. He finally succeeded in persuading Peter to adopt his plan in part, and the Germans whom he recommended—Urbich, Neuhausen, and Lita—were appointed resi-



dents in Vienna, Copenhagen, and Berlin; but while they furnished the Russian Government with valuable and interesting reports, they were not placed under the supreme control of Patkul. As a diplomatist, Patkul did not show himself worthy of his reputation. He had no knowledge of the general interests of Russia, no sympathy with the Russians. He took no broad views of any subject. The whole aim of his diplomacy seemed to be to obtain temporary and even trifling successes on minor points, and to gain advantages in quibbling and word-twisting. His impetuous temper and his prejudices made it difficult always to trust to what he said. As Dolgorúky once said to Golovín: "I think you now know Patkul. One must carefully examine not only his words but even his letters. If he writes when he is in ill-humor, he will not even give praise to God himself."

With his temper, his belief in his own powers, and his constant interference, Patkul made himself more enemies than friends. He quarreled with Galítsyn at Vienna, and with Matvéief at The Hague; Dolgorúky at Warsaw refused to be in communication with him; the officers of the Russian troops in Saxony hated him; and, worst of all, he set the Saxon ministry against him. Even King Augustus complained to Dolgorúky that Patkul was bringing about misunderstandings between him and the Tsar by his personal malice, and bitterly said: "I know Patkul well, and his Tsarish Majesty will soon learn also that Patkul abandoned the service of his own master only for his own plans and profit."

In consequence of the Treaty of October, 1703, eleven Russian regiments, with an auxiliary force of Cossacks, made their appearance at the head-quarters of King Augustus in the summer of 1704. The Cossacks were under the command of Daniel Apostol, and the Russians under that of Prince Dimitri Galítsyn, who had distinguished himself diplomatically at Constantinople, but who had no knowledge of war, or of the management of troops. They had taken two months to march from Kief to Sokal, on the Western Bug, and so great had been the hardships of the march that the Russians had been reduced in number from over nine thousand to under seven thousand fit for service, and of the six thousand Cossacks only three thousand appeared. They were badly armed and badly clothed. "The men," wrote Patkul, who had the command over this auxiliary detach-

ment, "are so good that nothing better can be desired. They show perfect obedience, and willingly do all that they are ordered. But it is impossible to do anything with the officers, and, therefore, the men govern themselves." The officers, he advised, should be immediately replaced by Germans. Patkul became at once involved in trouble with Prince Galítsyn, whom alone the officers were willing to obey, and complained of the harm that Galítsyn was causing the troops by his stupid commissariat arrangements, and his inconsistency. "At one time he takes on himself the furnishing of all the provisions, at another he suddenly gives this over to the royal commissariat. At one time he wants his soldiers to bake bread for themselves, at another he suddenly makes a demand for baked bread, and insists that it be furnished in the twinkling of an eye." Words were scarcely strong enough to express his opinion of the character, the cowardice, and the want of discipline of the Cossacks. It must be admitted that the Russian and Cossack officers retaliated in like wise.

With nine of the Russian battalions, Patkul undertook the siege of Posen, but, after waiting a month before the city for reinforcements and making a breach in the walls, he was obliged by the order of the King to give up the siege on the very day fixed for its storm, and retire into Saxony. Here he was joined by the remnants of four other regiments which, under the command of General Görtz, had been cut to pieces by the Swedes near Fraustadt, and was given quarters near Guben, in Lower Lusatia. Here they suffered great distress. All the resources of the province had been previously exhausted by the Saxon troops, and Russian money was at such a discount that the inhabitants were unwilling to receive it, and the Saxon officials refused to give forage and provisions. The artillery was reduced to such a state as to be utterly useless. The men had tattered uniforms and no shoes, and excited the sympathy of the German officers who, out of curiosity, came to look at them. Galítsyn, in reporting the bad condition of his men, threw constant blame upon Patkul. Patkul, at the same time, in writing to Golovín, said that their state was a shame to the Tsar. They had received no pay for a long time, and if matters went on in this way, it would be necessary for them to die on the spot, or to run away, become marauders, and fill the galleys and wheels. He, in his turn, threw



blame on Galitsyn, whom he accused of neglect and indifference. For the men themselves he had the highest praise, mentioned with surprise that during the whole campaign no soldier had rendered himself liable to capital punishment, and even began to think that something could be made out of the Russian officers. They at all events knew what obedience meant. Finally he raised large sums of money on his own personal credit, reclothed the troops, supplied them with provisions, and in eight months' time their appearance was so altered that the Saxons themselves admitted that they were, in general, superior to any body of German soldiers. Still no money came from Russia, and the credit of Patkul could not last forever. Again he wrote dispatch after dispatch on the condition of the troops, accusing the Saxon ministers of acting contrary to the orders of the King in not giving provisions, and in not furnishing better quarters. He proposed to the Tsar that as it was impossible for the troops to return to Russia through Poland, which was occupied by the Swedes, an arrangement might be made with the Emperor by which they should enter the Austrian service. Peter consented to this on the condition that it should be done only in case of extreme necessity, and that they should not serve for more than one campaign. To clear himself from all responsibility in the decision of this matter, Patkul called a council of war, and placed before the Russian officers five questions, as to the possibility of returning to Russia either through Prussia or Austria without cavalry, as to the method of obtaining provisions, and as to the safest route. At a second council he asked whether the present quarters were possible for another winter, and whether the troops had provisions and money, stating at the same time that, in case of the impossibility of marching through Poland, the Tsar would place them in the service of another state. The unanimous reply was that it was impossible to stay there or go through Poland, and that they were ready to serve wherever the Tsar ordered. With this Patkul proceeded to Dresden, and made a treaty with Count Stratmann, the imperial envoy, by which the troops were to be taken into the imperial service for a year, on advantageous conditions. Several secret articles provided guarantees for Saxony and for Augustus.

Patkul had long been obnoxious to the Saxon ministers. He had exposed their double dealing, and had been unsparing in

his denunciations of them, both in his official reports and in his private letters to his friends. He had criticised the acts and policy of Augustus in his dispatches to the Tsar, for which he had been called to account by the King himself, and shortly before, when on a special mission to Berlin, had discussed at length their conduct of affairs in Saxony. He thought he had discovered that the chief reason of the vacillation of the Court of Prussia was want of faith in Augustus, and had defended that monarch at the expense of his ministers, and had promised that the Tsar would do his best to have them removed. If Patkul really saw no more into the motives which guided Prussian policy at that time than his dispatches show, he was short-sighted; if he did, he allowed his feelings of hostility and revenge to get the better of his judgment. However that may be, what he had told and done came back to Dresden, and made his enemies still more bitter. Even the marriage that he was on the point of contracting with Madame von Einsiedel, the rich widow of a Saxon magnate, and lady of honor to the Electress Dowager, was made an accusation against him.\* The opportunity offered for revenge was too good to be missed. The Saxon ministry, although they had received notice of every stage of the negotiations from Patkul himself, affected surprise and horror at this injury to the King's interests, this insult to his dignity, and on the proposition of General Schulenburg, Patkul's bitterest enemy, arrested him at night in his own house, on his return from his betrothal, and conveyed him to the castle of Sonnenstein, near Pirna. His letters and papers were all seized, and for a long time he was allowed no communication with any one. Even Danmitz, who had been sent by Augustus with a verbal message from the Tsar, was not permitted to see him alone. The arrest of a foreign minister in the discharge of his functions created a great sensation, not only in Dresden, but everywhere on the Continent. The Danish, Prussian, and Austrian envoys protested, and some of them withdrew from the capital, on the ground that they were no longer safe. Prince Galitsyn, in command of the troops, although hostile personally to Patkul, wrote also a

\* He had bought an estate in Switzerland, where he intended to pass the rest of his days, having resolved to retire from the annoyances of his political life.

strong protest, and demanded his immediate release, putting it on the ground of the great loss to which the Tsar would be exposed by the protest of all the bills of exchange of Patkul, who had sole charge of the finances of the troops. The Saxon ministers alleged in excuse that they had arrested Patkul, not as a foreign minister, but as a military officer under the command of the field-marshal, to prevent him from committing an act of treason against the King by the transfer of the troops. Augustus appeared personally well disposed, and accused Patkul of nothing more than of his violent temper, saying: "It is always a pity that the man is so fearfully vehement. He has uncommon understanding, great *capacité*, and is extremely good for all sorts of affairs; but when he becomes wild, there is nothing to be done with him." But he refused to interfere with the acts of his ministers, and Schönbeck was sent to the Tsar at Grodno, with a long and labored explanation and defense of the act, and with many complaints of Patkul's quarrelsome disposition, but with no other grave accusation. Peter, although he maintained that Patkul should have waited for another order before concluding that the extreme necessity had arrived for turning the troops over to Austria, yet demanded that the prisoner should be immediately sent to him, with all his papers untouched; insisted that his envoy was responsible to him alone, and promised to make a close investigation into the whole affair. There were excuses and delays. The Swedes were then at Grodno, and the Saxon ministers knew that Peter would be obliged to content himself with protests. And so it was. The numerous demands of the Tsar were not complied with, and Patkul remained a prisoner, first at Sonnenstein, and then at Königsstein.

It was indeed difficult for the Tsar to do anything in the matter. He was already at war with Charles, and if this had brought about a breach between him and Augustus,

the Saxons would have been only too pleased, as it would have led to the conclusion of peace with Sweden. Under such circumstances, there is no penalty for a breach of international law. It is judged only before the tribunals of conscience, of public opinion, and of history. Charles was too much taken up with what the verdict of history would be on his other exploits to think of what might be said of his treatment of Patkul, and Augustus was already hardened to breaches of international law. Had he not broken the neutrality of Austria? Had he not seized the prince Sobieski without harm to himself? Had he not arrested the French minister, the Marquis du Heron, for correspondence with Charles, imprisoned him, and sent him out of the country, and yet Louis XIV. had not stirred a finger? Nevertheless, it is but fair to say that Augustus did show some twinges of conscience with regard to the surrender of Patkul. He hesitated and delayed a long time about performing this article of the treaty, and did so at last only under great pressure. It is reported that even then he sent word privately to the commander of Königsstein to allow Patkul to escape, and that the flight of the prisoner was only prevented by the avarice of the commandant, who, knowing that Patkul was rich, insisted on a heavy bribe, and that the time for escape was spent in discussion of the amount. The truth of this story has been doubted by later historians; at all events it is characteristic of Augustus.

Patkul was finally delivered to General Meyerfeld on the 18th of April, 1707, and on the 10th of October he was executed at Kasimirz, not far from Posen.

The contract between Patkul and Stratzmann for the delivery of the troops to the Emperor was not carried out, but they were nevertheless not surrendered to the Swedes on the arrival of Charles. They succeeded in marching back to Russia through Silesia.

#### THE DIFFERENCE.

TOUCH me, kiss me, and keep me fast,  
But glad and near as your strong arms hold me,  
And close as your dear caress may fold me,  
Time laughs it away—and it cannot last!

Grieve me,—leave me,—but if you give  
The thought of your heart in any fashion,  
In words of wisdom or words of passion,  
It stays with me, while I breathe and live!

## IN CAMP.

'Tis night upon the lake. Our camp is made  
'Twixt shore and hill, beneath the pine-trees' shade.  
'Tis still, and yet what woody noises loom  
Against the background of the silent gloom!  
One well might hear the opening of a flower  
If day were hushed as this. A mimic shower  
Just shaken from a branch, how large it sounded  
As 'gainst our canvas roof its three drops bounded!  
Across the rumpling waves the hoot-owl's bark  
Tolls forth the midnight hour upon the dark.  
What mellow booming from the woods doth come?—  
The mountain quarry strikes its mighty drum.

Long had we lain beside our pine-wood fire,  
From things of sport our talk had risen higher.  
How frank and intimate the words of men  
When tented lonely in some forest glen!  
No dallying now with masks from whence emerges  
Scarce one true feature forth. The night wind urges  
To straight and simple speech. So we had thought  
Aloud; no well-hid secrets but were brought  
To light. The spiritual hopes, the wild,  
Unreasoned longings, that from child to child,  
Mortals still cherish, though with modern shame—  
To these, and things like these, we gave a name;  
And as we talked, the intense and resinous fire  
Lit up the towering boles, till nigh and nigher  
They gathered round, a ghostly company,  
Like beasts who seek to know what men may be.

Then to our hemlock beds, but not to sleep,—  
For listening to the stealthy steps that creep  
About the tent, or falling branch, but most  
A noise was like the rustling of a host,  
Or like the sea that breaks upon the shore.  
It was the pine-tree's murmur. More and more  
It took a human sound.—These words I felt  
Into the skyey darkness float and melt:

"Heardst thou these wanderers reasoning of a time  
When men more near the Eternal One shall climb?  
How like the new-born child, who cannot tell  
A mother's arm that wraps him warm and well!  
Leaves of His rose; drops in His sea that flow—  
Blind, deaf, insensate, they nor see nor know  
Here, in this breathing world of joy and fear,  
We can no nearer get to God than here."

## ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION IN THE MECHANIC ARTS.

IMMEDIATELY after a child has passed the destructive age, the age in which he breaks things in order to see what makes them go, he enters upon a period devoted to attempts to construct something. If he is so fortunate as to have kindergarten training, this inherent tendency is taken advantage of, and even in the common primary school some use is made of blocks and pencils; but when the child passes into the grammar-school, what a dreary waste it seems to the active brain and the restless hand!

Is it not true that at the very age when manual dexterity can be most easily and surely attained, most children are removed from all opportunity to learn how to use their hands, except such chance as they have in playing marbles, peg-top, base-ball, and other games, and that they are set to work on purely mental exercises? From the age of six or seven to fifteen or sixteen, are not most boys and girls confined five hours a day at mere head-work—the little variation that music and drawing have lately given being more than counterbalanced by lessons out of school? And, if a parent tries to keep his children out of the public mill, does he not find that his choice lies between a private school that is wholly given over to classical study, or one that serves as an asylum for incapables?

What child, of rich or poor parentage, is the worse for the possession of some degree of manual dexterity? Who can tell when the child is ten years old what its position will be at twenty? The changes in position, in this country, are reason enough why boys and girls alike should learn to use their hands, at least in the elementary way proposed in this paper. It has been observed that the active and restless boys who used to get flogged the most for truancy and mischief have often made the most capable men. Why was this? Perhaps because playing truant required or developed some decision of character, and the mischief perpetrated often called for sagacity in planning and dexterity in execution. Their trained sagacity and dexterity have served them in later years, notwithstanding their truancy.

But this is not the whole. The boy who can play well, and who is the leader in athletic or other sports, is so because he has trained his muscles and his hands to act readily

under quick and intelligent mental direction. Are not these also the qualities that make the skill of the handicraftsman? In former days, before machinery had been so widely applied to the necessary work of life, the faculties which had been partially developed by the boy in various games, were a little later applied by the apprentice to the handicrafts by which a livelihood was to be gained. Even the boys who went into business, no matter what their social position, were obliged to take their turn in building the fires, sweeping the lofts, opening the cases, packing the goods, and other arts not of a very high kind, indeed, but yet developing that most invaluable quality which no other word can describe—"gumption." In place of the varied work that the mechanic apprentice, or the boy of the store, was formerly called upon to do, what substitutes have we found? Such inadequate ones that it is a matter of common remark that the best workmen among the repair-hands in the factories, whose work is of a varied kind requiring manual skill, are now almost all old men.

In many trades where manual skill is required in finishing and assembling after the machine work has been done, the best hand-workmen are more and more from the continent of Europe, where manual labor still prevails to a greater extent than in England or in this country, and where there is an inherited capacity for skill in handicraft. We are training *no American craftsmen*, and unless we devise better methods than the old and now obsolete apprentice system, much of the perfection of our almost automatic mechanism will have been achieved at the cost not only of the manual but also of the mental development of our men. Our almost automatic mills and machine-shops will become mental stupefactories.

There is a better chance for women to retain their faculty of manual dexterity, because it has not yet been possible to apply machinery to the work of women in nearly so great a degree as it has been applied to that of men.

This question of industrial training has lately received much attention from those who are attempting to reform our system of education and to adapt it more fully to the necessities of American life, but many of the proposed methods aim too high. Element-

any instruction in the intelligent use of the hand itself must precede all attempts to apply the hand to specific trades.

In the consideration of this question we will take up—

First. What has been attempted, and in part accomplished, in the Mechanic Art School of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Second. What may be done in a special school auxiliary to the grammar and high schools of cities and towns.

Third. What ought to and can be done in primary and grammar schools without special buildings or expensive apparatus.

#### I.

##### THE MECHANIC ART SCHOOL OF THE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

THIS school is mainly an auxiliary to the regular courses of instruction which constitute the main purposes of the Institute. If suitable preparatory instruction were given elsewhere it would be much better; but the department was established almost *perforce*, because there was no place where a boy combining mechanical aptitude and mental ability, and desiring to follow the profession of a mechanical engineer or a scientific architect and builder, could be trained in the use of tools. Because of this want it has happened that, while there are plenty of engineers who are not mechanics, plenty of draughtsmen who are mis-called architects, plenty of builders by rule of thumb who have no title to the name, we have in this country very few fully competent men in any of these departments.

The necessity for adequate instruction in the use of tools has been so urgent upon some of the railways in England that departments of instruction have been established where young men of good education, who are intended for the higher places in the necessary work of conducting the traffic, are adequately trained.

The plan of the mechanic art school in the Institute was first tried in Russia, and is now being adopted in Germany, with almost the very same modifications that we have made in the time occupied and the course of instruction. The method is one by which the hand is trained to the use of tools at the same time that instruction is being given in the school studies that constitute a fit preparation, either for the active pur-

suit of any mechanical trade or for the higher technical training that is given in the regular courses of instruction in the Institute proper. The fundamental idea of the school is, that the head, and its servant the hand, must be trained to use tools intelligently before the tools are applied to the construction of anything for the purpose of sale, or before any idea of commercial value is permitted to affect the product of such use.

In modern practice, all the arts have become so specialized, that any average boy or young man who undertakes any branch has little opportunity to obtain what might be termed a liberal trade education, but rather risks becoming a mere part of a machine, capable of doing one thing well and nothing more. Hence, when an automatic method is devised that displaces a man who has been himself almost a part of an automatic mechanism, he is almost helpless, and incapable of turning his hand to other mechanical pursuits. He has had no elementary instruction, but only ignorant practice in a small department of a trade. The motive of this school is therefore elementary instruction; and the product in finished work may either be a good example of metal forging, filing, or fitting, or a simple bit of carpenter's work, of some value or use to the pupil, or possibly of some use in the further conduct of the instruction, but one that has been made without any reference whatever to the market. Therefore the time of the instructor has not been devoted to any futile attempt to secure a salable product from unskillful hands, but has been given to the training of the pupils in the use of their hands and heads at the same time.

A construction-shop in connection with a school implies a large expenditure for a variety of tools and machines, and the regular employment of a number of skillful workmen who shall make up, as well as may be, for the deficiencies of the pupils, and finish or set up the work only partly or imperfectly done by them. The school for elementary instruction, on the other hand, which we are describing, needs only a few hand-tools and simple machines, a force of competent instructors which is small in proportion to the number of pupils, and the use of a small quantity of inexpensive material.

Let us consider two examples of the ordinary methods now adopted to qualify boys to become mechanics or machinists. We will



consider the case of average boys, not those who have such a mechanical aptitude that they will qualify themselves wherever they are placed—though, for want of a right system, even such boys often qualify themselves in a roundabout way and with a great waste of time, and are also apt to become fixed in bad methods, difficult to unlearn when, at a later time, they have an opportunity to arrive at true methods.

A boy is graduated from a high school or a technical school that is not furnished with a mechanical laboratory. We will suppose him to have been well instructed in mathematics, in the theory of physics and mechanics, and in the use of language. He enters a machine shop where he hopes to excel and to become competent to supervise and direct work in casting, forging, filing, turning, and in assembling and fitting the different parts of a machine, the theory of which he fully comprehends, and a correct plan and drawing of which he can readily make. He knows the kind of work that is to be done, but has not the slightest appreciation of how it is to be done. He knows not how to apply his hand to hammer, chisel, or file, to plane or lathe. He has but the partial use even of his brain, for the hand and eye have not been trained with the head. He cannot detect sham work, or distinguish it from good work. The so-called practical man flouts at his "book knowledge," and is led to despise yet more than before the attempt at scientific methods of preparation for the necessary work of the shop. If the boy have a real spirit in him, he will slowly and painfully attain a sufficient knowledge of the practical work to pursue his chosen course of life; but more often he will subside into a mere draughtsman, or an employé of some sagacious manager who knows how to combine the brains of one man with the hands of another in the conduct of work, neither part of which he could do himself. Or else this young man will give up the undertaking to become a machinist, and enter upon some other branch of occupation entirely apart from the training in which he has spent so much valuable time.

Another boy leaves the high school, and, in place of a technical school, enters a machine-shop to become a machinist. Let us assume that it is a shop in which looms are being constructed. There may be five hundred men in the shop, each one of whom works by the piece on a particular part of a loom, but not ten of whom could possibly set up and start a loom so that it would

weave a yard of cloth. The boy is set to work ten hours a day—pickling castings, wheeling molding-sand, removing half-finished parts of iron or wood from the machine that has operated upon them; such work as this he must follow for months or years. An attempt may be made to give him some instruction in the evening school, which he attends when wearied with a long day's work. If he have ambition, aptitude, and very great physical strength, he may overcome the disadvantages of this method; but in nine cases out of ten he will presently find a place in some other department,—attending a machine, and capable of working at only one part of a loom, or some other product, the relation of which to other parts he very slightly comprehends. In what he undertakes he may do well, and he may earn fair wages, but he is rather an automaton than a machinist.

The writer lately inspected a shop, in which sewing-machines were being made, where one cam was shown to him that passed through sixty hands before it was ready for its place in the sewing-machine.

In order to overcome the disadvantages of this method to the machine operator, the attempt has been made in many places to establish machine-shops in connection with schools, for the manufacture of machinery for sale. The object in such cases is either to get a return for the instruction given, or to give the students a chance to earn money while they are getting their education. So far as the writer can ascertain, the first object has not been attained; and the second implies the use of so much more time in doing one thing than is required for purposes of instruction as to defeat the main object, or to impair the strength of those who attempt it. Such undertakings also imply very heavy expense in the plant (which is liable to be injured by unskillful use) and a great waste of costly material in the undertaking to construct machines, which, after all, cannot be sold in competition with those made in the regular shops devoted to their production, and in which the work is divided.

Another plan that has lately been suggested appears to be to fit up a large establishment with various tools and appliances suitable to many trades; then to turn a parcel of boys loose among them, and try to find out what work each one has a special aptitude for. This scheme also implies a very heavy cost of apparatus, tools, and machinery, and a great waste of material.

This method, if adopted, would be the "elective system" applied to boys who can have no intelligent idea of what the trades really are, and who have no friends specially qualified to direct them. A few with special aptitude would find their true places; but so they would in any case. The average boy would choose the work that seemed easy, or that did not soil his hands—as many college students are apt to choose the "soft electives." Certainly such a method is not calculated to develop earnest manhood or real mechanical ability any more than it does real scholarship.

In contradistinction to these two methods, the work of a school and of a shop, whose main purpose is instruction, is as follows: The work of the school is to develop the mind, and to give a clear comprehension of the theory of the mechanic arts in connection with the other studies which form part of a good common-school education, or of a preparation for a higher course of professional study. The work in the shop is to teach the application of the theory, and to train the eye, hand, and muscles intelligently to accuracy and readiness, to make the eye and hand competent instruments of an instructed mind, to aim to train mind and muscle together, so that in after life the most work shall be done with the least effort, the least waste, and in the most effective way.

Experience has uniformly shown that the training of the hand to do work of any kind, particularly when the work is such that it requires a certain amount of reasoning capacity, has a most beneficial influence, exciting the interest, zeal, and enthusiasm of the boys in the work of the school, whatever it may be. They will go through a great deal of study that is hard and dry,—in fact, mental work that they can hardly see the use of,—when it is varied by a certain amount of practical work in which hand, eye, and mind are practiced in concert.

The instruction in the department of mechanic arts in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is suitable for a graduate of a grammar school. Aside from the practice in the use of tools, instruction is given in algebra, geometry, English, elementary physics, and mechanical drawing. The average time taken up by these lessons and studies is four hours a day. Every other day three hours are devoted to systematic work in the shops. The course of instruction begins with the simplest and easiest lessons in carpentry, and gradually

goes on to the more difficult exercises, requiring accuracy and judgment. Beginning with the chalk-line and a piece of rough board, the pupil proceeds with sawing, planing, squaring, jointing, mitering, nailing, boring, dovetailing, mortising, and framing, receiving immediate lessons in the design, structure, use, and care of tools.

The boys who enter this school are usually those who have some mechanical turn. But what is the average condition of an average boy from a grammar school? If he has been bred in the country, he may know which way to drive a nail, and may have seen a blacksmith work iron; but, if he is a city boy, his average acquisitions consist in a tolerably good knowledge of arithmetic, a fair handwriting (in these latter days some knowledge of drawing), and the ability to parse a sentence according to a set of rules called English grammar, accompanied by an absolute incapacity to write a simple English letter, or to read aloud any book, except a school Reader, with any appearance of right emphasis, or intelligent comprehension of its contents. He will usually have skill in base-ball or other games requiring activity, readiness, quick observation, and discipline, on which games he will have well spent in the intervals of school as much attention and time as would serve at a later period to make him a skillful mechanic. Yet, as to the use of tools of almost any kind, this boy is usually utterly ignorant and incapable.

We have stated how we carry the pupil through the first lessons in carpentry. Wood-turning and pattern-making come next, to round out the pupil's instruction in the working of wood. The use of the patterns is illustrated by a series of lessons in molding, core-making, and casting. Thus far, the casting has been in iron only; but brass will also be used as soon as space can be provided for crucible furnaces. In the second year of the course, the pupils enter the blacksmith's shop, where they are first taught how to build and manage the fire; next, how to heat and how to strike the iron; then, in sequence, how to bend, draw out, upset, shape, weld, bore, punch, and rivet; how to heat, weld, and temper steel; how to case-harden iron. The articles made for illustration are required to be made of the precise forms and dimensions given in drawings, and with the fewest possible heatings. The aim is to teach each pupil to accomplish what is wanted with the fewest blows and the least waste of material.

## II.

## SPECIAL MECHANIC ART SCHOOLS IN CONNECTION WITH GRAMMAR AND HIGH SCHOOLS.

WE now come to the second question, How can this method be incorporated with the regular work of the grammar and high schools of a city? In cities there are usually one or more sections containing three or four hundred boys, who can alternate from the regular school-house to the mechanic art school-house. For boys in the grammar schools some lighter work may be provided; but it will suffice in this paper to consider the experience already obtained with reference to high-school boys only.

The kind of work that has been described thus far is adapted to boys of fourteen to seventeen, whose strength is equal to the work. Assuming plenty of room, the plant required for a school containing nearly four hundred pupils would be very inexpensive. The building should be of only one story,—a brick shell, with an asphalt-concrete floor, a plank roof covered with gravel, lighted and ventilated by monitors. The tools, as has been stated, are not of a costly kind; and the instructors would be good, practical carpenters, blacksmiths, or machinists.

The building should contain shops for: 1. Carpentry. 2. Forging and Molding. 3. Foundry-work. 4. Vise-work. 5. Brazing. 6. Wood-turning. 7. Metal-turning. 8. Metal-finishing. For greater security against fire, an independent building should be erected for a paint-shop.

This work would not be subject to the objection that applies to men and boys undertaking mental work in an evening school after they have been exhausted by a hard day's physical work; but it would afford an admirable opportunity to those who had not elsewhere an opportunity for muscular effort. The writer has had a little experience with a half-time school for children employed in a cotton factory, and has had the opportunity to observe the beneficial effect, both mentally and physically, of the change from hand-work to head-work and *vice versa*.

The following general sketch of the course of instruction has been prepared by Prof. J. M. Ordway, of the Institute of Technology:

"This sketch is intended to show a regular and progressive system of work. Pupils can be kept well together by intercalating extra pieces of work for those who get along rapidly, so that the backward ones may keep along, in some degree, with their quicker comrades.

"The course of instruction must be somewhat flexible. But the flexibility should have reference to the forms and uses of the pieces made, rather than the sequence of the operation. It needs, therefore, a man at the head to contrive, all the time, what particular forms can be made most advantageously from year to year, and what intercalations are most suitable. The sizes should be varied, if nothing else.

"In general we may say that the lessons go in something like this order: In carpentry: lining and split-sawing a rough board; planing the rough board; sawing, squaring, and fitting to lap corner-box; mitering and making a miter corner-box; putting on cover, hinging, and hooking; dovetail splicing; dovetailing corners; blind dovetailing; mortising (various forms); framing; truss-making; paneling; stair-making.

"In blacksmithing: making fire; round bends; drawing-out; square bends; square bend with thickened angle; splitting and turning; twisting, forging round to square, square to round, and round to prismatic; welding; punching; riveting; upsetting; heading rivets and nails; making bolts and nuts; cutting threads by hand; drilling by hand; hinging; drawing steel; tempering steel; case-hardening iron; welding steel to steel; welding steel to iron.

"In turning: centering, turning cylindrical form, taper round groove, bead, square shoulder, tapering shoulder, use of chucks and face-plates; turning cups; square screw-thread, angular screw-thread; angular thread-nut; square thread-nut; turning flanges; fitting shaft couplings.

"In foundry work: molding square block angle wire; flat wire; molding cylinder cone-pieces of irregular outline; melting iron; tapping into ladle; pouring; molding pulleys; molding grooved pulleys; core-making; casting with simple round wires; casting with irregular wire; pickling and cleaning. Then should follow: mold with sweeps; molding for brass; melting in crucibles and casting in brass; making alloys; making iron-castings malleable; filing, chipping, and turning in wood."

In this elementary instruction, no consideration of money value in the product of the work must be permitted. The attention of teacher and pupil must be devoted to the single purpose of the lesson; the class must all have the same lesson, and careful comparison of work must be made at each step. Emulation in hand-work may be as beneficial as it may be mischievous in head-work.

After considerable practice has been had, and some skill obtained, work may be permitted upon articles for use or for sale, provided it does not interfere with the main purpose of instruction.

## III.

## PRIMARY INSTRUCTION IN THE USE OF THE HAND.

IN the treatment of this branch of the subject, it is of the greatest importance to keep the main purpose in view. The kind

of work to be done is of little consequence, —the product may not be of the least value, the art taught may no longer be a handicraft in common practice, but may be all conducted by machinery for commercial purposes.

The Bureau of Combined Charitable Associations of Boston is, at this very moment, attempting to find employment for large numbers of idle women. There is now, as there always has been, much complaint of the grievance of the poor sewing-women. On the other hand, the employers of women, especially of those who can sew, cannot find hands enough to do the work that is pressing to be done. It may be a hard saying, but it must be said—the poor sewing-women deserve no sympathy because of their poor wages—they are paid all that their work is worth; but they deserve the utmost sympathy because their hands have not been trained when they were children to do better work, and thus they might have become entitled to better pay.

The idle who have health and strength deserve no sympathy because they can get no work, but the utmost sympathy for their want of capacity, or their want of opportunity to learn how to do the work that is now pressing to be done. In the last four or five years, there may possibly have been a little time when even capable men and women could not get work,—the writer doubts even that. But whatever has been the fact in these late years of extreme depression, it may now be safely asserted that the only reason for compulsory idleness of man or woman is incapacity to apply the hand to the work that is waiting for hands to do.

It is not true that machinery displaces the use of the hand, any more than that railroads diminish the demand for horses. It alters the conditions of such use. It compels in its attendance the use of the hand in a particular way. If the opportunity to use the hand is confined to one machine, the hand never gains its true cunning, but it becomes a part of the machine itself; that is the real trouble. But the use of machinery creates abundance, and gives more time for instruction. Children can now be spared for school who in olden time would have been developing the cunning of the hand in hard work. Let them not lose their cunning; let us train their hands in easier and more effective methods than the arduous ones of old. If we do not compass this, of what advantage is the invention of machinery and its abundant product to the poor?

In what way shall we secure an adequate training of the hand for those who may never have an opportunity, except while they are in the common schools? The instruction must be simple and inexpensive; it must be such as will require but few tools and no machinery; it must be within the scope of ordinary teachers, or, perhaps, of elder pupils, to direct; and it must be done in the common school-house. May we not find in the work or play of common life some useful examples? It is said that most poor families now buy baker's bread. In the whole history of the wheat, from the time it is planted until the bread is eaten, the heaviest item of cost is the distribution of the loaves through the small shops that supply the poor. This is in the nature of things: the small shop, in which only a small traffic is done, must charge the highest profit in order to exist at all. The poor, therefore, pay the highest price for bread, and their children never see bread made. How shall elementary instruction in bread-making be given? Is there not room in almost every school-house, or could not room be provided, for a stove?—and may not a few pans and other implements be added to the school apparatus, as readily and as cheaply as many of the appliances now used? A little saving in the attempts at decorative art in many school-houses in cities, and the application of the money to the purchase of a cooking-stove, and some pots, pans, and scales, would well serve the purpose. Cannot any skillful woman prescribe a course for twelve children, assuming that they do not even know the use of scales for weighing, however well they may have been taught the scales in the arithmetic?

Next, there is now a sharp demand for women or girls to make artificial flowers. What is elementary instruction in this art? Is it not first the application of the hand to the use of scissors? How many children of the poor ever learn the art of using scissors in cutting out paper dolls and paper dolls' dresses? May not the foundation be laid in cutting paper into squares, into circles, into leaves, into flowers, and then in combining colored papers into forms—twelve pupils doing the same thing at the same time? In this practice, a great deal of work might be done that would never be done in actual practice because the forms would be cut with dies; but the work is not the object,—the object is to train the hand and mind together while making paper flowers, and when the lessons are over and the rub-



bish is swept away, then the pupil is ready to begin to learn, and learn quickly, the trade of making flowers. Could the manufacturer trust his choice material to those whose hands had not learned the art of using scissors? In connection with the instruction the art of combining colors could be taught, or it would be developed in those who had a natural gift or taste for such work.

Again, let any one who is not accustomed to the work visit a hosiery factory, and he will pass from frame to frame with wonder at the mechanism. He will see but few working people in the main mill attending the machinery, but presently he will pass to the finishing and packing room, and there he will find a crowd of girls at work in shaping, making-up, finishing, packing, boxing, labeling, and preparing the stockings for the market. The art of packing is one that could be readily taught. How many people know how to pack a trunk? There would surely be occupation for a considerable number of persons in our large city in packing the trunks, like the *emballeurs* of Paris.

Paper-box making can be made a medium for training the hand. The tools are few and inexpensive, the materials are cheap, the boxes would be of some use to the girls and boys who made them, and the hand would be trained.

The art of doing up bundles should be learned. How many boys and girls are trained in making up a neat and compact parcel? It is not a high art, but it is one that trains the hand. A half-hour spent every day for a few weeks in a common school, in doing up sets of irregular wooden blocks into compact parcels, covering and tying them, would be time well spent. Give twelve children the same blocks, the same paper, and the same twine, and see which would excel.

We used to teach children how to sew by making patch-work. Can we not make patch-work on cheap sewing-machines? There is always a demand for experts in the use of the sewing-machine, at high wages,—but the employers cannot take time to instruct any but the very bright ones; their attention must all be given to the product for sale. What is elementary instruction in the use of the sewing-machine? Twelve cheap, strong machines, some spool cotton, and a lot of last year's pattern-cards of common calicoes, would serve the whole purpose. Patch-work to be made on the machine need be of no use except for a

bed-spread. In making the patch-work the hand will be trained to the mechanism. The clothier can then begin to employ the pupil.

If we try to teach the trades before the alphabet of the trades is learned, we shall fail. The alphabet of all the trades, without a single exception, consists of the ten fingers, the two eyes, and a fair power of observation.

It would be interesting to see what would be the result of a year's course of instruction, in the afternoons, of a set of twelve children attending a grammar school in the mornings. Two months in weighing, measuring, kneading flour, and baking bread and crackers—all hand-work. Two months in cutting white and colored paper and combining forms—all scissors-work. Two months in cutting, pasting, and modeling paste-board into boxes—hand and tools together. Two months in working calico scraps into patch-work, on ten-dollar sewing-machines—machine and hand combined. One room would be needed, and the tools and stock would be of little cost.

Do not all boys covet a printing-press? Is not a course of printing-ink in the house as sure as the measles? Cannot type-setting be made to serve as a lesson in the use of the hand? If boys could be taught to put a few of their own observations in type, it would be a better way of learning English than to study grammar at the mature age of twelve, when the very capacity to know what grammar really is is not yet developed. Might not a single hand printing-press and a small quantity of large type serve a useful purpose? Give out a simple subject, or an object to be described, and let each of twelve boys set six lines of type. Assemble the twelve paragraphs and print in the hand-press in one form; then let each boy compare his text with the others. What would be the result? A lesson in the use of the hand, and a better method of composition than any that the grammars or readers contain,—far better than learning by rote the names of the parts of speech, or practicing what is called parsing.

Wire-working would require very simple tools and inexpensive stock. The same is true of the making of willow-ware.

Why should not the little girls in the primary schools learn the art of using scissors in cutting paper dolls and paper dolls' dresses by patterns of similar kind, that can be struck off on the lithogram without any appreciable cost, if the teacher has the least



capacity to use a pencil? What would be the cost of stock in learning the alphabet of the milliner's art, if all idea of commercial value in the product were kept out of sight? Straw-plaiting is almost of necessity a handicraft. Not much leather, and that of little value, with a few hand-tools, would serve for the harness-maker's alphabet. If the aim is not too high, lace-making might readily be used to make girls' fingers answer quickly to many other purposes.

Do we not aim too high in the consideration of industrial training? It is not the fine art of needle-work that is required, but the common art of sewing.

If drawing in the public schools was only taught as a fine art, if it was not almost the single exercise in handicraft now taught, it could not be defended at the public cost. But even in the direction of art, why should all our cheap jewelry be so bad when, for a few shillings each, Matlock and Torquay, in England, will furnish beautiful mosaics made like the Florentine, for which we have endless varieties of material? It must be a simple handicraft, not difficult to learn.

No money value is looked for from the work of the student who is learning a profession; much less should it be looked for in the work of one who is preparing to learn a trade. The professional man must learn first to concentrate the power of his brain, the machinist must first qualify himself to apply the power of his own hand.

In the month of February, at the examination of the school of the Institute of Technology, the writer inspected the work of about a dozen boys who first began to learn the art of the blacksmith in October last. The whole time of their work, which

had covered three lessons per week for four months, was equal to twelve full days' work of ten hours each; the rest of their time had been devoted to study. The examples of their work laid out for examination and comparison consisted of a set of steel tools, *forged, tempered, and finished* ready to be used in the course of instruction in metal-turning in which they are now engaged.

May it not be claimed that this single example proves the whole case?

The elementary principles that lie at the foundation of all the trades can be taught with no more cost of appliances, no more expenditure of time, not so great an expenditure for salaries, as are now expended in what passes for mental training in schools that, to some extent at least, and in some cases, disqualify their graduates for the work to be done by them in order that they may gain a comfortable and a reputable subsistence.

We have maintained the versatility of our people, and the power of adaptation to changing circumstances, up to this time, because our public school itself is a better educator than the instruction that is given in it. It is thoroughly democratic, and its influence is not yet exhausted; but with the growth of dense population engaged in manufacturing, the wider separation into classes of rich and poor, and the deadly monotony of many of the departments in our minutely subdivided manufacturing and mechanical establishments, new and grave dangers are arising that must be met in the schools. If we do not develop in them the deft and cunning hand and the lissom finger, manual dexterity and handicraft will become lost arts to the majority of our people.

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### NATURE'S BETRAYAL.

INLAND, by wooded hills, the valley lies—  
 Hills that to westward fondly sheltering rise:  
 But in the east the first faint light of day  
 Glimmers above such far-off mountains gray  
 As deepen slowly 'gainst the rose and gold,  
 Or else lie hid by wreath and misty fold  
 That from the wandering river float between;  
 At flood of noon blue 'gainst the blue is seen.  
 Here joyous, in the fresh spring of his life,  
 Aoidos went: the earth around was rife  
 With harmonies of sound and hue and motion  
 From sailing birds high up the airy ocean,  
 And golden butterflies that danced all day

About the flowers, and children at their play.  
And child and bird and bloom seemed to have part  
Impartial in their mother Nature's heart.

Spring-time through summer wanes. In mid-September,  
'Round cottage doors the poppy's glowing ember  
Made sign to each fruit-laden apple-tree  
That phoebe-birds should cry incessantly.  
But the flame flickered on from vine to vine,  
That over way-side walls most loves to twine,  
Till up where ripe fruits were already red  
From autumn leaves the summer green had fled.

Red gold and wan soon turned to russet sober,  
And lifeless down the late winds of October  
Rustled to earth. The light of noon waned pale,  
And oft the stream upsent his mystic veil  
At morn athwart the sky. The songsters fled;  
The flowers before the early frost drooped dead;  
The golden flies had lived their little day;  
And now one of the playmates passed away.

At best the grave is narrow, chilling, dark.  
Tearful they made it, where the meadow-lark  
Upon a sunny slope 'mid waving grass  
Had, nestling, watched the swift cloud-shadows pass.  
Southward the wild-fowl held a funeral train;  
The brook below through reeds seemed to complain:  
And there they lowered the still smiling face—  
Earth to cold earth; they strewed flowers 'round the place.

Meanwhile Aoidos stood as in amaze,  
And, yet unknowing death, ceased not to gaze  
Upon the grave, where parents' tears were falling.  
The train moved slowly homeward; hoarsely calling,  
The wild-fowl swept from sight against a sky  
Of lead; the reeds sighed, and the blast moaned high  
In leafless tree-tops till the end of day.

Aoidos on the morrow stole away,  
With footsteps fearful, to the dreary place;  
And, burying in the withered flowers his face,  
He softly called his playmate by his name.  
But, when to call and cry no answer came,  
His young heart, in an agony of tears,  
Melted within him. Not with changing years  
Should he forget, amid this world's wild din,  
That death is here—as yet he knew not sin;  
And, though his childish tears were quickly dried,  
Shadows of death left not again his side:  
Though to his heart of youth sweet songs were sung,  
Though year by year the enchantress Spring had flung  
Over Earth's winter wreaths of fairest green—  
Each brooklet babbling to the sky serene—  
Though the great Mother smiled, yet nevermore  
Might the child dwell with Nature as before.

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## GREEK TERRA-COTTAS FROM TANAGRA AND ELSEWHERE.

SUPPOSE we wish to picture as vividly as we can the little coquettish ephemera of life among the Greeks, what do we interrogate—the race-course, the play-house, the drinker's painted cup, the tray of jewelry? No, the tomb. The house of their anguish, all the time taking notes, has kept the record of their frivolities which literature, called immortal, and architecture, called eternal, have not been able to preserve.

What would we not give to rummage through the sweepings which Attic charwomen thrust, week by week, into the kennel behind a temple? In one of the little poems of Pancrates, the temple-sweeper Kleio begs Diana to look kindly on her two four-year-old girls, and in due time to make them two sweeping-women in place of one. What would the archæologist not pay for the finds occasionally granted to the daughters of Kleio?

I have poked fruitfully and quizzingly in the rubbish raked into a corner of Père Lachaise, and among the wire foundations of immortelle-wreaths in bead-work, and weedy weeds of crape, and silver tears from the embroidery of palls, have spelled with my cane a whole system of the philosophy which Horatio calls overcurious. But if we could see the crushed *ex-votos* of an antique temple, we should know the foibles and the appetites and the sweet-tooth of the ever-young race. How delicate were the tastes thus brought to the confessional we may guess from a couplet in that nosegay of Greek society-verses called the Anthology. Timarete, on her wedding eve, appeals without fear to Diana: "Timarete, being about to marry, consecrates to Artemis of Limnæ her tambourine and her light hollow ball, and the net from her hair. She consecrates, too, to the maiden goddess, herself a maiden, her dolls, maidens likewise, and their belongings. O daughter of Leto, extend a hand over young Timarete, and may this pious child be piously kept by thee!" In fact, no prettier compliment to Diana can be imagined than the sense that she would appreciate these things.

But the temples have kept for our curiosity nothing but their decorum; their lighter confidences are lost. We demand to turn over the photograph-album of antiquity. The "little language" of Swift's diaries is what we listen for. And this familiarity,

this passing laughter of fashion and caprice, the grave gapes and gives us.

Did the Romans exasperate one another with their noses? Mr. Wopsle's power of facial irritation is held to be proof by analogy that they did. But the Greeks, at least, were no nuisances. The Greeks lived among themselves with ease and pliancy, without hanging from their foreheads the inflexible protuberance of the bore. Plato almost covers up, in smooth society-dramas, the intention of his moral, and a half-dozen of portrait-artists give us the graceful traits of that antique macaroni Alkibiades. A light, elusive foam of elegance and distinction played upon and iridized the rich tide of Greek history. That manners excelled in tact, and the simplicity of true breeding, whatever modern civilization has produced, is certain. And that is just what makes us, whether we confess it or not, complain of Vaticans and Louvres. Vaticans and Louvres report, in effect, that the Greeks were cold, and white, and tranquil, and perfect, and that they attitudinized. Human nature stands up and declares its belief that they were frivolous and good fellows when they chose to be, or, at any rate, if not they were overrated. To feel what the Greeks really were, what noble and jolly eldest brothers of ours they might have been, it is not enough to see the Greek marbles. In preparing these placid effigies, Attic good behavior has come in—has suppressed the ear-ring with its device, the grasshopper in the hair, the palm-leaves on the woolen gown, the passing accidents of costume, the glow of fleeting expression. Only a few sparse examples—a Dresden Minerva with heavily embroidered sash, the Caryatids with coiffure in agonies like the masterpiece of a Palais-Royal barber—only such scattered specimens are permitted to show, for certain symbolical or structural reasons, the elaboration of the real toilet of the Greeks. Throughout, the great marbles and bronzes declare the tyranny of an austere sublimity of taste, subduing every triviality to the pride of an enduring material and a destination of parade. A god carved to represent a vision of the instant divinity was not to fritter away its impression with details and decorations. The general idea one derives from a walk through the statue-gallery of any European museum

is that of slightly oppressive and perhaps uncalled-for dignity, ready, at the least excuse, to enact tragedy, and a stark simplicity that concedes nothing to human foible. Ordinary tourist-philosophy, not without tact, decides that if the Greeks were like that they must have been rather pale and polished and uncompanionable. They were not, however, amenable to this grave charge. They were fellows to invite to the club. To correct the impression, we have a few broad sources of rectification. We have coinage, to give us portrait-traits and the attitudes of many lost statues. We have the Pompeii pictures, to give us Bacchus and Orpheus, no longer with Parian complexions, but brown as a berry from top to toe, with big black eyes and clouds of hair. We have the vase-paintings, which are inestimable in revealing to us wild, corybantic movements—dresses spangled over with patterns that vie with Venetian brocades, a tremendous millinery of wreaths and unnatural grapes and flying cap-strings, altogether human and sympathetic. But to correct the frigid contamination most completely, to eliminate the last vestige of Mr. Barlow and Tommy Merton from our Greek ideal, nothing comes so genially as the host of terra-cottas which have emerged from Greek graves, and which everybody is examining nowadays with such novel interest.

The California-discovery day is over now in Boeotia; eight thousand tombs have been emptied; the white lines of dry earth, thrown up from avenues of tombs bordering the antique roads and intersecting the green vineyards and yellow harvests of the modern Albanian agriculturists of Greece, have begun to grow green again. The day has come, too quickly, of counterfeitings, of expedients, of "saltings"; the mine is worked. The discovery which made an antiquarian of every villager, which caused him to cultivate Greek statue-raising as his sole form of agriculture, was quickly followed by the jealous Greek Government with an era of prohibition, and finally with an exhaustive proscription intended to draft every peasant into the army, with military occupation of all the hamlets. When this was undertaken, the cunning native made himself a law-abiding patriot during the day-time, a greedy excavator during the night. But the supply, after all, was limited. Thousands of sepulchers were rifled. Those sunk in a white-clay ground along the sides of the hills yielded the well-preserved and unbroken statuary; then the alluvial soil was explored,

the reddish mold of the valleys, which turned out statues in crumbs, corroded with damp and falling to pieces on exposure. The industry was, of course, too lucrative to be given up easily, and the rotten figures were solidified, recolored, and sent to Athens. Then the scattered limbs and heads were collected, and stuck together with simple art, resulting in curious monsters, with Venus faces, Cupid arms, and Mercury hats. These prodigies are what are now abundant in the Athenian curiosity-shops, showing the clay from different cities in their various parts, coated with white paint, stained with dirt, speckled with traces of gilding, and finally tinted with lively blue or staring pink, whose effect would be to convince the collector that this or that metallic salt, the glory of different modern chemists, was already known to the Greeks of twenty centuries since. Behind these comes the clever Athenian counterfeiter. Every day the market is supplied with statuettes warranted to have come from the East, or from Tanagra, among which have been recognized, under the name of Ephesian terra-cottas, reproductions after Thorwaldsen and after Vogelberg, made antique with stains of modern dirt, and splended with morsels of half-effaced gold-foil.

The supply and exhaustion of the Tanagra statuettes, whose appearance opened a window on the home-life of the ancients, belongs to this decade. In 1872, a native of Corfu, named Yorgis Anyphantis, who made his living by excavating the soil for the curiosity-merchants of Athens, and who had been exploring with small effect the cemetery of ancient Thespiea, now Neocorio, came to Grimadha, the village squatted on the ruins of Tanagra. Already the Albanians of the surrounding groups of huts, Skhimitari, Staniatas, Bratzi, and Liatani, had found tombs in hoeing their vineyards. Some, scattered irregularly through the fields, were prehistoric, and contained only vases. But images were abundantly found in a series of more modern sepulchers, built of tufa slabs, and extending in continuous lines that perfectly traced the boundaries to right and left of the ancient roads. Other spoilers had preceded Yorgis; fully a quarter of the tombs had been emptied in the Roman epoch; others had been despoiled in the Greek times, when the pillage of sepulchers by robbers, an industry known as *tymborychia*, was an occupation already lucrative and much practiced; about half the tombs remained prolific, and speedily enriched Yorgis and his imitators; ordinarily three images

were found in a grave—one at the left of the head of the skeleton, the other two near the hands. Sometimes, however, twenty, or even fifty, were contributed to a single tomb, those within the structure in a perfect con-

at public auction, the prices of the Tanagra *figurines* have latterly reached extravagant sums; at the sale of Olivier Rayet, supplementary professor at the College of France, in April, 1879, a statuette of a girl with right



FIGURE 1. LADY OF TANAGRA, FOURTH CENTURY B. C. (MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.)

dition, while others, which had been scattered like flowers on the lid, had purposely been broken at the time of the funeral. The prices obtained by the first excavators were from one hundred to two hundred francs at Athens, at which rate they speedily became capitalists. Since then nine thousand francs have been paid for a single figure. Even

arm akimbo on the hip brought six thousand and eighty francs.

The gentle and optimistic ways of Tanagra seem to have favored the hurrying of the dead out of sight, under a shower of the pretty artistic compliments represented by the *figurines*, in preference to the more solemn horrors of the funeral pile, such as



were practiced in other parts of Bœotia. When excavations in the south-western part of the province, at Thisbe, or Creusis, have revealed statuettes, these have been blackened and marred by passage through the fires of cremation; the statuettes of Tanagra, never; they remain, with their painting and gilding, in a freshness of preservation unmatched in other parts of Greece—more lively in their colors than terra-cottas of Asia Minor, and only approached by figures dug from the dry soil of Egypt. The city to which we are indebted for these vivid sketches was in antiquity celebrated for its pleasantness and luxury. The last strains of Greek lyric art, soon to sink into such surprising silence under Pericles, proceeded from the Tanagra poetess, Corinna. A painter of the epoch placed her likeness (in a representation of the victory over old Pindar) on the public portico of Tanagra, as Naucydes made a portrait-statue of her poetic predecessor, Erinna, and as Polygnotus painted the effigy of her blue-stocking contemporary, Elpinice, on the portico of Athens—all, by the by, considerably before the rise of portrait art (under Philip) as usually computed by German critics. A northern neighbor to Athens, placed on the route to Thebes, and often the object of Athenian jealousy, the rich Bœotian city was frequently menaced by Attica, but never with durable success. After Alexander, from whose time dates the ornamentation of the tombs with *figurines*, Tanagra became the flourishing center of its province, celebrated as a place of merry-making and pleasure; wine was good and abundant, the pastures and harvests were the proverb of Greece (the cock-fights of Tanagra were famous, too), and the beauty and elegance of Corinna's fellow-townswomen and successors left their echo in many a poet's epigrams.

Corinna herself sang of "the Tanagra women with the white peplum." The fragmentary poems of Greece have various apposite allusions. Laon sings thus encouragingly of the men and women of the province: "You may be friends with the Bœotian man, and do not avoid the Bœotian woman; the one is a good-natured person, and the other a pleasant, familiar creature." The piquant sweetness of the female figures from Tanagra fully bears out this commendation. Dicæarchus, whose histories are lost to us, says in a surviving quotation (frag. 1. 17) that the women of the Theban plain were "the most graceful

and elegant in Greece, by their shape, by their walk, and the harmony of their movements."

Among the lions of Tanagra, in the time when these tomb-decorations were prepared, were the mausoleum of Corinna, the gayly colored wall of the portico frescoed with her victory at the tournament of song, and famous statues of Dionysus and Hermes Criophoros, or "ram-bearing." Connected with this latter image, by the sculptor Kalamis, there is a cycle of legend, coming down to the Christian period, and even linking, by the perpetuation of Kalamis's design, with our own time. Potniæ was a town in Bœotia, founded by a legendary Potneus, whose daughter, Pelarge, re-established the worship of Demeter and Koré, the grain-divinities, in the province, receiving herself divine honors after her death; but certain Bacchus-worshipping Potnians once murdered a priest of the god, and were commanded by the oracle to appease him with a yearly sacrifice of a young man on Bacchus's altar; this continued for some years, until Bacchus himself substituted a goat. In evident imitation of this is the other Bœotian legend, this time belonging to Tanagra itself, of Hermes the deliverer; it is thus mentioned by Pausanias (ix., 22, 2):

"As for the surname and the ceremonies of Hermes Criophoros, the foundation is this, that Hermes saved the Tanagrans from a pestilential plague by carrying a ram all around the city walls. It was on this account that Kalamis made them a statue of Hermes, bearing on his shoulders a ram. He among the young men who is judged the comeliest, at the festival of Hermes, goes the round of the walls carrying a lamb on his shoulders."

A faithful tomb of Tanagra preserved a statuette in clay copying this pious monument of Kalamis; it rudely represented Hermes, his chlamys thrown back for action, with the pointed Robinson Crusoe bonnet of hide, the *kunê Boiotikê*, on his head, and putting up his two hands to hold the legs of a ram curled around his shoulders; it was just the attitude and costume of the Kalamis statue, as shown on a bronze Bœotian coin published by Prokesch-Osten (*Arch: Zeit.*, 1849, p. 9). This *figurine*, three and a half inches high, was sold in the Rayet collection before named. So was a little statuette of Hermes in a similar cap, holding a lamb under his right arm, like the original at Olympia, made by Onatas and Kalliteles, two other miniatures of which are known. This image, so stamped with benevolence



FIGURE 2. TANAGRA FIGURINES. (MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.)

and beauty, was not forgotten when Rome conquered Greece, and Christianity conquered Rome. Early Christian art is filled with copies of the design of Kalamis, figuring as the Good Shepherd. Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art" has this passage:

"By far the most interesting of the early Christian paintings is that of our Saviour as the Good Shepherd, which is almost invariably painted on the central space of the dome or cupola. He is represented as a youth in a shepherd's frock and sandals, carrying the 'lost sheep' on his shoulders. The subject of the Good Shepherd, I am sorry to add, is not of Roman but Greek origin, and was adapted from a statue of Mercury carrying a goat, at Tanagra, mentioned by Pausanias. The Christian composition approximates more nearly to its original in the few instances where our Saviour is represented carrying a goat."

There may be just room here parenthetically to point out that this *variorum* of the Shepherd and goat is gracefully alluded to by Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his reminiscences of the catacombs. Quoting the fierce sentence of Tertullian, "*He saves the sheep, the goats he doth not save*," the poet represents early Christianity as amending it with the Good Pastor and the kid.

I have cited not without a purpose this small chain of legendary notes,—Kalamis's Hermes, with its three or four little clay

copies preserved to our day; the Princess Pelarge encouraging Ceres-worship in Bœotia, and being deified for it; the sacrifice of youths on the altar of Bacchus. They introduce sufficiently into prominence the favorite deities of Tanagra and the neighborhood, and also the inquiry how far the statuettes have reference to the local tutelary gods; and they may chaperrone the question whether the *figurines* are copies of other works of art.

"I do not believe," says M. Olivier Rayet, in his new work, "*Monuments de l'Art Antique*," "that the *figurines* of Tanagra or Corinth are reductions of works of grand sculpture. The models of all appear to me to have been made in view of execution in clay, and in very small proportions."

This opinion appears infelicitous in view of the reproductions of the Kalamis Hermes as proved by the coins; again, M. Heuzey has found two fragments in a limited collection of terra-cottas from Tarsus in the Louvre, repeating the great group of Laocoön; again, even in the small group of Tanagra figures in the Boston Museum, there is one which, if not taken from a famous statue, there is good reason for believing was taken from the famous painting by Apelles of the "*Venus Anadyomene*,"



FIGURE 3. BALL-PLAYER, TANAGRA. (MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.)

while that marvel was fresh; and again, the various crouching girls, playing with something on the ground, have the action given to the nymph Arne on the celebrated coin of Cierium (Millingen, "Ancient Coins," plate 3). Arne, a daughter of Æolus, gave a name to a town in Boeotia, after Neptune had appeared to her, as Jove to Europa, in the likeness of a mild and beautiful bull. What more likely than that the figures of the statuettes and on the coin are from some statue well known and popular, representing the legendary patroness of the Boeotian town?

And now for the question how far the statuettes have a reference to the tutelary

deities of the locality. It is well known that the theory of their being generally divine representations, or closely connected with worship, is rigidly maintained by Professor Heuzey, conservator of the Louvre Museum. Lenormant, Rayet, Otto Luders, and many less wise, incline to the merely decorative, artistic, and pleasure-giving view. For myself, every theory put forth by Heuzey has a clinching tenacity about it that comes very near to demonstration in my mind. His interest in the externals and caparison of history is indefatigable, and his lectures on costume, as professor in the Beaux-Arts school, are at once the most tiresome and fascinating I ever heard. Without graces of style, without vivacity,—for the French professors seldom trouble themselves to be interesting, Taine being about the only exception,—he accumulates such masses of telling and recondite facts, that the hearer seems to be examining whole cabinets of historical relics. One week it will be Assyrian dress; the next, Egyptian armor; the third, the Roman toga, with real togas thrown over painters' undressed models, adjusted in the historic way, and made to imitate the costume of most of the historic statues. At the conclusion of a discourse as dry as a legal decision, but practical enough to transport the hearer neck and heels into antiquity, the black-haired lecturer breaks into an agreeable smile, asks which of the young artists present will be good enough to help him with his blackboard drawings for the next discourse, and wanders dreamily out of the room, with a glance at Delaroche's "Hémicycle" as if he knew secret errors of costume in every one of the seventy-five portraits. The arguments of this fastidious archæologist for the divinity of most Tanagra *figurines* are based upon research and thought.

This antique school-man, like the last survivor of a sect, has been desperately maintaining the religious origin of the tomb-figures against the frivolity of all the writers who have been seeing in them only ballad-poetry and decoration. To read his "Researches among Veiled Figures in Greek Art" is to get new ideas of the dignity of costume-study, among other studies. To peruse his "Antique Figurines of the Louvre," his "New Researches among Greek Terra-Cottas," his "Fragments from Tarsus at the Louvre," one would think that the password for a true interpretation of the classics was comprised in clay dolls. One of his papers, "Investigations on a Lost Group

by Praxiteles from the Terra-Cotta Figurines," insists on our finding in the groups of girls carrying other girls "pick-a-back" a representation of Ceres bearing Proserpine up to earth, oblivious of the fact that some of the figures represent mere children, engaged in a game, and of the fact that Pliny's word, *Katagousa*, describing the original statue of Praxiteles, means leading, and not carrying.

The oldest Greek tombs of all are ad-

archæology protest." The deep significance of the burial rite is not to be confined only to the legendary epoch of an Antigone; the enlightened age of Socrates acknowledged it. "We should not," claims M. Heuzey, "assign the decay of the old funeral formalities to that very century when the Athenians executed ten generals, victorious from a naval battle, because they had been prevented by a tempest from burying their dead." The learned critic's reminder is



FIGURE 4. DEMETER (CERES), FOUND IN ATHENS. (METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.)

mitted by everybody to contain figures that are primitive idols, and nothing else. Professor Heuzey reminds Professor Rayet of their common opinion on this point. The votive customs having this confessed origin, Heuzey chides his friend for "suddenly hustling away all these subterranean deities from the burial-service, and putting in their place a sort of profane celebration, instead of the religion of the dead." This is wormwood on his palate—"both history and

timely, even though his eagerness makes him improve on the figures; eight captains were condemned on the occasion he speaks of, and six executed—Pericles's son being among them, and Socrates an unwilling magistrate. The defender of the divinity of Tanagra pottery conceives that we ought to see, in the bulk of these figures, "the funeral gods and genii, under those graceful, often euphemistically perverted forms, in which the paganism of the day, all saturated

with notions of the Bacchic mystery, loved to envelop them." "It was the very essence of the artist's object," he elsewhere insists, "to respect the sort of *incognito* with which the divinities loved to cover themselves." This being admitted, the special tutelary forms we should look for in the region would be Ceres and Proserpine,—honored in such a harvest country,—Bacchus, Mercury, Narcissus the Boeotian, and Arne, whose adventure, so like that of Ceres's daughter, was commemorated in the name of a Boeotian town: "*Te quoque mutatum torvo,*" saith Ovid, "*Neptune, juvenco virgine in Etolia posuit.*" In looking for such allusions, let us ever bear in mind the Greek turn for euphemisms and far-fetched substitutions: their clay cakes, stamped with the word "honey," for feeding the dead; their thimble-shaped stopper in the funeral-vase to receive the libation; their flattery of Death as a fair boy, torch-armed. When Polygnotus depicted Hades at Olympia, he represented Phædra in a swing, in delicate allusion to her suicide by hanging; he figured the fate of Actæon by showing him seated on a deer-skin and caressing a dog, his executioner; the daughters of Pandarus he represented playing at dice—the image of a cast of incalculable fate, as we find again those other doomed victims, the children of Niobe, in the marble picture at Naples, or those of Medea, in the Museo Borbonico, innocently playing at destiny with their murderers looking over them—"a symbol of art-language," remarks Lenormant, "the idea of a blind force to which all nature is a prey." Hence, perhaps, the prevalence among the images of the fair gamester at dice—the crouching maid. It was the appropriate pose for the nymph Arne, the Boeotian tutelar patroness, whose gesture we find on the Cierium coin. It was the action, too (with allusion not lost, but only veiled by the usage of the dice), for a flower-gathering Proserpine. It is hard not to see here an allusion to early death—hard not to remember the magnificent description of the miraculous narcissus-flower in the Homeric hymn—that narcissus which "the earth, favoring Polydectes by order of Zeus, had caused to grow as a snare for the fresh-visaged maiden. It blossomed wondrously, and was a marvel to see for all, for the deathless gods as for mortal men; from its root rose a hundred heads; with its perfume the broad sky was embalmed, and all the earth smiled, as well as the salt waves of the sea; the maid, trembling with joy, holds out both

hands at once to seize the beautiful wreath!" (Hymn to Demeter, v. 1-21.) Nothing could be a more tender, a more discreet, allusion to some early lost daughter than a figure thus interpreted.

"When the coroplasts had hit upon a *motivo* which attracted public taste," says Heuzey, "they amused themselves in varying it, and making it acceptable in subjects of different nature, by slightly modifying accessories or some unimportant particular of gesture." The variation of similar types is by no means unknown, even in the small contingent of Boeotian potteries that has come down to us. The sitting woman-figure of immortal youth, with bent head, occurs frequently, and is apt to be taken as a Proserpine or Ceres; but in one of her avatars she occurs (No. 75, in the Rayet sale) with this drooping head bent over a scroll. She is then certainly not divine. M. Rayet speaks, too, of two girl-figures, which can be identified as having come from the same mold; but the accessories are varied, one holding a mask, the other the usual red apple. The real interest in these variations for us is, perhaps, not that they prove the flexible nature of Greek symbolism, but that they show the maker to be no mere mechanic, no ordinary potter, repeating impressions from the matrix given to him, but an artist, with the soul of a sculptor, able to invent capricious accessories in the line of the conception, and cunning, too, to stamp his faces with touches almost invisible, but full of authorship, which entirely modify the expression; but he never signs his work, as the vase-painter does.

Unchallengeable deities are found in sufficient numbers among the Tanagra *figurines*. Venus is common, and one of her forms occurs in the Boston Museum collection—a recent impression from Apelles. Cupid is omnipresent; Diana is found, tall and freshly colored, perpetuated in the splendid German work, so gorgeously illustrated, of Kekulé. Yet German science is not inclined to accept the statuettes as illustrative of mystical death-rites. Otto Luders, director of the German Art-school at Athens, thinks that the figures, "destined, doubtless, in the first place to embellish habitations, were systematically laid in the tomb with the defunct, as if to decorate the chamber of the dead in the manner of the home of the living."

Piercing into archaic times, we find the simple Phœnician symbol of Venus placed by the Sidonians in tombs of all the coast-



towns they colonized and impregnated with their worship. These rude symbols are discovered in places like Cilicia, where they are found by Heuzey; and Cyprus, whence Di Cesnola brings them back to us. In this case, an act of worship is evident. But Cyprus yields also another class of figures—the diminutive horsemen, placed beside the spear, apparently as an advertisement of the occupant's military avocation. Here is quite a different motive, in harmony with our own sepulchral inscriptions—the fond effort to perpetuate some fact about the deceased.

A masculine type, that of a fully caparisoned warrior, is occasionally found at Tanagra, and is sought after by collectors. One, with cuirass painted blue, to represent steel, with a red tunic and brown chlamys, was described in the "*Gazette Archéologique*" for 1878 as belonging to the elder Feuardent. Such a warlike figure, probably a Mars or Ares, is to be found in a little private collection of three or four in the city of New York, bought fortunately at Athens in the days when collecting these figures did not tax the purses of governments. Another very old motive seems to be the representation of human sacrifices. Achilles slays twelve gallant Trojan youths at Patroclus's tomb; but the custom was, even in the poet's day, passing out of favor, for Homer feels that he must apologize: "And Achilles designed evil deeds in his mind." In a current of advancing civilization, fictive images would naturally be substituted for human victims, and the habit of dedicating statuary at tombs be continued by posterity, with constant modifications in the direction of beauty.

But archaism has completely disappeared from the galleries of statues yielded us by Tanagra; we are here in the full blaze of warm Greek civilization, and looking at the every-day art, familiar as our own wood-cuts and Dresden shepherdesses, of artisans contemporary with Apelles and Lysippus. It is a striking fact that nine-tenths of the relics are female figures.

The bulk of those in this country were brought over in 1879 and since by Mr. Gaston L. Feuardent, from whom a little selection of twenty-three was quickly purchased by Mr. T. G. Appleton, for the Boston Museum, and a smaller number by Professor Fairman Rogers, for the Pennsylvania Academy.

The fan, adopted by every other one of the Tanagra ladies with all the ardor of a new fashion, appears to be a novelty due to the Eastern conquests of Alexander. It is of oriental derivation. Euripides, desiring



FIGURE 5. YOUTH OF TANAGRA. (MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.)

to give an idea of Helen's Eastern luxury after her sojourn in Troy, speaks of the slaves who waved near her cheeks and hair "the circle of artfully fixed plumes." The vases of New Greece show us long-handled fans waved by slaves. In Terence's "*Eunuchus*," the disguised hero, installed as a slave to fan a sleeping girl, employs it as an optical instrument, even as the fine lady does in *Bedlam*, in the "*Rake's Progress*": "Meanwhile," confesses the rogue, "sleep overtook the damsel, and I slyly looked askance through my fan, just this way." "Really," says his friend Antippos, "I should very much like to have seen that impudent face of yours just then, and what figure a great donkey like you made, holding a fan." The luxury appears at Tanagra, not as an implement for slaves, but as the adornment of the mistress, just as in modern Cadiz. The fans are generally blue, sometimes painted with the palmetto. One Boston example (Figure 1) is encircled with what appears to be a metal rim, a kind of

ornamental setting. It might be mentioned, as a theory only to be rejected, that this rage for fans may indicate that the women are mourners at the interment, armed with utensils to blow the flame of the funeral pile. But their whole behavior contradicts the idea. The points of the shoes usually emerge under the drapery; at Tanagra the shoe is a neat, close-fitting affair, colored yellow like fine buckskin, the sole usually tinted red. "The Theban women wear slender boots," says Dicaearchus's votive epigram on Leonidas, "colored red, and long,

pretty shepherdess hat is an immense favorite with the Tanagra damsels. They wear it sidewise or giddily perched over their curls. We should not conceive how it adhered but for the evidence of coins and gems, which show the tying-strings passed behind to the nape. The Greek potter simply sticks on his hat with a little ball of cement. When the hat is worn by the boy-figures of Tanagra, along with high stockings and short kilts, the small, bonnet-like brims give almost exactly the air—as certain figures on coins do—of a young Scotch gillie.

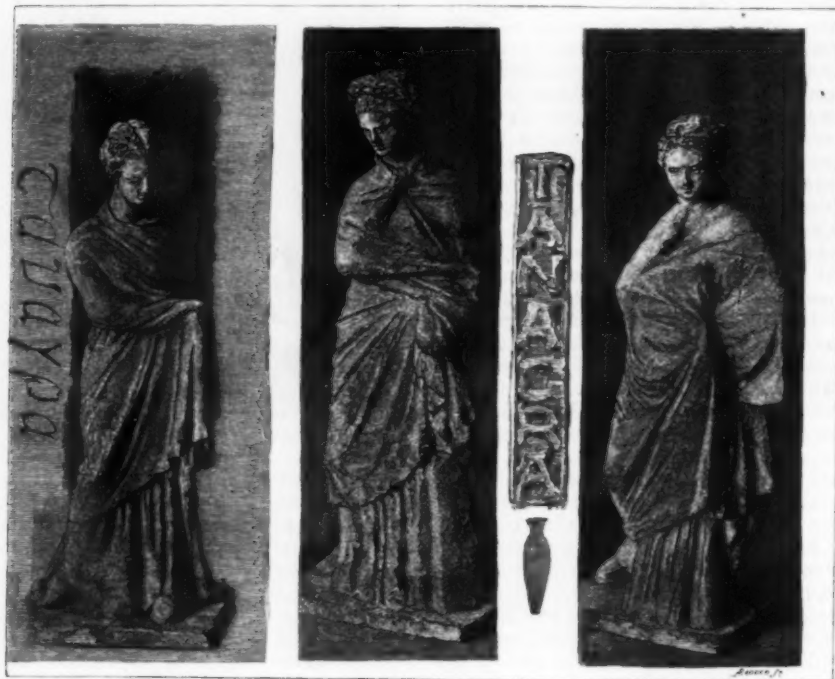


FIGURE 6. TANAGRA FIGURINES. (MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.)

and narrow; these boots are so well laced that the foot almost seems bare." This smooth stocking-fit saves the modeler much trouble; but it is not laziness which makes him represent the feet as covered, like those of the "Last Victim of the Medusa," finished at sunset by Géricault; when Cupids or children are represented, the Boeotian potter separates the digits clearly enough.

A skittish little girl-figure at Boston (Figure 2), not at all funereal, has a pointed hat, the *petasos*, put on over her hair. This

Heuzey, indeed, with his laborious pre-occupation, makes Mercuries of all these hatted boys, especially when, in addition to the *petasos*, they are furnished with a net to carry the ball for the local form of "prisoner's base." If armed with both hat and net, or purse, the learned scholar cannot avoid recognizing god Hermes,—not, indeed, in his more fitting function of guide of souls into Hades, but furnished with money as god of trade,—the patron of the flourishing corn-exchange of Boeotia. More



FIGURE 7. TERRA-COTTA FIGURINES FROM CYPRUS. (METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.)

probably, however, the boy-statue is simply a hunter, or *ephebos* playing in the *palastra*. One Boston figure, nine inches high, is denuded for the games, and holds a large racket-ball downward, in the hollow or clasp of his extended hand. For Heuzey, these ball-playing boys (Figure 3) are the protecting genii of childish games,—“*adhuc sub iudice lis est.*”

The veiled, seated, meditative female figures, without accessories, and imprinted with a musing pathos, may very well be effigies of Ceres, the Demeter Achæa, the Mater Dolorosa of the Greeks. For the finest of these figures in America, however, we must leave the Tanagra collections and go to the exquisite mourning goddess presented to the Metropolitan Museum (Figure 4), doubtlessly intended for the bereaved maternity of the harvest-goddess, and imprinted completely with the achieved art of Athens. In Athens, indeed,—and the *figurines* of Athens are rare,—this Phidian masterpiece was excavated.

In contemplating some of these feminine figures, so sweet and lovable, wrapped in a delicious melancholy, as of a goddess in her niche, or a tranquil soul in Elysium,—“the past unsighed for and the future sure,”—we are bound to think of the holy *cultus* which certain great men of antiquity wished to establish for their cherished daughters or consorts. Aristotle desired to make his wife, Pythias, a deity, and to render her the same worship as was paid to Ceres. Afterward, the Roman Cicero wished to pay his daughter, Tullia, divine honors, and, according to a late legend, her lamp was found miraculously burning in the time of Pope Paul III., in a tomb inscribed, “*Tulliolæ filie meæ.*” With this fond violence did the ancients sometimes insist on correcting the oblivion of untimely death. Lovers raised statues over a lost darling, looking on the images as if on those of deities, and wishing for the services of sculptors most in renown. Sings Rufinus, in the Anthology :

"Ah, where now is Praxiteles, and where the hands of Polyclite,  
That wrought of old such images as made the marble breathe delight?  
Who now shall forge the ambrosial hair, the burning glance of Milite,  
Or teach the carven stone how fair the splendors of her bosom be?  
Brave sculptors! would that it were mine to bid you, at a lover's nod,  
For such a beauty raise a shrine, as for the image of a god!"

Did no lover, no disciple, no worshiper of Corinna wish to do as much for his divinity, his incarnate muse? That she was remembered late and well, we know. Far into the next age she was recited by the faithful, with blank wonder that no successor appeared to raise the voice of rhapsody amid the grander political glories of Plato's day and Pericles's government. Corinna must have loved her city, with variegated cloisters painted with her triumphs. Well does Landor make her sing:

"Tanagra! think not I forget  
Thy beautifully storied streets!  
Be sure my memory bathes yet  
In clear Thermoden, and yet greets  
The blithe and liberal shepherd-boy,  
Whose sunny bosom swells with joy  
When we accept his matted rushes,  
Uplaved with sylvan fruit; away he bounds, and blushes."

In these *figurines* the locks are never black, but always of a warm, ruddy brown. The potters found convenient primitive colors to tell us the story of the favorite shades at Tanagra mercers' shops in the age of Alexander. "Blue of Egypt," the silicate of copper, yielded them the point of azure with which they touched the iris of the eye. A cunning preparation of cinabar afforded the rose-pink in which the tall lady with the fan is wrapped. They painted the broad facing of her mantle black, but in other cases they gilded the border. Earrings, and her bracelet, are of gold. A red oxide of copper formed the deep red for the lips. The artist, having made in a separate piece the head, as also the square, card-like plinth, took these nut-sized heads in his hand and retouched them with professional care. The smiling mouths were dimpled, so as to vary in expression for different issues of the mold. The tresses, gathered in melon-like lobes, they chased and chiseled until the separate locks were distinctly revealed. The hair was reddened, the complexion was touched with white and pink, the eyes were tinted like Greek skies after rain, the ear-drops were gilded.

Smiling, flirting, artful in the discovery of new feminine twists and turns, the Tanagra girls appear to us after twenty-two hundred years with their natural colors, and with an armory of boarding-school graces still effective, still destructive.

A number of them hold a red ball or apple. The female ball-players of antiquity, as revealed on the vases, always sat at their game. As for the apple, this accessory made every Greek think of the prize gained by Venus, and to confer an apple was to make a declaration of love. Aristophanes, in the "Clouds," recommends a young man "never to go to the house of a dancer, for fear that, while he stands gaping with open mouth, the girl should throw him the apple and compromise his reputation." In a vase-painting at Naples, Cupid himself throws a ball to a maiden, and the inscription reads: "He has thrown me the ball." Theocritus, describing the coquetry of Galatea, says: "Galatea throws apples toward thy flocks, Polyphemus, and laments that the shepherd is insensible to love." It is hardly needful to attach any meaning more sepulchral than flirtation, more short-lived than brief love, to the apple-bearing, seated nymph of Tanagra.

The committal of artistic statuettes to



FIGURE 9. DANCING-GIRL, SALAMIS, CYPRUS. (METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.)

the grave was a short-lived mode, suddenly appearing in full bloom of sculptural prevalence about the middle of the fourth century, B. C. Tanagra has preserved for us the greatest number, but Corinth has given a fair harvest, and Ephesus, in the year 1861, yielded fifteen hundred *figurines*. About the beginning of the third century, B. C., the habit was taken up by the provincial Greeks of Asia Minor. Tarsus shows figures, no longer retouched and sculptured, but molded with workman-like facility as alto-reliefs, on a flat ground made up of flying draperies, showing strange divinities with oriental emblems, of a clay so hard and finely tempered that the coats of color have scaled away, and generally made very bulging at the back, to secure a cylindric strength like that of a vase. At Tarsus we find a mound of fragments, a potter's heap. Arms, legs, and heads, with tenon and mortise for attachment, are scattered through the pile. To comprehend this revelation of a factory caught in its working guise, we may go, says Heuzey, to Naples or Rome at the season when they make the clay shepherds and *bambini* for the sacred manger.

"It is with such division of labor that you shall see the workmen forming little images before your eyes with wonderful quickness. They mold the body first, then they form separately, in other little molds, the arms, legs, and all detached portions; then, taking their knives,—common wooden-handled clasp-knives,—they slice smooth the applied surfaces, pricking them so as to assist the adhesion of the two faces. This adhesion is effected simply with slip clay mixed into barbotine. The firing will then insure the adherence. Exactly the same methods are shown us in the Tarsus terra-cottas." The somewhat undisciplined fancy of the Eastern provinces gives us, in the Smyrna figures, now a group entirely gilded, now heads of negroes fashioned into vases, now comic caricatures of nude slaves crying open-mouthed the wares they hold before them on their trays, or provincial heralds shouting proclamations through the heated Asiatic streets. Sometimes we find a figure of a little girl holding fast-closed the bill of a duck she plays with, or half strangling a melancholy-looking hen that hardly enters into the spirit of the sport. If she were from Tanagra, we should dub this little maid "the cock-fighter's daughter."

Among these relics of Asiatic Greece, of a later epoch than the Lysippus period of



FIGURE 8. GREEK TERRA-COTTA, FOUND AT LARNACA, CYPRUS. (METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.)

the Tanagra figures, is to be classed a certain portion of the large treasure of General di Cesnola, now at the Metropolitan Museum. The plastic part of the collection, including the wonderful iconical statues of the Golgos priests,—“that unique series,” says De Chanot, “of portrait-colossi of the early Greek school,”—comprises many kinds of terra-cottas. There are the ancient Phœnician statuettes of the love-goddess, as contributed by this race to all their early tombs; there are life-size terra-cottas of various periods, from ancient priests and warriors to that fair, veiled priestess whom Mr. Ruskin sketched so often in London, coming every day to study her beauty, and tearing up the sheet at evening in despair of catching the expression. Among this wealth of styles and types, a selection can be made of small votive statuettes from tombs but little later than the Tanagra *figurines*, and corresponding with them in kind.

The first three figures in Figure 7 were taken, not from tombs, but from the ruins of the temple of Demeter Paralia, at Larnaca. One shows the goddess seated, her veil over





FIGURE 10. TERRA-COTTA HEADS FROM CYPRUS. (METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.)

her head, mourning for Proserpine, throned and wretched. In the taller of the two maiden figures next seen, we get a model that reveals the Greek primary garment in its simplicity. To represent the chiton or tunic and its application, we have but to imagine the damsel stepping into a bottomless meal-bag; turning over as a flap the upper portion, as too high for the stature, we have only to catch up the doubled cylinder with a couple of brooches from under each arm-pit; now tie a string under the bosom, and the dress is done. The over-flap may be too short to reach this girdle; then pull out the stuff over the belt into a puff, let the flap fall just above this, and we have, all told, the faultless dress of the Caryatids of the Erechtheion. The other standing maiden, as well as the short figure last in the cut, has wrapped around this chiton the large shawl or himation, and both hold up this important piece of magnificence from the damp of the ground. As Greek matrons of repute were never alone in the streets, it is an almost irresistible conclusion that most of these train-lifting women, evidently walking in the open air, including the whole society from Tanagra, were of a caste beneath the aristocracy. The shorter figure wears the tiara of a divinity; her neighbor to the left has her hair tied into a bow on the crown, as we see it

familiarly in the Apollo Belvedere, who wears his tresses thus in female guise as Apollo Musagetes, or leader of the Muses.

Next comes a dancing-girl (Figure 8), clothed in one long garment, and beating a tambourine.

Figure 9, from a tomb at Larnaca, is of a rustic and "impressionist" style of conception truly rare and precious—in fact, almost unmatchable. This country mother holds her babe like one of Millet's peasant-women. On the front is a curious concentric mass of stains, caused by contact with the body of the deceased in the tomb.

In the row of five heads (Figure 10), we have first a goddess in the high, rose-wreathed *stephane*, or diadem; her side-locks are turned up over a padded roll, prototype of the modern oriental turban. Gérôme uses this coiffure in "The Cock-fight." This roll is also worn by the next head, whose veil, moreover, is made to break angularly at the edges, as if caught upon the points of a halo composed of five or six rays; this shows one of the sidereal divinities of Asia; and the radiated halo continues down in Greek art, wherever Eastern planet-worship is to be indicated, as late as the Pompeii paintings. The next head is laurel-wreathed. The next, that of a baby, shows the same plaited tress along the parting of the hair which



a, from Paleo-Paphos. b, c, d, e (four), from Larnaca. f, from Curium.

FIGURE 11. TERRA-COTTA HEADS FOUND IN CYPRUS. (METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.)

is seen in a reclining infant, also from Cyprus. The last head in this cut shows the plug at the neck for inserting it into a hollow molded figure. This girl has her head tied up in a very graceful kerchief, clasped with a jewel.

The row of six heads (Figure 11) shows, first, from Paleo-Paphos, the true Pompadour style of coiffure, anticipated by more than two thousand years, and so Louis-Quinze in effect that we could declare it was powdered. Next comes one of the veils wrapped quite over the flesh of the face, and sparing only the seeing and breathing features, like the Turkish yashmak. Several of the Tanagra figures have this suffocating veil. In the Anthology (votive epigrams, 211), Dicaearchus says of the Theban women: "The part of their himation which forms a veil over their heads is disposed in such a manner that the face is pinched to the size

covered at Pompeii show two crippled, misshapen forms, with huge heads, one of them dancing and beating the castanets, the other clad in a toga, with a *bulla* fastened to a chain around his neck, and holding a writing-tablet in the hand. Dwarfs of both sexes (*nani, nana*), who were taught to fight and dance, were particular favorites with Roman ladies. A pet dwarf of Julia, the granddaughter of Augustus, was only two feet one palm high; his name was Canopas. The art of deformity appears in the Greek nation chiefly in its provinces of Asia Minor. An island so faithful to Asiatic traditions as Cyprus might be expected to reveal a few specimens. The three in Figure 12 are as full of perfection in their unclassical way, as audacious in taking the last license with art, as achieved in style, and as imperturbable in their extravagance, as if they



FIGURE 12. GROTESQUES, FROM CYPRUS. (METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.)

of a little mask; only the eyes are uncovered; the rest is all hidden under the clothing." This is from the temple of Demeter Paralia, on the Marina, near Larnaca, as well as the next three, one of which has a veil and a chignon; the next, the maidenly division of the hair into lobes, like parallels of longitude; the next, with lovely expression, has the locks gathered upward to increase the apparent height, as with the actresses; the last, from the temple of Apollo Hylates, at Curium, shows the turban-like roll, which previous figures have proved to be no rude expression of a wreath, but a fold of drapery.

Antique grotesques are very rare, and are eagerly sought for. An era of decaying civilization, a state of luxury plagued with satiety, is the proper one in which to look for these caricatured images—the bronze dwarfs of Pompeii or the painted ones of Velasquez. The statuettes in bronze dis-

were jests of Paris or Naples. One is an absurd "Miss Miggs," apparently, with hair in modern *bandeaux*, and an unsurpassable expression of gossip and curiosity. She was found at Gologos. The others, which were found at Curium, are negroes—one crouching, a full-length figure, with the depressed and elongated cranium of his race, exaggerated to the last extravagance; the other a thick-lipped minion, the image of the guardian of a seraglio, rolling up his white eyeballs with an idiotic sense of care and responsibility.

Who was the sculptor who said that there was no such thing as a new pose in art,—that the attitudes of life had all been exhausted? The terra-cottas give us novel poses by the hundred, and many of these are as perfect and delightful as those of the great marble poems the Greeks wrought in profoundest mood for the temples. They



FIGURE 13. COINS OF AETOLIA AND QUEEN PHILISTIS.

are summary, sketchy, suggestive, often thrown into disproportion by the shrinkage of the kiln, or by a chance pressure of the potter's hand. For perfection

they have no care. They are the every-day report, the journalism, of Greek life. But in one respect they have an important lesson to teach the modern artist. Whether we are to call them miniatures of larger statues or not, we may, at least, call them miniatures of living women and men. Now, in reducing a representation to miniature scale, the sense of proportion to be obeyed in keeping or rejecting detail is a matter of very nice taste. Most completely do the Collas reductions of famous statues fail to give the calm breadth of their originals, owing to over-accentuation; no wonder that artists reject them with scorn, for all their demonstrable perfection. To descend in the art ranks, how many a designer prepares a mixed composition of figures for engraving, which, broad and well-proportioned in his large cartoon, gets a granu-

lated look in the small engraving which is opposed to all sense of æsthetics! The Greeks, in reducing a figure for a terra-cotta or for a coin, had the most exquisite instinct how much detail to admit, how much detail to reject. The group of mother and babe, in Figure 8, which has just been compared to Millet, is an exquisite example of this; by the breadth of the folds, by the generalization of the traits, it perfectly conveys the notion of a life-size treatment, with air playing around and veiling it. Other figures, intended for a less remote impression, are equally happy in calculating the amount of detail unerringly to the scale employed. On a coin, the finger-nail sketch of a famous idol, or the representation even of a temple, shows a careless intelligence as to how to space the incisions in scale with the size of the money, which never fails, and is as easy to the artist as the selection of colors to a Hindoo shawl-weaver. Our modern teased brains have quite lost this sense of things, and our art is making, constantly, the mistake of producing Collas reductions or inventing Claude-Lorraine glasses. The antique terra-cottas, with many another lesson, can teach the artist how to forget detail after detail, with perfect mental tranquillity, in steady ratio with the refining of his scale.

## THE GREATEST ACTIVE VOLCANO.

FOR years it had been my heart's desire to visit Hawaii, and to behold with my own eyes the marvels of its volcanoes, so graphically described by a long stream of successive travelers, each depicting the scene differently from his predecessors, but all alike exhausting the power of language in the endeavor to convey their own impressions of indescribable grandeur. So it was with curiosity stirred to the uttermost that, one beautiful evening at the close of October, 1879, I found myself safely lodged in the Crater House of Kilauea, a most comfortable little mountain inn, where the kindest of landlords devotes himself to tending and caring for all weary travelers who seek shelter beneath his hospitable roof. And weary they may well be, as we proved after a thirty-miles' ride from the palm-fringed sea-coast at Hilo, over one continuous bed of lava, or, rather, over a succession of flows of divers date, varying only in their degree of

roughness; the path winding up and down, over ridges and curves and hummocks of hard black lava rock, past extinct craters and cones, and great steam cracks, cool, but still forming deep and dangerous clefts, generally veiled by a treacherous growth of ferns and other vegetation. There are men who boast that they can accomplish this ride in six hours. I confess that, not being troubled with any ambition to make good time, but rather to have ample leisure to look about me, I allowed my good, sure-footed steed to choose his own pace, and, being heavily weighted with an English side-saddle, large sketching-blocks and other artist's materials, as well as sundry changes of raiment, that pace was so deliberate that it gave me twelve hours in the saddle before reaching my destination; and not even the fiery glow reflected on the clouds by the subterranean fires could keep me long away from the good hot coffee and supper which



LAKE AND RIVERS OF MOLTEN LAVA IN THE OUTER CRATER OF KILAUEA, OCTOBER 29TH, 1879.

awaited us, beside the blazing wood-fire in the wide, open fire-place which lighted the cheerful room with so ruddy a glow.

Ever since I had landed at Honolulu, every one had been congratulating me on having arrived at so fortunate a time, the crater having been unusually active for many months; and here, on its brink, the statement was confirmed by the guides, one of whom had been down to the verge of the lake only two days before, and seen it in

fine action. There seemed no symptom of change at hand, and, therefore, no cause for hurry. So, as the white guide wanted to shoot wild pigs to feed the native servants, and I was still so tired as to be glad of a day's respite before undertaking the unknown fatigues which the expedition might involve, we agreed to defer the descent into the crater till the following day, and I spent that one in securing a general sketch from the highest part of the outer crag wall. Alas!



HALEMAU MAU (THE HOUSE OF EVERLASTING BURNING). CHIMNEY OF THE INNER CRATER OF KILAUEA, AS SEEN OCTOBER 29TH, 1879.



HALEMAUMAU, IN 1866. (REPRINTED FROM SCRIBNER FOR OCTOBER, 1871.)

I little knew what that one day's delay was to cost me. Though I heard occasional detonations, and sounds as of falling rocks, the noise thus produced was so trifling, compared with the thunderous raging and roaring I had heard in the volcanic regions of New Zealand, that I gave it small heed, and worked on unconcerned, only stopping occasionally to catch my horse; the poor beast, failing to find one green leaf as fodder, and being therefore restless, again and again having pulled up the bushes of small guava scrub to which alone I could tether him. The danger I dreaded was lest, in his search for food, he should fall into one of the innumerable steam cracks which honey-comb the whole country for miles around, and in which a multitude of horses and cattle every year perish. All through the woods are clefts of all sizes, from one vast fissure thirteen miles in length, which suddenly burst open in 1868, to quite small pits, perhaps a hundred feet deep, and completely hidden by rank

vegetation, chiefly by ferns, which love the warm steam.

After a while Kalahea, the picturesque Hawaiian guide, returned, greatly elated at having found three and a half dollars, which some passers-by (albeit very good Christians) had thrown as an offering to Pélé, who, in Hawaiian mythology, was the dread goddess of the volcano. The dollars, thrown from the bridge-path, had fallen short of their mark, and so became treasure-trove to one too familiar with the realm of the goddess to make him scruple about sharing her profits. Her favorite votive offerings are said to be white chickens, which are still occasionally offered in secret; and a wonderful story was told me of a mysterious parcel which, quite recently, was brought by an old man, too decrepit to make the descent himself, with a request that one of the guides would throw it into the crater. The parcel contained the bones of a young child. Of minor offerings, the scarlet ber-



ries of the ohelo and the strawberry have always been sacred to Pélé on account of their color, and it was formerly customary, before venturing to eat of these, to throw some of them into the crater, dedicating them to the goddess.

On the following morning we descended, by a steep path leading down the face of the crag, from the hotel to the bed of the crater, which lies about six hundred feet below, forming a vast pit, which, by the lowest computation, is nine miles in circumference, and inclosed by a wall of crags all about the same height. At the furthest side of this great crater lies that inner crater known as the Halemaumau, or House of Everlasting Burning, which is commonly described as the Lake, or Lakes, of Fire, and which, though constantly varying, averages about three miles in circumference. As seen from above, the bed of the outer crater resembles a dark bluish-gray lake, being apparently a level surface; but on a nearer approach we found it to be a bed of extremely irregular black lava, contorted into all manners of forms, such as huge coils of rope, folds of rich black satin drapery, waves of glistening black glass, forming a thin iridescent coating to a sort of bubbly red lava; and here and there the lava had flowed over ridges so steep that in cooling it had assumed the appearance of a perfectly petrified water-fall. We saw plainly where successive lava-flows overlapped one another, the currents, after flowing in opposite directions, showing where the fires had found temporary vent by some newly formed lake or chimney. But whatever by-play of this sort they may indulge in, the one center of ceaseless activity is the Halemaumau, which consequently is continually varying in all its features. Sometimes it is one vast lake of fire; sometimes, two; rarely, only a deep pit with no fire at all. In any case, the level of the fire is always varying; then, again, the pit may be simply a deep gulf, or chasm, without any encircling edge of crag, and within a few weeks the forces at work below will upheave great lava cliffs to a height of five hundred feet, and a little later will so undermine the crags that they topple over into the lake and bury its fires, till they are themselves molten afresh. Thus the work of construction and destruction are ever going on, hand in hand.

A sketch of the changes which occurred within twelve months will illustrate the whole subject.

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In January, 1879, the Halemaumau was one large lake, without any divisions. It was inclosed by a low crag-wall, in which were several cracks, through which flowed streams of molten lava. The lake was quite full, to the top of the wall, and large waves, tossed as if by a violent storm, were continually splashing over, accompanied by a noise like the discharge of artillery. There was no smoke, and at night fountains of fire were seen from the hotel, thrown high in mid-air. From January to April the crag-wall was gradually upheaved, till it attained a height of about four hundred and fifty feet. During this time the fire was never less than forty feet from the top, and sometimes it rose to within five or six. All this time there were flows in the outer crater, and, one night, Mr. Lentz and a party of gentlemen counted three hundred and seventeen different points in the crater from which the fire was bursting up. On the 21st of April the whole mass of crags around the Halemaumau fell in, leaving only a wall about twenty-five feet high. Standing on this level, you looked down one thousand feet into one vast pit, without any divisions, and could only see a little steam at the bottom. Gradually the crags were once more upheaved, and the fire filled up within an inner circle of rock-wall. In seven months the crags attained an altitude of from three hundred and sixty to four hundred feet. The highest crag had fallen in about a fortnight before my arrival, partially filling the lake; but two days before my visit the fiery waves were tossing and surging in wild glory, and it was without a shadow of misgiving that, on the morning of October 29th, we climbed the steep rock-wall, scrambling over coils like huge hollow glass tubes, which gave way beneath our tread, filling my mind with considerable misgiving. They looked like gigantic specimens of the twisted sugar-sticks familiar to our childhood. At length we gained the summit, and eagerly looked for the fire-waves and fountains, and marvels of mystery and beauty; but lo, there were none!—no fire-waves, and only some small fountains spouting rather feebly, as if grieved to find themselves forsaken by all their fiery kindred. The rest was all chaos—jagged masses of tumbled crag jutting up through volumes of dense white smoke, which rolled toward the further end of Halemaumau, where lurid clouds of sulphurous steam wholly veiled the scene. This was in the South lake, which was

wholly divided by great lava crags from the North lake. In the latter there was no trace of fire, but the bed of the lake was visible. When I returned, two days later, even this had sunk out of sight, and the "house of everlasting burning" had become a bottomless pit. There was no doubt as to what had happened. The crashing of falling rocks which I had heard on the previous day was, beyond all question, the falling in of some of the great crags, and their huge fragments effectually choked the fires.

Finding it impossible to see much from this point, and equally impossible to go along the summit of the crag, we descended to the bed of the outer crater and tried to re-ascend at such a point as would enable us to look down into the North lake; but we were compelled to relinquish this attempt, there being at this point a large deposit of sulphur, traversed by many cracks, through which the suffocating gases rose in hot gusts. (I have always observed that the blasts of hot vapor rising through sulphur tubes are more intensely scalding than any other.) So, once more descending, we consoled ourselves by watching the vagaries of a blowing cone or chimney, from which the lava was spouting. Finally it forced open a passage through one side, from which it flowed in a thick, liquid stream, apparently of the consistency of molasses.

We then took a long walk across the crater to see a good specimen of a stone water-fall—a lava cascade, and in the course of our explorations came on two distinct rivers, still in motion, but which had already assumed the two totally distinct forms known as *a-a*, or very rough, jagged black lava, which, from the beginning, lies tossed in confused, broken masses, almost impassable for animals, and the *pa-hoe-hoe*, or smooth lava, which is pleasant to walk on.

Next morning I was astir betimes, to secure a sketch of the rosy sunrise glow on the snowy crest of Mauna Kea, crowned with many extinct craters. Nearer lay the huge dome of Mauna Loa, on the flank of which we stood. Its simply rounded top shows no trace of the crater of Mokua-weo-weo, which lies there, nor of the fires which smolder within, and which, when they do awaken, cause such terrific earthquakes and lava flows in whatever direction their wild will may impel their action. The crater of Mokua-weo-weo is about fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. That of Kilauea is only four thousand feet from the

sea-level. The two craters have apparently no connection, and rarely show special activity simultaneously. Kilauea is the more equable in her temperament; is generally in action, and confines her ebullitions to her own quarters. But though Mokua-weo-weo is rarely stirred up to action, when she is, then certainly danger is to be looked for in some quarter.

All through this day, the cone we had visited on the previous day was spouting violently, and at night the crater was all illumined by the flow of fire-rivers starting from its neighborhood. On the following night (Halloween, the grand fire-festival of our ancestors, October 31st), the flow was increasing rapidly and was magnificent. The fire had burst up at so many points near together that it formed a lake, in which fire-jets spouted and molten lava was thrown high in mid-air,—great masses of red-hot solid lava being tossed to a height of from thirty to forty feet,—while from the overflowing rim, or from weak points in the sides of the lake-basin, flowed rivers of lava, forming a net-work of living, rushing fire, covering fully two square miles of the very ground over which I had been walking two days previously. Words are poor exponents of such a scene as this, and imagination fails to realize its marvelous beauty.

All next day the flow continued, and at night a full moon added its cool, pure light to the lurid crimson glow which was reflected on all the overhanging clouds, as well as on the column of white steam which forever rises from the Halemaumau itself; and these clouds, being visible at a distance of many miles, declared plainly to our friends in Hilo that there was unusual activity at Kilauea. I had little time for sleep that night. As often as I lay down, the fascination of the scene recalled me, and I watched fresh fountains and rivers of fire continually bursting forth, till their glow paled in the light of the risen sun, and only the points of most intense heat continued to show red; the general color of the new lake and its rivers now became wonderfully silvery and glistening.

Wishing for a nearer view, we descended into the crater, and, taking a circuitous route so as to avoid the fiery breath of the mighty furnace, we contrived to reach a comparatively safe point, near the principal spouting cone. This was as near as we dared approach to the new lake, which raged and tossed its fiery spray, and, boiling over its banks, poured forth a river

about one hundred and sixty feet wide, which rushed down the incline with appalling speed. I reckoned that it flowed as rapidly as the Merced River, above the Vernal Falls in the Yosemite, which is about the swiftest stream known to me.

The Rev. Titus Coan tells me that he has seen the lava flowing at the rate of forty miles an hour—rushing downhill through the forests on its seaward way, and leaping over crags in cascades of living fire. Once he traced a lava flow which had thus fallen seven hundred feet at one bound! I confess I watched even this small, comparatively safe river with some trepidation; it was

gether, forming a hollow tube. Behind it comes a fresh wave, which, though checked in its course, forms a second rope or tube; successive pulsations form successive ridges, which assume precisely the appearance of great coils of rope, with every twisted strand clearly defined. Then comes a more impetuous wave. It partially overleaps the barrier thus raised, and, flowing almost at a right angle, repeats the process in a new direction—or, perhaps, obeying some fresh impulse, it assumes folds like the richest drapery. As the lava cools, it throws the vitreous element to the surface, which thus presents the appearance of myriad flakes



FORMS LIKE DRAPERY AND SERPENTS TAKEN BY THE LAVA IN COOLING—KILAUEA.

necessary for the guide to keep ceaseless watch, to guard against the possibility of our retreat being cut off.

We took our stand on a hummock of lava, and were thus raised on a level with the lake, which had very capriciously selected the highest portion of the crater, so that all the rivers flowed down over a steep lava bank. When they reached more level ground their pace became more sluggish, and we watched the simple process by which the lava, in cooling, assumes those wonderfully intricate forms which had excited our wonder and admiration. The foremost curve of lava, of course, cools most quickly, and, as it gradually solidifies, it travels slower and slower till it halts alto-

of black, iridescent glass. I brought away exquisite specimens of this, which I had watched thus solidify—some in flakes, light as froth and exceedingly brittle, others in coils heavy as iron. Indeed, so rapidly does the lava cool, that when we had gained sufficient confidence to follow our experienced guide, we were able to walk across many of the streams which only a few hours previously had been liquid fire. They were certainly very hot, but did not even singe our boots, though we could see the fire through all the cracks and broken places, not four inches below our feet. The streams were coated over with a thin, gleaming, silvery crust, like that which forms on molten metal.

On the following morning I looked my last on the wondrous scene, and, at the moment of sunrise, a vivid rainbow appeared above the Halemaumau, forming a perfect circle, and having the full moon as key-stone to its wondrous arch. A few minutes later, one of my companions, standing about fifty yards from us, cried out, "Do you feel the earthquake?" Not having felt the slightest movement at the house, we all maintained that he was dreaming, but happily he was able to prove his accuracy by pointing to a cloud of dust rising from the very bank on which I had sat the first day, part of which had fallen in. When, late the same evening, we reached Hilo, the first questions put to us were in relation to the earthquake, which had there been felt as a severe double shock.

In the course of the next few days, friends came from far and near to talk over our expedition and see the sketches I had been able to secure. Many of these were old inhabitants who, for many years, have noted every change of the volcano, and from the lips of one after another I heard of the ever-varying wonders beheld by each. Above all others as an exponent of volcanic phenomena is the Rev. Titus Coan, who, since his arrival in these islands in 1835, has personally inspected every event of any special interest, either within the crater or wherever else the fires may have found vent. The same energy which has enabled him to accomplish an amount of work in the mission field perhaps unprecedented in any one life, has impelled him to face danger and fatigue in the pursuit of scientific investigations and enables him to speak as an eye-witness of scenes which make our pulse run high even to hear of. These he has most graphically described in hundreds of letters, written year by year to private friends. Some have appeared in "Silliman's Journal," and these and others have been largely quoted by almost every writer on Hawaii; but, as yet, Dr. Coan has not found time to arrange his notes for publication as a whole—an omission which, for the sake of all lovers of science, is deeply to be regretted. From his lips and those of many other friends, as well as from the published records of W. T. Brigham and previous travelers, I have collected the following notes in order to mark the changes which, year by year, have occurred within the crater of Kilauea, as well as the principal events which form the history of volcanic action in recent times.

In 1823, the Rev. W. Ellis visited Kilauea. He describes the general crater as filled with molten lava; the south-west and northern parts of it were one vast flood of liquid fire and flaming billows. He counted fifty-one craters, of varied form and size, which rose like so many conical islands from the surface of the burning lake. Of these, twenty-two constantly emitted columns of gray smoke or pyramids of brilliant flame and blazing torrents of lava, which rolled into the boiling mass below.

In 1825, the Rev. C. S. Stewart found the general crater still in full action. He saw about fifty-six small conical craters, many of which were active. "Rivers of fire rolled in splendid corruscations among the laboring craters," and a lake of fire extended to the south-west. He judged one cone to be about one hundred and fifty feet high. Lieutenant Malden, who accompanied him, calculated the whole depth of the crater at fifteen hundred feet, the black ledge to which they descended being nine hundred feet below the upper cliff, the circumference of the crater at the bottom being about six miles, at the top about nine. Suddenly, after terrific noises and rumblings, a dense column of smoke rose. From a cone apparently long dead, flames and red-hot stones were shot up to a great height, then molten lava, and then appeared a lake two miles in circumference.

In 1832, the Rev. J. Goodrich arrived just after a great eruption. The lava-bed had sunk four hundred and fifty feet below its former bed, and the only volcanic action was within Halemaumau.

In 1838, Captain Chase and Captain Parker saw a surface of four square miles covered with cones and lakes of fire. They counted twenty-six cones, of which eight were active, and six small lakes boiling violently. On Halemaumau, which was a lake, they saw a large island, which broke up, leaving a vast pool of liquid lava. In the same year, Count Strzelecki says, the Halemaumau covered an area of three thousand yards, encircled by a wall of scoræa fifty yards high.

In 1839, Captain Shepherd estimated the Halemaumau at one mile in length and one and one-half in breadth.

In 1842, the lava had formed a complete dome, covering the lake of fire like a pie-crust. The only fires visible were currents which forced their passage at points about forty feet below the surface.

In 1844, the Rev. C. S. Lyman found a

level outer crater, but no wall around Halemaumau, which was one very large pit, with fire-waves within fifteen feet of the level surface. In 1846, he found it covered with a dome about twelve feet high and not more than a foot in thickness. The fiery lava could be seen through two small apertures, and was within fifteen feet of the summit.

About 1848, says Mr. Coan, the lake had become crusted with a thick stratum of lava, which was gradually raised to a dome nearly three hundred feet in height, covering the whole lake, traversed here and there by rents and fissures, and studded by an occasional cone. In 1849, he speaks of violent roarings and detonations from the cones on the dome. At this time there was only one small orifice on the summit, to which he rashly climbed, and, looking in, beheld the fire raging below. The dome resembled a cracked cake, with fire visible through the cracks. In 1852, he speaks of a complete dome two miles in circumference. In July, 1855, he says: "The great dome is throwing up columns to a height of two hundred feet, while its walls tremble at the fury of the waves which rage within." In the outer crater he counted sixty fiery lakes, and the whole surface was dotted with burning cones. In October, 1855, he said: "The great dome over Halemaumau is swept away, and a jagged rim from twenty to sixty feet high now encircles it. The fusion may be one hundred feet below. There are now about a dozen lakes of raging lava in Kilauea."

In 1865, Mr. Reid told me, he counted sixteen lakes in the outer crater. He lay all night on the crag-wall, and watched them quietly overflow, till one-third of the crater was a bed of fire. In 1866, Mr. Sisson told me, he found the Halemaumau one lake without any division, surrounded by a low wall. The fire was pretty quiet, and within ten feet of the top of the wall. The North lake, which is now extinct, was a pit of liquid fire, two hundred feet long by five hundred wide. Between this and the Halemaumau were seven other lakes, which increased in size till 1868, when the great flow in Kau occurred, and the lakes disappeared. For months there was no fire, only smoke.

From January to March, 1868, these lakes were in ceaseless action, and from one large blow-hole volumes of steam were thrown up at intervals of a minute, with loud roaring. Suddenly this ceased, and the whole bed of the crater was overflowed with incandescent

lava. On the 1st of April the bottom of the Halemaumau fell in, sinking about six hundred feet. Fully two-thirds of the floor of the outer crater also caved in in the middle, and sank from one to three hundred feet, leaving an outer rim raised around the base of the cliffs. Mr. Reid tells me he descended about three hundred feet into the Halemaumau, climbing down the broken lava. He could see no trace of fire, only steam and smoke. It was a great pit without any division. It was at this time that the terrible eruption occurred at Kahuku, when the earth was rent by a steam crack thirteen miles in length, which has necessitated the alteration of the road to that extent—a crack which to this day continues to pour forth steam.

In July, 1868, seven or eight blowing cones formed on the walls of the Halemaumau, and from these molten lava poured into the lake and soon filled it up.

In 1872, there was one lake full of fire, with high crags. In 1873, Mr. Nordhoff saw two lakes, filled with a raging, roaring, restless mass of fiery matter dashing in ceaseless tumult. The two lakes were separated by a narrow ledge of lava, which was sometimes overflowed and melted down. Standing upon the northern bank, he could see both lakes, at about eighty feet below him. Three months before his visit, the lava had overflowed the high banks on which he stood, and had poured itself into the outer crater. Six months later it again rose almost to the surface, and forced a passage for itself through one side, thence flowing in a vast river of fire into the main crater.

In January, 1874, Miss Bird found one irregularly shaped lake almost divided by a lava-wall. The height of the crags inclosing it was about forty feet on one side and one hundred and fifty on the other. The lake lay thirty-five feet below the spot where she stood, and was intensely active, having eleven fire-fountains in ceaseless ebullition, but producing no smoke. In June, 1875, she returned, and found the encompassing crags raised to a height of five hundred feet above the level of the outer crater. Standing on this elevation, the fiery lava within Halemaumau lay about eighty feet below her, and formed two lakes, separated by a solid barrier of lava, about three hundred feet broad and eighty feet deep. There were no playful fire-fountains, but raging, sulphurous waves and whirlpools,—a thing of awful sublimity,—accompanied by fearful detonations and thundering crashes, and by stifling gases.



In January, 1878, the crag-walls of the Halemaumau were one hundred and seventy-five feet in height, and the fire-lake was full to within twenty-five feet of their summit, being thus raised, as in a cup, one hundred and fifty feet above the outer crater.

In November, 1878, it was still one large lake, and so full that the dancing fire of its waves was visible from the inn. There was also a large flow in the outer crater. Of all the rapid changes that occurred within the bed of the crater in 1879 I have already spoken.

Of course the more important flows are those which have burst forth outside of lawful limits, choosing their scene of action without respect of place or person. In looking at a map of Hawaii, such as that furnished by Brigham, and marking the course of the principal lava-flows, one is forcibly reminded of a star-fish, of which Mauna Loa is the body, the lava streams forming the long, irregular arms.

The first eruption of which we have a distinct record was in 1789. It was accompanied by fearful earthquakes, terrific darkness, and thunder and lightning. This eruption differs from all others in that no lava is mentioned,—only sand and scoræ, with volumes of steam and sulphurous vapor,—just such an eruption as that which overwhelmed Pompeii.

In 1823, there was a very grand eruption, with lava-flow thirty miles in length.

In 1840, the bed of the crater sank about three hundred feet, and her fires vanished. They traveled under-ground, with roaring and much commotion, till they broke open a passage in the district of Puna, whence they rolled onward, burning forests, villages, and plantations—a terrific flood, from one to three miles wide, and from twelve to two hundred feet in depth, varying with the extreme irregularity of the ground; and, having traveled a distance of forty miles in four days, it entered the sea seventeen and a half miles from Hilo, leaping a precipice of about fifty feet and forming a fire-cataract as broad as Niagara. This raging, blood-red torrent continued for three weeks to pour into the ocean, which was heated for twenty miles along the coast.

In 1843, Mauna Loa broke out near the summit. Two large craters were formed, and two streams of lava poured out from fissures, one flowing westward toward Kona, the other toward Mauna Kea, and dividing into two streams, one branch turning toward Waimea, the other toward Hilo.

This continued four weeks. Mr. Coan reached the scene, with much effort and peril, and found the craters throwing up columns of lava to a height of four hundred feet.

In 1851, he saw columns of light and smoke rising and falling on the summit of Mauna Loa. He found that they proceeded from an opening five miles from Moku-weo-weo, and one thousand feet below the summit, whence poured a river of fire from one to two miles in width and perhaps ten in length. This flowed into the Kona district, and only lasted four days.

In February, 1852, an eruption took place near the summit of Mauna Loa, which apparently died out in two days, but afterward burst out, with amazing splendor, four thousand feet below the summit, on the side toward Hilo. For twenty days and nights (says Mr. Coan) it threw and sustained a column of liquid fire one thousand feet high, by actual measurement, and one hundred and fifty feet in diameter. The stream of fire flowing thence was visible for thirty miles, when it disappeared in the woods within ten miles of Hilo. In twenty days it formed, at the point of eruption, a cone nearly one mile in circumference at the base and four hundred feet high, which remains to this day. Mr. Coan stood by this cone when in full action, and his description of the scene is appalling. After a toilsome journey from Hilo, he emerged from the forest, and his eyes rested on Mauna Kea, robed in spotless snow, while from Mauna Loa poured glowing rivers of fire. Following the direction of these, he hewed a path through the forest with great difficulty—a task which cost him four days and nights of severe toil. At length he reached the mighty fire-fountain. Its action was accompanied by terrific detonations and explosions; jets of red-hot and white-hot lava were ejected with a force which threatened to rend the rocky ribs of the mountain, and, assuming every conceivable form, fell in fountains of fire.

In August, 1855, occurred the most awful eruption. It commenced near the summit of Mauna Loa, and for three months steadily advanced toward Hilo, in a stream of sufficient breadth to overwhelm the whole town and harbor. Day by day parties went up from the town to report on its progress, and great was the alarm of all. Solemn services were held in the churches,—no mere matter of form, you may believe,—and the cry of the people was answered. Just when danger seemed most imminent,

and as if nothing could avert the destruction of the city, the course of the fiery flood was diverted; and, though the great roaring furnace on the mount continued in full blast for twelve months more, not one foot nearer to the town did the flood come. It gushed out laterally in streams sixty miles in length, depositing millions of tons of lava along the track of the flame, and covering nearly three hundred square miles of land. In the course of this eruption, Mr. Coan made frequent expeditions to the scene of action. He followed the course of the fire-river, which, in some places, was three miles wide; in others, formed lakes from five to eight miles broad. Higher up the mountain, the river flowed subterraneously for upward of ten miles; but here and there he came to openings, from twenty to one hundred feet in diameter, down which he could peer into the awful scene beneath him. At one point he reckoned that the river ran down a declivity of from ten to twenty-five degrees, its velocity being fully forty miles an hour. He traced this river to its apparent source—a series of cones, formed over a great fissure in the mountain; but so insecure was the ground, so deadly the gases, so great the heat, that it was impossible to look down this horrid chimney. At midnight, chilled by the drenching rain, he and his native attendant camped under a large tree, within ten feet of the flowing lava, and only elevated three feet above it, boiling their kettle and frying their ham on the red-hot lava. All night they kept awful vigil; nor did they forsake their post till the fire-flood had closed around them on three sides, and their sheltering tree was ablaze. At another point they camped near the brink of a river, and watched a fearful conflict of the elements,—the fiery cataract pouring over a precipice of about forty feet into a basin of deep water, which boiled and raged in vain, and was gradually all converted into steam.

In January, 1859, a splendid eruption broke out near the summit of Mauna Loa, flowing down toward the shore of North Kona in a succession of cataracts and rapids, leaping precipices of ten, twenty, and thirty feet on its way, and shooting up jets and columns of igneous fusion to the height of thirty, fifty, and sixty feet; then widening into lakes and forming a network of rivers, and reaching the sea at Wainanali in eighty days—a distance of about sixty miles.

From 1865 to 1868, Kilauea filled up

rapidly, with violent action, as I have before stated. Symptoms of life were seen above Mauna Loa, and earthquakes were frequent. On the 27th of March, 1868 (said Mr. Coan), a series of earthquakes commenced; upward of one thousand shocks were counted in five days. These continued in rapid succession until April 2d, when the most terrific earthquake known in the history of Hawaii occurred, at about four p. m. The earth trembled like a ship in battle; crevasse after crevasse opened everywhere; rocks rent; stone buildings and stone walls were torn in pieces; in Kau, every stone wall, and almost every house, was thrown down; immense rocks fell; land-slips of earth, boulders, trees, mud, etc., came down from the foot-hills of Mauna Loa with thundering uproar, and men and beasts were terror-stricken, finding nothing firm whereon to rest; houses slid from their foundations, and the inhabitants fled; many lay upon the ground, holding on to shrubs, grasses, or stones.

On the 2d of April occurred a terrible avalanche, variously described as a landslide and a mud-flow. Bursting from the mountain-side in a torrent of mud half a mile wide and about ten feet deep, it dashed over a precipice five hundred feet high, and, rushing over a sloping, grassy lawn at such speed as to make three miles in as many minutes, it overwhelmed ten houses, burying thirty-one men, women, and children and many hundred head of cattle and flocks of goats, not one of which has ever been disinterred. His theory of the outburst is that a stream of water flowed under-ground, and that the lava-stream struck the subterranean reservoir, and generated steam in such volumes as to blow open the hill.

At the same time an earthquake wave, twenty feet high, rolled in foaming fury along the eastern and southern shores of Hawaii, sweeping away one hundred and eight houses and drowning forty-six people, while many houses in the interior were thrown down by the earthquake. Furthermore, during the same hour, the whole coast of Kau and Puna, for a distance of eighty miles, subsided and sank into the sea to the depth of six or eight feet, destroying houses and gardens, and leaving the palm and other trees standing seven feet deep in water.

Meanwhile a vast river of fiery fusion had started on its dark, subterraneous way from Kilauea, evidently causing these rapid and terrible earthquakes, and rending the earth in countless places. After four days,

it burst out at Kahuku, in Kau, at a height of thirty-eight hundred feet above the sea, where it rent a fissure nearly a mile in length, from which it poured with terrific fury, forming four vast fire-fountains, fluid as water, and blood-red. Sometimes they flowed together so as to form but two fountains, and sometimes only one of vast dimensions; hence the flood rushed on in spiral swirls, pouring over each lip of the crevice, spouting up fifty or sixty feet in the air, falling among trees and shrubs, scathing, charring, and consuming them, tossing, and roaring, like the rapids of Niagara rushing madly on to the sea.

POSTSCRIPT, by T. M. C.

The latest of the great eruptions from Mauna Loa broke out on the night of Friday, November 5th, 1886, and by the last advices received from the Rev. Titus Coan, was still in active progress. The veteran missionary, now in his eighty-first year, no longer betakes himself to the mountains or to the mighty volcanoes in his diocese; but recent observations of interest are in hand. Hilo is distant some forty miles in a straight line from the sources of the mountain eruptions, which usually break out near the summit, but not upon it, and, during the day of the 6th, writes an observer from Hilo:

"The sight was indescribably grand. A fountain of liquid fire was pouring up from the summit line of Mauna Kea. All day, with or without the glass, our eyes were turned toward the mountain. Two streams were distinctly visible, coursing down its side—one toward Mauna Kea, the other nearing Hilo. At night the sky was a glare of light that made objects distinctly visible in the streets and in our rooms."

A writer in the Honolulu "Gazette," of November 17th, thus describes the astonishing scene that he saw, after forcing his way to the heart of the mountain solitudes, on the night of the 8th November:

"The whole stream lay before us. \* \* \* Away above us in the heavens shone the brilliant fountain-head, and from thence to the end was a continuous stream of liquid lava, brighter by far than fire; we could see how pale fire looked in comparison, whenever a bush burnt up alongside. There lay a river of fire before us at least thirty miles long, every inch of which was one bright, rolling tide of fire. There was not a single break in the whole length. It divided about a mile from the top and ran down, forming a parallelogram, joined again, and ran five miles below. The front edge, about three-fourths of a mile wide, was a most intensely brilliant sight; as it slowly advanced and rolled over the small trees and scrub, bright flames would flash up and die out along its above edge. \* \* \* Now and then a report as of a cannon broke on the stillness, caused, I suppose, by the heating

of air in the old lava caverns and its bursting up through the crust. Then occasionally a deep but loud rumbling noise would almost start us from our seats, evidently coming from the deep recesses of the old mountain, as if it were spouting forth its fiery flood. The cannonade was very frequent; now close to us, and again coming from far up the mountain. I could compare the whole view to nothing but a blaze of chain lightning frozen in its tracks."

The next day, November 9th, this tourist made his way to another branch of the stream, where the fusion of the lava was not perfect; a so-called *a-a* flow:

"We stood at the very edge of that flowing river of rock. What a sight that was! Not twenty feet from us was this immense bed of rock slowly moving forward with irresistible force, bearing on its surface huge rocks and boulders as water carries a toy boat. The front edge of the mass was from twelve to thirty feet high; and this whole front was one bright red mass of solid rock, incessantly breaking off at its crest, and rolling down to the foot of the towering mass, to be covered up incessantly by another avalanche of red-hot rocks and sand. Along its whole line of advance it was one crash of rolling, sliding, tumbling red-hot rock. We could see no fire or liquid lava at all, but the whole advance line was red-hot stones and scoriae. There was a roaring like ten thousand blast-furnaces. The advance of the mass was slow but sure. \* \* \* There is still great danger for our beautiful town of Hilo."

Another correspondent remarks in this flow a feature that has been little noted in previous accounts of the Hawaiian eruptions, but which is of not infrequent occurrence; namely, that the lava stream will sometimes flow uphill for a considerable distance. This happens when the inclosing crust of solidified lava is tough enough to withstand, like the tube of an aqueduct or of a fire-hose, the pressure from within. The semi-viscid lava, forcing its way through the far extremity of this containing tube, will by successive gushes and successive coolings carry itself up a declivity, or entirely across a considerable valley, in a short space of time; so that the objective point of a given flow can seldom be determined accurately by "the lay of the land." This eruption is accompanied by great activity in Kilauea, where the South lake has been gradually filling for many months. November 30th it was reported by a visitor as overflowing.

Professor J. D. Dana (in the "American Journal of Science" for May, 1859) estimates the bulk of Mauna Loa as one hundred and twenty-five times greater than that of Vesuvius. As each mountain has been entirely built up by the overflow of its eruptions, we may see with what justice those of Hawaii have been called "the greatest volcanoes in the world."

## WOOD-ENGRAVING AND THE "SCRIBNER" PRIZES.



FIRST PRIZE. "FROM SHIFTING SHADE TO SUNSHINE PASS." ENGRAVED FROM PHOTOGRAPH (BY THE ROCKWOOD PROCESS) OF THE OIL PAINTING BY JAMES M. HART. ENGRAVER, WILLIAM H. MACKAY, BOSTON. AGE, SIXTEEN YEARS. TIME OF PRACTICE, TWO YEARS.

HOWEVER critics may differ as to the merits of the so-called "new school" of wood-engravers in America, it is beyond cavil that to this school is due the present widespread foreign reputation of this phase of American art. Ten years ago our blocks

were not signally different in kind or quality from English work. Even at that time we had reached a good degree of technical proficiency, but that it was largely overlaid with formalism and monotony will be evident to any one who will take the trouble to contrast

the best cuts of that period with the best of this. Singularly enough, although the engravers greatly outnumbered the draughtsmen, what small range of variety there was was due to the pencil rather than the graver. A dull monotony seems to have settled down upon the blocks of that time, and what germs of individuality it held had not yet grown into distinct styles. Ask any good engraver to show you his proofs of that day and those which he now exhibits at the National Academy, and see how everything that is included in the idea of *personality* has developed. If he has kept to the more conservative theories of his profession, his touch has been enlivened and quickened by an unconscious sympathy with the pace of the new movement; while if he has shared its experimental spirit and tendencies, his work has taken on a freshness, variety, and vigor which, perhaps, he himself would hardly have anticipated. Moreover, the number has been very small of those who have come out of this movement (as out of all progressive movements men will) warped by pettiness, whimsicality, and worse mannerisms than before, and having wholly lost sight of its larger meaning.

To this general advance public opinion and the best critical judgment have alike been quick to respond—nowhere more generously or more intelligently than in England. Not only such authorities as Mr. Seymour Haden, Mr. Whistler, Mr. Hamerton, the London "Times," Mr. Comyns Carr, but the great body of the English press might be cited on this point in contravention of an opinion which still lingers in the United States, that British criticism is dictated by an "insular" policy. At home also the subject has received a good deal of attention, but with the disadvantage that fewer of those who have written about it have had opportunities to acquire the necessary technical knowledge. Still, there is a good deal of confusion in the public mind, both in England and America, as to wherein the real success of the movement consists, along with a great desire to know what lines its future advances will probably follow. For the consideration of these points, a good text is found in the recent competition for the prizes offered by this magazine for the best specimen blocks to be cut by new engravers during the year 1880—an experiment which, to a notable extent, has revealed and confirmed the characteristics of the new-school type.

It must be noted, first of all, that the supe-

riority of American work has been heretofore confined mainly to the compass of small blocks. As yet, the needs of our illustrated journals have called for few engravings of large size, which give such opportunity for the employment of the bold means and the broad conception of method to be found in such publications as the London "News" and "Graphic." American engravers have yet to develop this class of work, and, so far, we have little to show with the majesty of line and movement of, for instance, Mr. Linton's earlier blocks. Our successes have been achieved rather along the line of a sensitive nervous organization. Force we have (often boldness), but not as a school, and chiefly where force is the incidental product of delicacy. This sensitiveness has assumed three distinct phases, which we take to be the commanding characteristics of wood-engraving in the United States at the present time:

1. Originality of style.
2. Individuality and (as a corollary) variety of style.
- 3, and chiefly—Faithfulness in the reproduction of a wide range of subjects by diverse methods.

As to the first two counts, it is only necessary to compare the same number of wood-cuts by American, English, French, and German engravers. Speaking broadly, and remembering certain noteworthy exceptions, the French work is of a metallic hardness, though usually delicately directed; the German labored, stiff, and mechanical; the English more vigorous and soft than either, but with a narrow range of sympathies, and lacking in delicacy. The American cuts not only show generic and specific differences from the others, but the same differences among themselves. Leaving out of mind, for the nonce, the conservative contingent who do not give in their adhesion to the "experimental school," and who are, many of them, doing able technical work not to be underrated here,—we find the body of the craft in this country contributing to the enjoyment of the world a variety of refined, rich, unhackneyed styles which has never before been seen in the history of the art.

That any such variety could exist under the conventions of the old school was not, in the nature of the case, to have been expected. Even Mr. Linton, with all his wonderful freedom with the graver, which he handles as a painter does a brush, and with all the sincerity and downrightness of method which he has inspired in those who



incline to his leadership,—even Mr. Linton has improved the technique of his pupils and adherents at a great expense of their personality. Concerning the desirability of retaining this quality of personality there can hardly be a question; it is what gives greatness to all art, all work above the mechanical. Indeed, the chief points of disagreement between the old school and the new have lain in the different theories of how to make the most of it, some going so far as to regard the engraver's art as creative, and holding that he should learn to intelligently disregard the original, in the supposed interest of a fundamental truth of nature. The new school, too, desires to cultivate the personality of the engraver: not, however, as Mr. Linton does, at the expense of the artist—whose function to create is theoretically beyond doubt, even though his creation suffer annihilation at the engraver's hands—but to develop his individuality as an interpreter. This magazine has held that *whatever may be the function of the engraver, it does not argue license to play at will with the personality of the artist, but simply freedom to vary from conventional ways of approaching it.* The musician must keep to his score, the actor to his text, the engraver to his original; but within these limitations there is a wide range for the training of expression. It is no insult to wood-engraving to call it a secondary art; so are instrumental and vocal music and the drama. While strictly not creative, all three give range to the imagination and the sensibilities, and in ministry to the life and progress of mankind contribute not less important, if somewhat less original, force than the primary arts. Indeed, no less profound a thinker than George Eliot has gone so far as to rank the receptive faculty above the creative. Certainly, the world at large, to which Beethoven, Shakspeare, and Raphael must ever be

"pinnacled dim in the intense inane,"

is not likely to undervalue its obligations to such sympathetic interpreters as Rubinstein, Salvini, and Cole,—to name but a few of the many who bring another's message translated in the glow of their own personality.

The growth of the third distinctive feature of American wood-engraving—faithfulness in reproducing a wide range of subjects by diverse methods—has been intimately connected with the history of this magazine. When SCRIBNER was established, in 1870, and for several years after, the native

resources of magazine illustration were limited to a few designers upon the block, who either made original drawings or copies of paintings, in which the quality of the painting was swallowed up (as it could not fail to be) in the pictorial mannerisms of the draughtsman. In the illustration of books from original drawings on the block, two noted instances there were of work done with thorough technical knowledge and true artistic spirit: Mr. W. J. Linton's engravings after drawings by Mr. W. J. Hennessy, and the blocks of Mr. Henry Marsh after drawings by Mr. John LaFarge. In each case the value of the work lay in the co-working of a good block-draughtsman and a good engraver. The second combination is the more interesting, as accomplishing unique results by the co-working of a delicate and original artist with a sympathetic and unconventional engraver of thoroughly artistic sense. Examples in point are the cuts of "The Wolf-Charmer" and "The Spirit of the Water-Lily," reprinted in this magazine for February, 1881. Not less able engraving was done by Mr. Marsh on a series of careful drawings of natural objects for Harris's "Insects Injurious to Vegetation," the most striking specimens of which were reprinted in this magazine for July and August, 1879. These three enterprises had good effect upon American engraving, and both for intrinsic worth and for healthful influence must be accorded prominence in any sketch of wood-engraving. When we have made these exceptions, however, there is little left in the achievements of that time to claim particular notice. A collection of paintings, as represented in the illustrated journals, had little of the painters but their topography. By the time the pictures reached the public eye, the skies, foliage, and accessories of one were indistinguishable from those of another, for all were cut by a traditional formula—often conventionally correct, but generally lifeless and without charm. Occasionally portraits were rephotographed upon the block to be cut almost as conventionally. As a consequence, the magazines fell into a rut, with a little more or less of each draughtsman in each issue, while a whole world of art lay at their feet which they could not make available, because demands upon the engravers to approximate more closely the painter's mood were met by the traditional reply, that it was "impossible to cut a block in that way." If not impossible to cut, it was impossible to



SECOND PRIZE. "PORTRAIT," AFTER PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVER, J. E. PROVINE, CHICAGO. AGE, TWENTY-FOUR. TIME OF PRACTICE, SIX MONTHS.

print. For it is but fair to many engravers to say that their conventional mannerisms were largely due to the imperfectness of the printing machinery then in general use. Of what use was it to cut blocks finely, to try new textures, to invent new styles, when the press could not print them decently? The wood-cuts which have made many engravers famous would have been rejected ten years ago, by magazines here and abroad, as thoroughly unprintable.

The approach to the desired result was made by a flank movement. Engravers were found who were willing to cut blocks upon which were photographed wash-drawings and pencil-work, and in doing so to retain some of the technique of the artist.

These experiments were extended to charcoal, crayon, pen-and-ink, etc., and before long engravers learned to throw themselves into the spirit of the new work; for, although somewhat similar methods had been tried in England, the experiments were carried further here, and with a *finesse* before unknown. Painters, pleased with the truthfulness and delicacy of these blocks, gladly assisted in making drawings for the engravers to try, and so grew up an accidental influence which has probably done as much to educate engravers in the art of plastic expression as years of set instruction in drawing could have done. The press and the public have since responded with appreciation of the best of the new work, as seen

in such pictures as the "Countess Potocka," the portraits of Mme. Modjeska and Bryant, Mr. Whistler's portraits of his mother and "The White Lady," Mr. Vedder's "Young Marsyas" and "The Lost Mind," and many others, and the new school has long since ceased to be upon the defensive.

It should be said here that the policy of this magazine has been not only to encourage intimate relations between painters and engravers, but to bring the experience of both to the assistance of the printers. The business of the art-superintendent has been only half done when his block is beautifully engraved. Inferior paper, bad electrotypes, unsuitable ink, or poorly executed overlaying would nullify the best of blocks. The last-named process (as was fully explained in Mr. Theodore DeVinne's papers on "Modern Wood-Cut Printing," in *SCRIBNER* for April and May, 1880) is a method of preserving the proper tones of a block by distributing the pressure of the cylinder unequally upon its different parts,—the black parts requiring more ink and more pressure than the grays. To procure greater delicacy, not only proofs and drawings, but even paintings, have been submitted for the inspection of pressmen and overlayers, and the personal counsel of such painters as Mr. Wyatt Eaton and Mr. Homer Martin have contributed to make the engravings of their pictures among the most notable pieces of wood-cut printing ever done. The engravers themselves have also given generous aid to the pressmen. Most of all, the con-

stant oversight of the printer's work by the art-superintendent, and the careful scrutiny of results from day to day, together with the liberal experiments of a most intelligent and patient printer, have raised the standard of the press-work from year to year.

Such new effects could not well be accomplished without raising the standard in general, and increasing the difficulties of the art. In one important respect the workman has been aided: by keeping the original painting or drawing before him, he has been able to direct and verify his work from step to step, especially in the matter of tone, or the relation of masses of color. In every other respect his labor is more complex, since it calls for a subtlety in conception and deftness of hand sufficient to translate the best examples of ancient or modern art. Indeed, the limit to the excellence of wood-engraving in America now no longer lies in the range of subject at disposal, or in the enterprise of publishers, but in the number and character of the workmen. If there were fifty engravers of the skill of the best there would always be plenty of work for them, and that blocks are sometimes cut in an inferior way is only because there are already too many demands upon the time of the most capable.

It was, therefore, with the desire of obtaining not merely wood-engravers, but those of sufficient originality and sensitiveness to assume this class of work, that this magazine, in April of last year, offered prizes of one hundred dollars, seventy-five dollars, and



THIRD PRIZE. "CAUGHT AT LAST." AFTER PHOTOGRAPH FROM CHARLES LANDSEER'S STEEL ENGRAVING OF THE PAINTING BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER. ENGRAVER, C. H. LATHAM, BOSTON. AGE, TWENTY-TWO. TIME OF PRACTICE, FOURTEEN MONTHS.



"THE BELLMAN," FROM WASH-DRAWING. ENGRAVER, MISS M. L. OWENS. TIME OF PRACTICE, TEN MONTHS.

fifty dollars, for the best blocks by non-professional workmen, to be engraved during the year 1880. To this offer there were responses from thirty-two competitors, covering nearly one hundred blocks. Considering the shortness of the time, and the circumstances under which many of the competitors have worked, the results both in interest and achievement have fully justified the anticipations. In many cases the engraver has been removed from the influences commonly supposed to foster the artistic sense; often he has worked from unusually difficult or inadequate originals. The person to whom the first prize has been awarded (on the merits of his rich and delicate proof) is but sixteen years of age; the successful competitor for the second prize had engraved but six months before touching his most original and promising block; while the engraver of the third-prize block would have been awarded the first prize had not the lines of the steel engraving from which it was copied suggested a texture more readily followed than either

of the others. To such first work no one of the other competitors need be ashamed to yield precedence,\* while a large proportion of those who do not receive mention had received but a few months' instruction, or none at all. As a whole, the blocks showed a sincerity, an originality, and a quality of workmanship which before the rise of the new movement it would have been impossible to have got together in the same time and under the same stimulus. Not only the prize-men, but a number of the others, are thus placed at once upon a commercial footing in the profession which they have chosen. Below we present the details of the awards of the committee, which consisted of Mr. Theodore L. DeVinne, the printer, Mr. T. Cole, the engraver, and Mr. A. W. Drake, Superintendent of the Art Department of SCRIBNER and ST. NICHOLAS.

This committee made the following analysis of the characteristics or qualities of the proofs submitted:

1. Truthfulness in reproduction of artist's design.
2. Originality in line or texture.
3. General effect.
4. Management of color.

The degrees of merit reached in each quality were marked in numerical order, by figures on a scale in which ten stood for the maximum. The first prize went to him who had the most marks.

The length of time spent in practice, the rendering of fac-simile, and the selection of subject were also given some weight.

The first prize (\$100) is awarded to

William H. Mackay, pupil of Victor L. Chandler, Boston. Age, sixteen. Time of practice, two years. Characteristics of work: Artistic feeling and faithfulness to spirit of design. Unusual combination of strength with extreme delicacy. Original, photograph from painting.

The second prize (\$75) is awarded to

J. Edward Provine, pupil of W. Bertram, Chicago. Age, twenty-four. Time of practice, six months. Time of instruction, six weeks. Characteristics of work: Marked simplicity, directness, and originality of line. Original, photograph from life. A more difficult task than the reproduc-

\* It should also be said that some excellent blocks, engraved during the year after short practice, did not come within the terms of the competition, including the cuts of "The Old Bailey," by Horace E. Babcock, page 501, SCRIBNER for August, 1880, and "The Salutation," by P. Aitken, page 174, SCRIBNER for December, 1880.



"WINTER SCENE." FROM OIL-PAINTING BY GEORGE E. SMITH. ENGRAVED BY VINCENT E. BROCKWAY.  
TIME OF PRACTICE, FIFTEEN MONTHS.

tion of an engraving in which lines and textures have been already laid down.

The third prize (\$50) is awarded to

C. H. Latham, pupil of W. B. Closson, Boston. Age, twenty-two. Time of practice, fourteen months. Time of instruction, nine months. Characteristics of work: Admirable skill in rendering the color and qualities of a difficult print. Original, reduced photograph from line engraving on steel.

Honorable mention is also due to

Mary L. Owens, New York, pupil of Miss C. A. Powell, neat line and good color; ten months' practice.

Vincent E. Brockway, New York City, pupil of A. Hayman, delicacy of line and texture; fifteen months' practice.

M. L. Brown, Brookline, Mass., pupil of Henry C. Cross, of Boston, Mass., general effect and careful work; eleven months' practice.

Horace E. Babcock, Morrisania, N. Y., pupil under general instruction from T. Cole, marked ability in handling varied and difficult subjects; six months' practice.

Louise Caldwell, New York, pupil of J. P. Davis,

skill in fac-simile work; ten months' practice.

P. Aitken, Gravesend, N. Y., pupil of T. Cole, careful work and rapid improvement, and feeling for subject; between six and seven months' practice.

Alfred L. Bishop, Mount Vernon, N. Y., pupil of W. J. Wilson, eight months' practice.

Lewis S. Rea, Philadelphia, pupil of J. Rea; eighteen months' practice.

Lettie R. Willoughby, Philadelphia, pupil of Miss Alice Barber.

The following competitors are also deemed worthy of encouragement:

H. E. Everett, Boston, pupil of W. J. Dana.

Hiram P. Barnes, Waltham, Mass., self-taught.

F. S. Blanchard, Albion, Mich.

Nettie C. Pollock, Baltimore, a few weeks' practice.





"COUNTRY HOUSE." DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY M. L. BROWN, BROOKLINE, MASS. TIME OF PRACTICE, ELEVEN MONTHS.

By reference to page 954, it will be seen that the offer is renewed for the year 1881, with an additional prize to the competitors of 1880.

It would be rash to attempt either to limit or to predict the future of wood-engraving in this country; but its most prominent growth and its mellowest fruit are likely to be found along the new graft it has received from the art of painting. Doubtless, as long as there is a popular enjoyment of good paintings there will be a corresponding demand for their representation by wood-cuts; for, in the nature of things, however valuable a mechanical "process" may be in retaining the quality of artistic fac-simile, it can never supply the delicacy and original force of the graver. Just now a certain showiness and false activity attach to the propagandism of art in America,—due, perhaps, partly to the influence of fashionable bad models, and partly to the emphasis which the recording agencies of the time put upon any public movement; still, the large number of good canvases to be found here is creating, and will continue to create, a *milieu* in which the national genius will find the best conditions of growth. In the

more restricted range of the engraver's art there is much less danger of being misled by bad examples, since impressions of the best blocks of foreign and American origin are easily had; but that there is much yet to be learned is evident to any one who is familiar with the subject. Many engravers can cut their lines clearly, and, up to a certain point, intelligently, whose work stops just this side of expressing feeling; while with others, under the stimulating thought of the time, theoretical knowledge has outrun manual skill. We need more simplicity and directness of method, more sturdiness of the Bewick type, more of the breadth and poetry of Millet, with less sentimentalism, and less of mere niggling and prettiness. An engraving must "hang together" as much as a painting, cohering with the force of a single conception, and not joined by a synthesis of atomic bits, however delicately wrought. This nothing can induce like a study of the best art; but even that can do little where the character of the engraver is not genuine and liberal, and constantly open to truthful and vital influences. Nowhere else does the axiom hold stronger that whatever the man is,—whether petty, or narrow, or frank, or honest,—his work takes the same color, and

appeals to the same type of admirer. Convention may mask the character, but freedom exhibits it even in its by-play. What gave Bewick fame as the greatest of his craft was not his technical skill (which can now easily be excelled), but an honest and simple delight in the homely aspects of life, and a

clairvoyant love of nature. If the nineteenth century produce as great a master in wood-engraving, it will be worth all the patient and lavish experiment which has been undertaken in giving engravers opportunity to free themselves from the bondage of routine and tradition.

### A LEAF FROM THE CALENDAR.

WHERE wood-violets love to grow  
Thickly lies the winter snow;  
Where the streamlet sung and danced,  
And the summer sunbeam glanced  
Through the meadow, down the dale,  
All is hushed, and chill, and pale!

Where the crow-foot's tender green  
Earliest in the spring is seen;  
Where the checkerberries hide  
By the pale arbutus' side,  
And the cowslips, tipped with gold,  
Over hill and dale unfold;

Where the ferret, soft and brown,  
Stores his nest with pilfered down;  
And the field-mouse in the heather  
Sleeps for days and weeks together;  
And the squirrel, wise and dumb,  
Waits for better days to come;

Lies the winter—bitter strong—  
Heaped through freezing nights and long;  
While the tempest comes and goes,  
Sliding swift o'er drifted snows:  
Clouds above and gloom below;  
Tell me—when will winter go?

When the buds begin to swell;  
When the streams leap through the dell;  
When the swallows dip and fly,  
Wheeling, circling, through the sky;  
When the violet bids the rose  
Waken from its long repose;

When the gnats in sunshine dance;  
When the long, bright hours advance  
When the robin by the door  
Sings as ne'er he sang before;  
Then, when heart, and flower, and wing  
Leap and laugh—then comes the spring!

### THE SHOPPERS' REBELLION.

SHOPS there will be, and shopmen and shoppers, till the end of time. The relations of these last two have never been wholly happy, and changes have been attempted from time to time, and a still greater and more radical change seems to be in the near future. Neither the purchaser nor the dealer is quite satisfied with the present status, and it may be worth the while to examine, from the shopper's point of view, a commercial revolution that seems to be impending.

Many years ago, a few ill-paid clerks in the London General Post-office said among themselves that the ways of the average tea-man were grievous; so every man put his shilling into a fund, and they bought a chest of tea of the wholesale dealer. They met "after hours," and, with honest scales,

weighed out the tea. They knew just what they got, and they got it without misrepresentation, adulteration, or teasing solicitation to buy, and, withal, in happy escape from bills and all the woes that from them flow. They hid the tea-chest under the post-office stairs, and sold the tea to each other at just what it cost. So cheering were the cups brewed from that tea that the clerks decided to purchase more; but the authorities tumbled the tea-chest into the street, and forbade such dealings within the sacred walls of Her Majesty's post; so the clerks had no resource but to set up a little store for themselves, which soon became known as the "Post-office Store." This was one beginning of the shoppers' rebellion.

Far away from London, in the once lovely dale of the Roch, there were certain

flannel weavers, who also felt aggrieved with the shopmen. They, too, combined, and put in, with almost heart-breaking stintings and denials, their hard-won pennies, and, amid jeers and insults from their fellows, opened a pitiful little shop in Toad lane, Rochdale. They bought and sold to themselves flour, tea, and sugar, and with the money saved staved off the pawn-shop and the work-house. This was the second beginning of the shoppers' rebellion. In point of time it was the first; but this is immaterial now. The fact remains that the Civil Service stores of London and the Equitable Pioneers, and their vast following, have at last joined hands, and the retail business world, both of this country and Great Britain, have to face and solve a great social and commercial question. The shopmen and the coöperators may be trusted to settle their differences between themselves; but the shoppers, the buyers, the great public that supports the stores of every kind, naturally asks in what way it is to be benefited. Shall it welcome the Civil Service store, the coöperator's flour-mill and bakery, or take the shopman's advice, and crush the whole scheme before it does any further harm—to the shopman?

Once upon a time a certain noble English lord wished to buy an envelope, and he entered a stationer's shop and laid down a penny for one. The shop-girl gave him the envelope and kept the penny, whereupon his lordship upbraided her and demanded the half-penny change. The time was, but is not now, when the average American would have looked upon such an incident with amused contempt. He has of late grown wiser, and sees that his lordship was right. Extortion is extortion, be it in ha'-pence or dollars. Now, when the American goes to London, he besieges the doors of the Civil Service Store in persistent and frantic chase after its wonderful bargains. He, too, has a soul not above ha'-pence.

Number 117 Victoria street, Westminster, S. W., looks very much like a club-house. It is, however, a shop—in fact, a huge aggregation of shops, under one palatial roof and one management—that of the Army and Navy Coöperative Society, Victoria street. This is the Bon Marché, the idealized "Macy's," of London, concerning which the American girl writes home, and which she tries by all her arts to enter. Sometimes she succeeds, and obtains the coveted right to trade at the great warehouse. Though young in years, she is a venerable

shopper: she has shopped at Wana-maker's, at Stewart's, at Jordan & Marsh's, and at the Bon Marché, and she is under the impression that she cannot be taught much in that direction. The burly lackey who opens the stately doors receives her with dignity, and the wonderful vision opens wide on every side. She had great expectations, but they are here surpassed. Around, on every side, below, above, are shops in bewildering variety. Everywhere she sees an elegantly dressed crowd, intent on bargains. There is a table and writing materials, and thick books of reference. These are the price lists, and she consults the maps of the floors to see where the various departments are located. No lofty-minded floor-walker annoys her with impertinent advice. The rasping voice of the cash-girl is nowhere heard. Nobody asks her to buy. There is one price for all, cash down, and as for bargains—their like is not known in Regent street or Broadway.

This Army and Navy Coöperative Society is now only one of a number of great aggregations of stores in London, and these are only half of one per cent. of the great multitude of coöperative stores in Great Britain. The society consists of several thousand persons, all more or less connected with Her Majesty's army and navy, and each of these officers, or officers' widows or children, owns one or more one-pound shares in its enormous capital. The aim of this society is simply and wholly to sell to its own members good and fine groceries, teas, furniture, dry goods, and what not, at the lowest possible cost. From the money taken at the counter, rent, wages, working expenses, and interest on capital are paid. If there is a little profit besides, this, too, is divided, but the aim is at all times to sell cheap. If the profits increase the prices are lowered, and thus the seller is literally "barred from gain." Everything is arranged to give the member the bargain. This society is founded upon what is known as the "Civil Service Plan," and its aim is to save the purchaser and member the profits ordinarily taken by the retail dealer. The other coöperative societies, working under what is called the "Rochdale Plan," sell to their members at the regular market rates, and at the end of each quarter return to the purchaser a dividend in cash on the business he brings to the store. It is estimated that one-twentieth of the entire population of England now purchase their daily bread and get their

shoes, hats, and clothing at the coöperative bakery, flour-mill, and retail store. Half a million of people have already joined the shoppers' rebellion, and month by month sees their numbers increase by thousands.

To give an idea of the magnitude of these associations, it may be briefly noticed that their balance-sheets can be easily obtained, and all may read of their actual work and financial position. From late reports, it appears the Army and Navy Society sold goods during the half year ending September, 1880, to the value of £939,266 17s., while its total income from all sources was £940,403 1s. 11d., this being an increase of £47,938 over the business of the same period of the year before. The net profits, after paying working expenses, interest on deposits, etc., amounted to £16,766 13s. 5d., this being a net profit on sales of less than fourpence in the pound. The number of share-holders is given in the report at 13,585, life members 4961, annual subscribers 17,971. The assets of the society in cash, building, stock, etc., were placed at £430,959 11s. 3d.

The Civil Service Coöperative Society, in its fourteenth annual statement, gives its sales at £514,143 14s. 10d. Its membership is put down at about 12,000.

The Civil Service Supply Association, in its half-yearly report of June 30, 1879, gives the number of members holding shares at 4374. It issued tickets to subscribers to the number of 28,834. Its sales for the six months reached £706,256 9s. 9½d., the net profit for the half-year being £8198 17s. 7½d. Its assets are put down at £367,575 4s. 4d.

A new society, designed to supply ladies' dress goods and wearing apparel of all kinds, called the Ladies' Dress Association, has made very rapid progress within the past two years, and from its report for August, 1879, claims a membership of 4411. Its sales in fourteen months reached £93,953 12s. 3d., this being an increase of over eighty-three per cent. over the same time a year before. Since that report its business has greatly increased. A society on the same plan is in contemplation in New York, and will, no doubt, soon be ready for business.

Naturally, it is now asked why this rebellion began, who is to blame for it, and what is to be the end of it all? Moreover, it has extended to this country, and seems likely to reach greater dimensions here than abroad. These questions are not British alone: they are international. The British

shopman chiefly, and the American retailer in a lesser degree, are alone to blame.

In the first place, there are too many shopmen. This has resulted in a great number of small stocks in many little stores, with the consequent increased rent, insurance, labor, advertising, waste, and inconvenience, all of which the dealer must offset by charging higher prices. Secondly, these stores have given credit, which implies book-keeping, the expense of collections, and the loss of bad debts, for all of which the consumer must pay in higher prices. Thirdly, there has been misrepresentation and adulteration, which quite naturally has alienated what little regard the buyer may have had for the dealer. Lastly, the British shopman, if not his cousin, has been unpleasantly insistent on a purchase, and has had two prices.

The coöperator seeks to remedy all this by massing many stores under one roof, by reducing the labor of distribution, and by insisting on cash payment. Happily, the American dealer has scented the coming conflict from afar, and is trying to forestall the complaints of the shopper. There is an evident disposition to merge many small stores into one, and thus reduce rent, labor, insurance, and to save time and trouble generally. In such bazaars, lower prices are quite possible, as the shopping public has already learned. The one-price system is peculiarly American, and needs no comment. Cash is getting to be the general rule in large cities, and it should be insisted upon everywhere. Why should the buyer, with money in hand, be forced to pay more to compensate the foolish dealer for the faults of a purchaser who can not or will not pay his debts?

It seems to be recognized that the coöperative store, on either the Rochdale plan (which seems to be the best) or the Civil Service system, is destined to get and keep a firm foot-hold in this country. Once started, it will grow with ten times the speed of its sturdy British predecessor. Only the dishonesty, ignorance, and want of method of those who have hitherto attempted such experiments have stood in the way. Now it is understood, and, in new hands, it is plain that it will command the respectful attention of the shopping world. Whether the coöperative stores grow fast or slow, one thing is certain: the retail trade will be greatly modified and greatly improved, both by the force of necessity and example. Whatever happens, the shoppers will gain, and their vigorous rebellion will be of the greatest benefit to all concerned.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

**Permanency in Office-holding.**

A VERY curious thing has happened in connection with the discussion of the question of civil service reform. The discussion has been almost entirely one-sided. Almost no one has pretended to defend the present civil service of the country. The two political parties are committed against reform by all their interests as parties, but they do not dare to declare themselves against it. On the contrary, both of them attempt, in a feeble and insincere way, to patronize it as one of the things that they may ultimately be compelled to accept, and in which they do not like to be behind each other. If the advocate of reform says that the Government ought to do its business on business principles, and employ the best men, and continue to employ them so long as they remain the best men, nobody presumes to dispute it. If he says that the rewarding of party service with office is a corrupting influence, and as a policy brings incompetency into the civil service, he finds no one to say him nay. The assertions of the reformer and the convictions of the people of all parties seem to be all upon one side. There is no question of the facts on which the demand for a reform is based. There is no doubt whatever that the work of the country has been, and still is, incompetently done, and no doubt whatever that the "spoils doctrine," as it is called in party politics, is the source of incalculable corruption and incalculable degradation of the civil service.

Where will it be supposed that the opponents of reform will take a stand? They must take one somewhere, and they must take it, not on party ground, but ground that assumes to be philosophical and patriotic. A writer in "Lippincott's Magazine"—the last December issue—has broken ground for the politicians in opposition, in an article which he entitles: "Will Democracy tolerate a permanent class of national office-holders?" It is an ingenious piece of special or specious pleading, and is utterly unsound. The basilar principle on which the writer builds his argument against a permanent class of national office-holders is "that any practicable plan of organizing the public service of the United States must not only be founded upon the general consent of the people, but must also have, in its actual operation, their continual, easy, and direct participation." Well, suppose "by general consent of the people" a permanent office-holding class exists—that desideratum will be provided for. Suppose, further, they participate in the actual operation of the public service by reflecting their public servants who prove faithful and competent, or consent to their continuance in office. What remains? Certainly all the people cannot have a chance at office, and, if not all, what difference does it make whether office be restricted to ten or to twenty? Is office for the benefit of individuals, or of the country? Is it for the development and gratification of a circle of untrained

men who want it, or is it for the transaction of public business, in the best and cheapest way?

We accept, without a word, the writer's declaration that civil service reform contemplates the "creation of a permanent office-holding class." That is precisely what it does contemplate. It contemplates the introduction into this class of competent and worthy men, through the ordeal of competitive examinations, and the keeping of those men in office just as long as they do the work of their country well. It proposes to use the men in the civil service as it does those who are in the military and naval service. It proposes to use them as the Government uses the judges of the Supreme Court. There is no reason under heaven why a clerk in one of the departments at Washington should be called upon to leave his place because a political party to which he does not belong has been successful at the polls. It is a hardship to him, because his life has been long withdrawn from other pursuits, and it is a disadvantage to the service, because a man is put into his place who has no acquaintance with its duties. Men cannot participate in the honors and emoluments of the army and navy, though they are constantly taxed to support them, because they have no training for the duties of those branches of the public service. It takes training and long experience to perform the duties of any branch of the public service, and why should the ordinary voter have a chance at it?

The "political activity" to which the writer in "Lippincott" calls attention, and which he thinks is not only peculiar to our people, but much to be taken account of in any scheme of reform, is an activity whose source he ignores. No man can claim that it is born of a dominating interest in public questions. We see it in its highest manifestations in the ward meetings of the city and the caucuses of the country. It is very intense, particularly on the part of those who want office, not for the country's but for their own good. The "political activity of the people," which is only going to be satisfied by their "easy and direct participation" in the public service, we all understand. It is the zeal of partisanship, it is the strife for the spoils, and is fostered by both political parties. If we had a permanent class of national office-holders, this tremendous interest in politics of which our writer speaks would fade out entirely. If office were put beyond the struggle of parties, "the political activity of the people" would recede to a minimum, and it would become possible to get political ideas into their heads in place of those regarding their own selfish advancement.

It will be seen that the writer of the article under review has things just as he wants them now. The "political activity of the people" expresses itself in its own free way in the scramble for office at every election, in the barter and sale of place among the big and little politicians, and in the practical operation of the "spoils" and "rotation" doctrines so



familiarly known among us. In short, no reform of the civil service is needed. The policy which has filled our consulates abroad with men who cannot speak the language of the countries to which they are accredited—with men who are in no sense gentlemen, and in no sense fitted for their duties, is still to be pursued because it is necessary for the people to have a "continual, easy, and direct participation" in the public service. The honorable member of Congress from the Podunk District is to have the privilege of paying off the party and personal debts incurred by him in his election with appointments of the postmasters in his district, and with such clerkships in the departments as he may be able to lay his greedy hands on. Every man engaged in his country's service is to be assessed to carry on the schemes of the party that gave him his place, on pain of losing it, and to live in the constant and most demoralizing fear of losing it. He is always to feel that he cannot keep his place by any excellence of work, or any superlative fitness for it, but only by intriguing for it, and showing himself ready to do the dirty work of the party on whose good-will he depends.

The grand argument of our writer seems to be that the people want the offices, and want constant change in them, so as to give the largest possible number of aspirants a chance, and that they will not be content without this condition of things. This means that office is primarily and supremely for the benefit of office-holders, and that the public service is to be held subordinate to a "political activity" whose highest aim, after all, is to get office. Well, we don't believe the people want this state of things at all. The petty politicians who want office would like "continual, easy, and direct participation" in the public service, without doubt, but the people want their work done well by those who are used to it and who understand it; and the advocates of civil service reform are with the people, and will win the victory with them.

#### The Power of Opinion.

A FEW years ago, two gentlemen from the East found themselves at the outer terminus of a Western railroad, on a late Saturday evening. This involved the spending of Sunday in the temporary tavern that had sprung up as a part of a village, whose only apology for existence was that the railroad had stopped there for a time. During Sunday they became tired of their room, and went down-stairs to the little sitting-room of the house, where they found the neighbors quietly assembled, and engaged in conversation. In the center of the room there was a table covered with books, which the strangers proceeded to examine. "Hullo," exclaimed one of them, "here is one of Blank's books! How do you suppose it got here?" The remark attracted the attention of those around, and one of them rose, and, approaching the speaker, inquired: "Do you know the man who wrote that book?" "Oh, yes, very well," was the response. "Why do you ask?" "Because," he answered, "we [speaking for himself and his neighbors] want to know whether he wrote

the book because he thought it would be a proper thing for people to read, or whether he wrote it out of his own life and convictions. We want to know whether he was in earnest or not." He was assured that the writer was tremendously in earnest, and the man was satisfied. Now, this book was mainly made up of opinions, and what these simple countrymen wanted to know was, whether those opinions were worth receiving as the outcome of an earnest nature and character, or whether they were the matter-of-course utterances of some professional teacher of morals.

It is often remarked that an opinion does not amount to much, but the truth is that intelligent and conscientious opinion, forcibly expressed, is among the most potent and highly vitalized forces engaged in steadying and spurring the progress of mankind. Its power and value depend, as our friends in the little tavern apprehended, very much on the sort of man who forms and expresses it. When an opinion is presented to a man for his acceptance, he wants to know where it comes from. Its source determines for him its value. If the man who utters it really formed it in a perfect independence of judgment—if it is clear of all suspicion of undue influence from powers above or around him, and is stamped with earnestness and sincerity, it is a power in the world second to none. What these simple, sensible tavern loungers were afraid of, was that they were going to be taken in by the job of some professional opinion-maker, working in the interest of a sect or a party of some sort. If this book of opinions was of this nature, they wanted none of it. If it was the honest work of a man standing by himself, uninfluenced by anything but his desire to do good, and his love and conviction of the truth, then they would open their minds and hearts to him.

Well, if opinion is such a power in the world, why is not the world moved more rapidly toward the wholesome and the good? The answer is not far to seek. The answer, indeed, is wrapped up in our little story. The world does not lack what is called opinion, very forcibly expressed. The pulpit and the press pour out opinion upon the world in a ceaseless flood, and the reason why it accomplishes no more, is that the world does not accept the source from which it comes as authoritative or legitimate. Think of the enormous tide of utterance that emanates from the sectarian pulpit. It is sufficiently earnest; it is well expressed; it is persistently and ingeniously enforced, and its results are next to nothing. The progress made by religion is indebted very little to the pulpit utterances of opinion. Uttered to partisans in sympathy, it is, of course, needless and without results; uttered to aliens or enemies, it is powerless, because it is the voice of a sect, and not of a man. A man in error will hardly permit himself to be convinced of the truth by one whose opinions have been formed in a sectarian school, who has bound himself to the articles of a creed, and who cannot preach any other than what he preaches, or utter an opinion at variance with his creed, without being driven from his own pulpit. When it becomes a man's business to preach a certain well-defined set

of doctrines,—if this is exactly what he is paid for,—his opinions upon those doctrines, in the eyes of an unbelieving world, are not worth the paper they are written on. One of the principal reasons why Christian opinion makes so little progress in and impression upon the world, is that the world does not recognize the source from which it comes as worthy of respect. All opinion, in every field, that is a matter of course, considering the sectarian relations of the man who utters it, is naturally and necessarily without power. When a professional temperance lecturer offers his opinions to an assemblage of moderate and intemperate drinkers, it is looked upon by them as his business, or a public exhibition of his hobby, or an outcome of his special craze, and these opinions make very little impression. But when a man rises before them, known to them as candid and intelligent,—wide in observation, and wise in experience,—and out of his humane heart and independent brain presents them with his opinion, they acknowledge his credentials, and are moved as no other man can move them.

We have recently passed through a presidential campaign. The party press on both sides has poured a flood of political opinion upon the country. The outcome of the election was a logical result of the times, and it is very doubtful whether the opinions put forth and enforced on either side made a convert. Converts are not made by party presses. The party-man opposed to a party newspaper will not accept that newspaper's statement of facts, let alone its opinions. Occasionally, an independent newspaper—known to be independent—will present an opinion that will command respect from men whose principles it criticises or condemns; but a professedly party press is as powerless to spread its opinions as it is to form them candidly and competently. The tremendous amount of argumentation indulged in by the party press is wasted labor. Except for the purpose of keeping up party drill, the party press, in a great political campaign, is useless. Nobody is convinced by it; nobody whom it seeks to convert will accept its opinions as of any value whatever.

If we had a pulpit dominated by Christianity—pure and simple—and not under the control of different and differing sects, Christian opinion would have a power it has never known during these later centuries. If we had a political press dominated by intelligent patriotism, we should have some hope of the spread and prevalence of sound political principles. As it is, the world of uninformed, unintelligent, and perverse people are not reached, and cannot be reached and influenced, by the regular purveyors of religious and political opinions. Men are wrought upon in various ways through their feelings and sympathies, and are thus brought to embrace certain religious and political views, or to cast in their lot with those who entertain those views; but party and sectarian opinion, though promulgated with all the force of conviction and eloquence, makes no converts, and really does not pay for the amount of work devoted to its expression. There is, here and there, a pulpit that is independent, and these gather

the crowd, because it thirsts for independent opinions on religious topics. Mr. Beecher and Prof. Swing always have audiences—first, perhaps, because they are eloquent men, but mainly because they are recognized as no longer mouth-pieces of a creed—recognized as men who speak exactly what they think, irrespective of all creeds.

#### Mr. Comstock's Book.

THERE lies before us a large volume, entitled "Frauds Exposed." The volume is written by Anthony Comstock, and is published in this city by J. Howard Brown. It is apparently intended to answer two purposes, viz., to put the foolish public upon guard against the various schemes of swindlers, and to justify the life, policy, and mission of the writer. The first purpose is praiseworthy upon its face, and, considering the virulence of the attacks that have been made upon the character and motives of Mr. Comstock, the other is more than excusable: it is demanded. It is hard to conceive of such ingenuity and audacity of invention as have been exercised in the attacks that have been made upon Mr. Comstock's name and fame. So it is very pleasant to meet the assurance that the man whom so many good people have trusted, and to whom so many have been grateful for the good he has done, is all he has pretended to be, and that the stories told against him are misconstructions of his life and acts, or pure (or impure) fabrications. We do not see how any fair man can rise from the perusal of this book without feeling that the writer has rendered an enormous service to the community by writing and issuing it, and without feeling that Mr. Comstock has been, in his special work, one of the truest benefactors that New York has known.

Mr. Comstock's book deserves a wide notice from the press and a generous reception among the people. No man can read it without first marveling at the readiness with which the bait of the swindler is swallowed by the public, and without being armed against his schemes. It is not a very pleasant thing for a man, in a city like New York, to make it the business of his life to oppose all schemes of crime and uncleanness. These schemes are followed by desperate and bestial men and women, whose touch and presence are pollution, and whose enmity may well be deprecated. There are not many of us—even those who most heartily sympathize with Mr. Comstock—who would be willing to undertake his work, or who would have the moral and physical courage to prosecute it as he has done. The benefit to the community, however, of the work he has done, in suppressing unclean literature and the various schemes for debauching the youth of the country, in exposing the frauds that have taken such sums from the pockets of fools all over the land, in thwarting and arresting counterfeiters, bogus bankers and brokers, lottery dealers, keepers of policy-shops, quacks and quack institutions, and all sorts of pretenders, is great—indeed, inestimable. We are profoundly glad, for his own sake and for the sake of the public, and the cause of good morals,

that he has given us so good a record of what he has done, and made so perfect a justification of his mission and himself.

After all, we can but feel, in looking over a book like this, that the morality of the swindlers is hardly lower than that of their dupes. The swindler goes to work, with all the cunning and skill at his command, to get money without giving any adequate equivalent for it. That is precisely the motive of his dupes. The motive that actuates him is one that he understands, and knows how to appeal to, and the wretched men and women who respond in such numbers to his temptations can take to themselves all the curses they heap upon the man who has deceived and plundered them. They have tried to get money without paying for it its equivalent. They have been fools, of course; but they have been more than willing to obtain from others what they pay no legitimate price for. And when we go as far as this, what is there to hinder our going farther? The spirit of speculation, the world over, is the spirit of the swindler and his dupe. The speculator adds nothing, and proposes to add nothing, to the general stock of wealth. He only proposes to add to his own possessions in a legal way without giving an equivalent. There are a thousand Wall-street schemes possessing no more essential morality than those pursued by the swindlers whom Mr. Comstock exposes. The bearing, the bullying, the working up of "corners," the use of exclusive or "inside" information—all these may be, and often are, just as immoral as stealing.

This one spirit of greed—this one disposition to get something for nothing—is abroad all over the country. It poisons the blood of the people. It lowers the tone of the popular morality. Here and there, as in the case of the swindlers to whom Mr. Comstock has been such a terror, the bad blood rises into an ulcer, which the knife of the law is called upon to extirpate. But the swindlers are not sinners above all Galileans. A bad woman remains bad because she finds bad men to prey upon; and a swindler is a swindler because he finds a great multitude of people in the country who share in the leading motives of his life, even if they do not sympathize with his methods.

All this may justly be said without justifying the

swindler or apologizing for him, and all this may be said while asserting that there is no class in the community which will defend the swindler. Even his dupes claim to be a great deal more virtuous than he. What shall we say, then, when we come to a class of crimes against the law which are openly defended by those who regard themselves as respectable people? One of Mr. Comstock's special tasks has been the suppression of vile literature, here, where it is manufactured, and the obstruction of its passage through the mails. Voked with this work has been that of destroying the schemes of the infamous wretches who have undertaken to debauch the imaginations and the bodies of the youth of the land, of both sexes, in indescribable ways. He has done these things with great faithfulness, and deserves the thanks of all good people for his beneficent work. For this he has been persecuted, not only by the men and women whose business he has disturbed or destroyed, but by a large class of people who call themselves "liberals." "Liberalism," as the word is used by those who profess it, is another name for infidelity, and if infidelity naturally sympathizes with dirt, it is well that we all know it. At any rate, "liberals" are the only professed and open defenders of dirt, as it is represented by the men who are interested in pushing impure literature through the mails, and distributing the means of debauching the children of the country through the same channels. They are the only people who have labored for the repeal of what are called "the Comstock laws"—laws which form the only barriers between a set of unclean scoundrels and the youthful innocence of the land. No class in society defends the swindler; a large class defends the dispenser of moral filth, and raves about his right to make of the United States mails a gutter through which to pour his abominations upon the youth of the country. They are all as bad as the man they defend. They are not only sympathetic with his foul spirit, but they do their best to defend and help him. Christianity can afford this exhibition of the spirit and tendency of infidelity; can "liberalism"? If giving up Christianity means taking on dirt, among "long-haired men and short-haired women," then it strikes us that "liberalism" has not a very brilliant prospect in America.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"The Bible Society and the New Revision."

IN DEFENSE OF DR. BRECKINRIDGE.

WESTERN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,  
ALLEGHENY, PA., Feb. 5th, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

DEAR SIR: My attention has been called to what I must esteem the very unfortunate paper on "The Bible Society and the New Revision," in the January number of your magazine. That paper, in needlessly reviving old and out-worn controversies,

and, worse than that, in reviving with them the long well-forgotten bitternesses which grew out of them, cannot help bringing pain to all right-thinking minds. One statement, at least, out of the many rashly hazarded in the course of the article I feel bound to ask your leave to correct; and I feel sure that you will, not only in the interests of common fairness, but also in the interests which arise out of your own desire to see that the character of one of the country's noblemen is not untruly blotted in your pages, wish, with me, to give the correction as

wide a circulation as that given the statement itself. I refer to the following sentences, taken from page 453, bottom of first column:

"Dr. Breckinridge collapsed rather suddenly; for he found he had as much on his hands as he could attend to at the moment, in repelling the awkward charge of plagiarism which some theologians were pressing: he had published a volume of divinity, and they said he pilfered the best part of it from Stapfer."

I would hesitate greatly to impute any unworthy motives to Dr. Robinson, the author of this statement. He is not only a minister of God's word, but has a reputation for a kindly heart. But the statement itself cannot but leave a very false impression on the mind of any reader, and that in its every particular. 1. It leaves the impression on the mind that Dr. Breckinridge rushed warmly into the controversy over the alterations in the standard version of the Scriptures which the Bible Society had introduced. This was not the fact. He warmly opposed the irresponsible action of the Society on the floor of the church courts when it was his duty to oppose it; but that was all. One brief pamphlet printed in October, 1857, was his one printed contribution to that controversy. 2. It leaves the impression on the mind that his pronounced opposition to those changes was brought to an end, so far as the public expression of them was concerned, by his finding that he had his hands full elsewhere. This was not true. It was not he that collapsed, but the effort to alter the standard Bible by unauthorized hands. Dr. Breckinridge was heard as fully on the question at the meeting of the Assembly which followed the collapse as at that which preceded it. 3. It leaves the impression on the mind that Dr. Breckinridge found himself forced to address himself vigorously to repelling the charge of plagiarism which was brought against him. This was not true. He declined to make any defense against that charge: one brief letter to Dr. Hill and another to Dr. McKinney, the composition of both of which together could not have occupied over an hour or so, was absolutely all he wrote on the subject. 4. It leaves the impression on the mind of the unwary reader, finally, that the charge of plagiarism

from Stapfer was of such a character as to render it an awkward one to have to repel. Nothing could be more untrue than such an impression. The charge comprehended only certain details found in two chapters in a book including thirty-four. Those details bore such a relation to the abstract scientific character of the book as the facts of an arithmetic or a dictionary bear to an account or translation; so that there was no more reason why Stapfer's name should have been quoted than there is why every accountant should continually quote Ray's multiplication table on each step of his calculation, or the translator, the lexicon used in his work. Those details, moreover, were not peculiarly Stapfer's, but rather of such kind as constituted the common property of the science of theology. And, to crown all, the charge of plagiarism was peculiarly unfortunate, in such matters of detail, in the face of Dr. Breckinridge's frank avowal, in the preface of the attacked volume, of full dependence on the whole past—an avowal closing with these certainly sufficiently plain words:

"The details which have been wrought out by learned, godly, and able men in all ages, of many creeds and in many tongues, have been freely wrought into the staple of this work, when they suited the place and the purpose, and turned precisely to my thought." ("Knowledge of God; Objectively Considered," page x.)

In the face of the facts, it is an unceasing matter of wonder how "some theologians" could have ventured to urge this ridiculous charge, even in those days of heated battle and bitter feeling. And it is very certain that nothing can excuse the reiteration of that charge—manifestly false in itself and as manifestly the child of the time of spite—in these cooler days, when the heat of conflict is over and the man against whom the bolt was fulminated has lain nine years in an honored grave. If the charge fell dead even in the midst of the contest a quarter of a century ago, why should it be refulmined now?

Asking your insertion of the above defense of a name, honored alike in the nation and church, now unjustly and needlessly assaulted, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

BENJ. BRECKINRIDGE WARFIELD.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### A Novel Entertainment from "Punch."

[A RECENT series of tableaux, or rather scenes, based upon drawings in the London "Punch," were so successfully presented by a party of ladies and gentlemen in a suburb of New York that, in the belief that the idea will be popular and feasible elsewhere, we have requested one of the ladies to give the readers of this department an account of the ways and means there adopted. The growing fame of Mr. du Maurier's wholesome ridicule of

the fashionable follies in certain London circles gives seasonableness to the happy thought which has suggested this new social resource for winter evenings.—ED.]

This entertainment should be spoken of as "scenes," rather than "tableaux," from the fact that in the pictures, which were presented with faithfulness in every detail, the persons not only acted but spoke their parts. All that is printed in brackets under the cartoon in "Punch" was read by

some one standing in the audience before the rise of the curtain, after which the *dramatis persona* delivered the dialogue there set down. For instance, in "Passionate Brompton" ("Punch," June 14, 1879) the scene is described in this way: "A fair young Æsthe, who has just been introduced to Mr. Smith, who is to take her down to dinner, is overheard to ask the following question," whereupon the curtain went up, and the character said, in her most appropriately affected tone: "Are you *intense*?" A little ingenuity in re-arranging the bracketed words is sometimes necessary, in order to put the situation clearly before the observer; but if the actors have the advantage of personal familiarity with English society, or with "Punch," there will be good chances for dramatic effect, even within the narrow scope of a few sentences.

The subjects chosen were drawn from the types portrayed by George du Maurier, Charles Keene, and John Leech, the three affording an agreeable variety which no one alone would furnish. The most unction would, perhaps, be bestowed upon Mr. du Maurier's Æsthetes, which, in later numbers of "Punch," have afforded the world so much amusement—those "intense" disciples of "high art," *Jellaby Postlethwait*, young *Maudle*, and their "supremely consummate" friends, the *Cimabue Browns*, who give to the world (represented by the *Colonel* and *Grigsby*) their ideas of what one should admire in "the truly great." In these scenes the setting of the stage must follow closely the drawings. One or two screens, about six feet by two, can readily be made, and covered with dull-colored cretonne, or wall-paper. By turning one side or the other, these screens can be made to present all sorts of effects, and any piece of antique drapery, gracefully draped over the chintz, will make a harmonious bit of color. Some blue china plaques, hung in conspicuous places, several small tables, wicker chairs, growing plants, and palm or India-rubber plants in pots, may be shifted about the stage, and turned into all sorts of uses. A person with a quick appreciation of the drawings themselves will, we fancy, seize the spirit of the decorations far better than they could here be described.

It is in the dressing of the characters that the effect of the scenes chiefly consist. Let us say at once that the young beauty with fresh and rosy cheeks must be warned that, to look æsthetic, she will have to sacrifice all vanity as to personal adornment. Look at the opening scene in the lives of the *Cimabue Browns*, in the issue of "Punch" for February 14th, 1880. It is called "Nincompoopiana," or "The Society of the Mutual Admirationists." The *Colonel* (who is not a member of the aforesaid society) is being introduced by *Mrs. Cimabue Brown* (who is a member) to young *Maudle* and *Jellaby Postlethwait*, who are surrounded by a group of admiring friends. The dresses of the ladies in this picture are very funny, but certainly not becoming, as the faded colors and strange mode of making the gowns would cause even a pretty woman to look her worst. The melon-shaped sleeves, narrow skirts, low-cut bodies,

and slim, shapeless figures do not add to the ordinary prettiness usually considered necessary in tableaux. For these æsthetic scenes let us recommend ladies of slight, girlish figures, with long, thin necks and prominent features. The faces of all must be whitened, not rouged, and a judicious application of black must be made under the eyes and about the nose and chin. Avoid light blues, purples, or greens, rather choosing for the dresses figured chintz, sage-green, dull yellow, and either pale pink or brick-dust-red canton flannel. Flowers roughly embroidered on the skirts produce a remarkably good effect, and the traditional lily, sunflower, or poppy may be effectively introduced by a clever young lady fond of art-embroidery. The expense of the material is so slight that a person appearing in more than one tableau can have two or three costumes. For instance, in another scene of the "Mutual Admirationists" (May 23d, 1880), where the ladies wear cloaks and poke-bonnets, and again when *Mr.* and *Mrs. Cimabue Brown* listen to *Lord Plantagenet Cadbury's* comic song (May 15th, 1880), *Mrs. Brown* would here add to the effect by appearing in another dress. The male characters require long-haired wigs, smooth, beardless faces, but ordinary frock-coats are the only costumes necessary for *Maudle* and *Postlethwait*.

We have not space to enumerate all the tableaux that would be appropriate, but in looking over the back numbers of "Punch" one can find many from which to select. We would suggest, however, such as "The Six-Mark Tea-pot" (October 30th, 1880) as amusing and easy of execution. Then "Affiliating an Æsthetic" (June 19th, 1880) forms a good *finale* to the æsthetic series. This represents "an heroic group, modeled from memory by *Pilcox*, a rising young pharmaceutical chemist, and showing *Mrs. Cimabue Brown*, as the muse of the nineteenth century, crowning *Maudle* and *Postlethwait* as its twin-gods of Art and Poetry." The group of statuary requires little practice to be made exceedingly funny. The posture is not difficult, and the dresses of the group may be copied in unbleached muslin, exactly like those in the picture. White wigs will save the trouble of using powder, and are, indeed, necessary for the men, as few have sufficiently long hair, nowadays, to copy the flowing locks of *Maudle* and *Postlethwait*. *Mrs. Brown* may be whitened and simply use powder, as that will remain in long hair.

Not less amusing or less clever is the series of pictures from the life of *Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins*, showing how she climbed the social scale, and by her advice to her young friend *Georgius Midas, Esq., Jr.*, gave him the "straight tip" on matrimony. Now comes a chance for the pretty girl with regular features, small, aristocratic head, and graceful air. *Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins* is so essentially a type of English beauty that her American cousins will be obliged to look their prettiest when they undertake to fill her rôle. Here, again, the dressing must adhere closely to the print, though a large scope for taste is given, and all the friends of *Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins* dress most becomingly and well. The



character of *Georgius Midas, Esq., Jr.*, will have to be carefully studied. Wealth—and newly acquired wealth—is written over the man and his clothes, and the consciousness of innate vulgarity makes him shrink from expressing his opinions till drawn out by the clever *Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins*. The "Advice on Matrimony" (May 22d, 1880), and two scenes of recent issue also relating to marriage, form a group proving the remarkable insight into the weaknesses and foibles of London life and human nature, while in earlier numbers, in some of the scenes with the *Duchess*, du Maurier admits us to the secrets of *Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins's* advancement in society. Her drawing-room must be tastefully arranged, and the furniture previously used changed about the stage, the screens turned to different sides and color, making the scene into a modern mansion in Mayfair.

Some of the hunting-sketches of John Leech form a good contrast to the modern drawings of Keene or du Maurier, and the fashions of twenty years ago of big hoops, ringlets, many flounces and turbans, are sure to recall merry associations in the hearts of the elder portion of the audience. In fact, in choosing these subjects, the trouble seems to be not to know where to begin, but how to stop.

Of the drawings by Leech, we may mention "The Briggs Series," depicting Mr. Briggs's trials and tribulations to get ready for the hunting-field (for one could not, of course, introduce horses and hounds into a drawing-room). Should the necessary "pink coat" of Mr. Briggs not be obtainable, some of the scenes from "Servantgism" are inimitable,

and will remind alike old and young housekeepers of their own experiences. These pictures may be varied by some of those from "Flunkeyiana," and none of the costumes are difficult or expensive to get up. Good effects may be produced by gay chintzes and red cotton, with a plentiful use of the flour-bag on the head of *Chawles* or *Jeames de la Pluche*.

The foregoing scenes were all represented in a drawing-room which was divided off by a curtain stretched on wires from cornice to cornice. A stage would of course add to the effect, could one have an elevation of eighteen inches with gas foot-lights and a drop-curtain. But our idea was informality and a jolly evening, so the first-mentioned plan was adopted. Two old red satin-damask window-curtains were fastened to the wire, leaving a space of about ten feet for a proscenium; rings were then sewed on to two other red curtains, which enabled the stage-manager to draw the curtains aside at will. Candles placed in tin sockets, with reflectors (which may easily be made by any country tinsmith), gave an appearance of foot-lights and added materially to the lighting of the stage. Ordinary lamps, fastened on to pieces of wood securely nailed to the wall or door, will answer the purpose, as these scenes do not require the strong effects of light and shade given in many such performances.

Outside these suggestions there are many admirable scenes to be copied, and we feel sure that anybody overlooking a file of "Punch" must be struck by the feasibility of many of the sketches, and find ample means for providing an amusing and novel entertainment.

F. A. B.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

### A Second Offer of Prizes for Wood-Engraving.

In the present issue of this magazine we print the report of the committee which was announced in March, 1880, to consider the merits of wood-engravings to be made by pupils during the year which has just closed. In order to exhibit the basis of the awards and the quality of the work, we present also impressions of the blocks which have received the prizes, and others which have been accorded honorable mention. In renewing this offer, we are prompted by the occasion to make a few suggestions on the general subject of technical instruction in the art.

Our first offer was made with two firm convictions: first, that the success already achieved by our countrymen in this line of work was not temporary or fortuitous, but had its source in the native keenness of the American mind and the dexterity and adaptiveness of the American hand; and, secondly, in the belief that we should discover an interest in the subject not merely mercenary, but inspired with a genuine devotion to the art. As far as the competition has any significance at all, it is to confirm and fortify

both convictions; the most successful of the competitors are Americans, and the quality of their work is, all things considered, of marked excellence, and in some instances surprisingly good; while the earnest spirit in which the larger number have entered upon the work is not the least omen of success in a profession which depends for signal success as much upon character as upon ability. A few of the many letters regarding the competition gave such decided evidence that the writers would undertake it merely as a stop-gap, or with no interest beyond the pecuniary, that we felt obliged to discourage them,—the world of art being already too full of routine service, which yields neither pride nor profit to those who give or those who pay for it. It goes without saying that it was not to this class that our offers were addressed; but, perhaps, we ought to have gone further, and to have said with emphasis, that unless, after a fair trial, an engraver's work meets with encouragement at the hands of reputable publishers, and before long with payment, it would be well for him to turn his attention to some other employment. Fortunately or unfortunately, in America the adoption of a trade or profession is a matter of consider-

able experiment, and some will undertake the work in uncertainty as to their qualifications for it; but, considering the past success and the probable future of wood-engraving, it is not holding out false hopes to say that in this, as in other employments, there is good chance of success for marked ability. To consider only the prudential side of the question, a failure in the experiment is likely to be attended with little loss of expense for tools and materials, and with a good deal of compensation in the training of the hand and the eye.

This very education of the perceptions and of manual skill is a consideration which ought to commend wood-engraving to the favor of our technical schools. The way to learn how little one knows of natural objects is to begin to portray them, and, studied in connection with the observation of nature, as the art should be, engraving might afford as valuable discipline as drawing, and might profitably take the place of some of the obstrusory studies in our school curriculums. To any one who regards this idea as wholly chimerical, we beg to commend the paper in this issue on "Elementary Instruction in the Mechanic Arts." Who knows whether, if the development of our educational system keep pace with the demand for more practical and less abstract instruction, its momentum may not take us before many decades to the introduction of wood-engraving as an elective study in the higher departments of the public schools!

However premature and fantastic this idea may be, it is not so to consider the desirability of such instruction in the technical schools already in existence, or yet to be established. Ezra Cornell aspired to found a university at which one could be taught any branch of learning or any craft which it might be desirable to learn and practicable to teach, and without doubt it is toward some such broad view of education that we are tending. The Cooper Union in this city, which already has done much in special instruction, extends excellent facilities for learning to engrave, under the able teaching of Mr. John P. Davis. Our correspondence indicates a decided demand for similar instruction in Chicago and Boston; it is intimately allied to the aims of the Cincinnati School of Wood-Carving; and we believe that Mr. W. W. Corcoran, who is already so great a benefactor of Washington City, could not do better than include this branch in his long-meditated scheme of art-schools in connection with his valuable gallery in that city. The cost of the experiment would be trifling, and before long a chair of wood-engraving might be made self-supporting. What is chiefly needed is a guarantee that an engraver of good technical ability would devote a portion of each day to such pupils as might present themselves. Other things being equal, the best artist will be the best instructor; but what is most desirable is to foster special adaptiveness, and this a less accomplished instructor could do. The rest could be accomplished by the great colleges of engraving—the magazines—where are to be found the best models, the keenest criticism, the most helpful personal appreciation. Granting that only three or

four workmen of signal ability are produced in a year, it is, proportionately, no smaller yield of excellence than is expected of our law or medical colleges; or, indeed, of any other class of professional instruction.

In order, therefore, further to encourage the pursuit of this art by those who feel a special interest in it, we make a new offer of the following prizes:

*To the engravers of the first, second, and third best blocks to be made during the current year by persons who, before reading this, have never engraved for pay—the proofs to be submitted to us by December 31, 1881, with certificate of good faith—we will pay, respectively, \$100, \$75, and \$50.*

*For the best block to be done during the year by any one who has taken part in the first competition, \$50.*

The same gentlemen, Mr. De Vinne, Mr. Cole, and Mr. Drake, have consented to act as judges, and correspondence may be addressed as before, to Art Department, SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, 743 Broadway, New York.

#### Winter Picture Exhibitions (1880-81).

THE Fourteenth Annual Exhibition of the "American Water-Color Society" was considered satisfactory, both in an artistic and a business sense. Like its predecessors, it afforded opportunity for the annual discussion, on the part of the professional critics, of the subtle technicalities of the art,—discussions not easily comprehended by any but the artists and the critics themselves. These discussions have doubtless an esoteric value; but the critics sometimes appear to be talking about water-color painting as if it were not much more related to oil-painting than is the art of jappanning, for instance, or that of architecture. Of course, however, they would deny having meant anything of the kind, and they would, doubtless, all agree that, to the artist who expresses himself by the medium of colors on a flat surface, the materials with which and upon which he works are secondary considerations. There was a time when a famous sculptor and fresco-painter could declare (according to the story) that oil-painting was fit only for women. Now there is a belief that it is water-color that is fit only for women, or for men in moods when they have nothing very vigorous or important to say. But, meantime, as one walks through the galleries at the Academy, when the water-colors are on exhibition, it is just as it is when the walls are covered with oil-paintings,—the men who interest us in the one exhibition interest us in the other. After a painter has accustomed himself to the medium, what tells is his own taste, his own sense of beauty, his own view of nature and power of presenting that view, his own intellectual force. There is no getting away from the fact that it is the man himself who speaks to us from the walls.

In the water-color exhibition this year the visitor was attracted by a number of small pictures, hung in various rooms, but which had the air of being torn from the same sketch-book. Direct, simple, crude sometimes—never "pretty"—they caught the eye by an unmistakable look of nature. They were

Mr. Winslow Homer's contributions,—virile, and frank, as everything that comes from this artist is, except on those rare occasions when he departs from his own standards. Such drawings as these are a judgment upon the easily discerned tendencies of some other artists—toward the sentimental, the gorgeous, and the inanely pretty. There is strength and beauty in Mr. Carrier's drawings; but putting aside any discussion of ultra-impressional tendencies, this present showing strikes one as monotonous, and too much sought out in its prodigality of pigments; in other words, if Mr. Carrier should continue long in this line, his sincerity might well be doubted. One even feels inclined to call halt to painters as excellent and charming as Mr. Swain Gifford and Mr. Murphy, and to warn them to beware of the Beautiful.

The Artists' Fund Exhibition was memorable for a single picture, at least, of extraordinary beauty and artistic value, and one which well illustrates the intellectual in plastic art as opposed to the literary. Mr. Homer Martin's "September Landscape" told no story of merely literary interest; it related no incident like that of dawn or sunset: it was a straightforward attempt to express the delight the artist evidently felt in looking at a piece of American forest scenery,—trees, bushes, rocks, running water,—a luminous midday gloom, streaked with green and gold. If America had a Luxembourg, with the mission to gather up the best works of living artists of the country, this marvelous picture should find its way there.

#### Corthell's History of the Mississippi Jetties.\*

THE successful construction of the jetties at the mouth of the South Pass of the Mississippi River, especially when considered in the light of the powerful opposition by which the early progress of the work was embarrassed, and the consequent magnifying of already great financial difficulties, to say nothing of the physical magnitude of the work, and of the far-reaching results of its success, may fairly rank as one of the very great engineering achievements of modern times.

In Mr. Corthell's book we have a very full and complete description, not only of the engineering details of the work of construction, and of the influence of those works on the channel of the pass, but an elaborate statement, supported by a reproduction of the original documents, of the preliminary and collateral history of the enterprise. It is not, and it could not be expected to be, an impartial history, written in the judicial frame of mind of a mere historian; it is partisan and enthusiastic. At the same time, while its bias is evident, no occasion is given to suspect an entire fairness and honesty of treatment. It would be improper to judge the attitude of the United States Engineer Corps in this matter entirely by Mr. Corthell's account of their action concerning

it. It would, perhaps, even be unwise to accept without question all of his eulogies of Captain Eads. At the same time, one who cares to study the very interesting scientific and political history of this really great event will find here ample and reliable material for his purpose.

Two elements of the scientific bearings of the question are worthy of notice. One is Mr. Eads's fundamental theory concerning the action of silt-bearing streams on their beds and shores. He states it as follows:

"The popular theory advanced in many standard works on hydraulics, to wit, that the erosion of the banks and bottom of streams like the Mississippi is due to the *friction* or *impingement* of the current against them, has served to embarrass the solution of the very simple phenomena presented in the formation of the delta of the Mississippi; because it does not explain why it is that under certain conditions of the water it may develop with a gentle current an abrading power which, under other conditions, a great velocity cannot exert at all. A certain velocity gives to the stream the ability of holding in suspension a proportionate quantity of solid matter, and when it is thus charged can sustain no more, and hence will carry off no more, and therefore cannot then wear away its bottom or banks, no matter how directly the current may impinge against them."

So far as the mere bearing of silt is concerned, this is doubtless correct, but to deny the direct effect of the impingement of a strong current, no matter how muddy, against a crumbling shore, is to disregard the inevitable action of a well-known, great mechanical force. Indeed, this theory is entirely reversed by actual experience at the jetties, for we are told on page 151, as an illustration of the "extraordinary force of an eddy current," that such a current undermined the foundation of the mattresses, and caused a crevasse through the solid wall of the jetty. The enormous abrasions of the banks of the Mississippi River are certainly much more due to the direct action of impingement than to the hunger of the current for silt.

The other point, and a much more serious one, is that the permanent success of the jetties is predicated upon the absence of "bar advance";—that is, that as the bar in front of the jetties does not advance or grow by accretion, therefore the permanence of the channel may be considered certain. Is it, after all, at the mouth of the jetties that we are to look for the formation of the bar? Under the former conditions, the current flowing out from the pass maintained its integrity for a distance of nearly two miles. After having traversed this distance, its loss of velocity permitted the formation of a bar. There seems every reason to suppose that this condition had been constant; that, at a corresponding distance in advance of the real mouth, a bar may have always existed; that presumably the "bar advance" has been, not at the mouth of the pass, but at a very considerable distance in front of it. Captain Eads has now carried his jetties, suddenly, to the crest of the bar, and has established entirely new conditions, whose ultimate issue can only be a matter of speculation. Assum-

\* A History of the Jetties at the Mouth of the Mississippi River. By E. L. Corthell, C. E. Chief Assistant and Resident Engineer during their construction. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1886.

ing that the littoral current from east to west has always been an efficient factor, the resultant forces are to be considered. Their discussion, thus far, seems to have been confined solely to the direct flow of the pass, the wave force of the Gulf, the littoral current, and the simple relation of these to the South Pass discharge. The South Pass delivers only one-tenth of the discharge of the river. The remainder is about equally divided between Pass à l'Outre and the South-west Pass. Supposing the proportion of silt borne by the water of the three passes to be the same, and the littoral current to be equally effective along the whole coast, we have forty-five per cent. of the earthy matter brought down by the river to be disposed of by the current moving westward across the mouth of Pass à l'Outre, and traversing the outlet of the South Pass. The real problem relates to the deposition of this material, together with the much smaller amount that the South Pass discharges. The aggregate is enormous. It is of the same origin and character with the vast burden of the Mississippi which has filled the Great Gulf from above the mouth of the Ohio to the present mouth of the Mississippi. Borne along by the rapid current discharged by the passes, it must soon reach a point where the quieting of the waters will cause its deposit. As the South Pass has been suddenly projected out of proportion to the gradual advance of the great passes, the natural conditions have been so disturbed that the subsequent location of deposits cannot be determined; but it is here, in our judgment, that the Engineer Corps must look for a justification of its well-sustained criticism.

So much for theory. It seems clear that, from a practical point of view, the jetties are to be accepted as a complete success.

Long before an obstructing bar can be formed, the cost of the jetties will have been returned a hundred if not a thousand fold, by the constant benefit they will have secured. Before their construction the Mississippi was almost sealed against foreign commerce. An uncertain channel of about eighteen feet was maintained at great cost by the South-west Pass. Now, there is a reliable channel through the jetties and South Pass of about thirty feet from the deep water of the Gulf to the deep water of the Mississippi. The *Great Eastern* can steam freely up to New Orleans, which has the best outlet to the sea of all the great American cities.

However we may carp at processes, however our preconceived ideas may have been set aside, no man can question the value of Captain Eads's work, nor withhold from him the honor due to it.

#### Seward's "Chinese Immigration."\*

MR. GEORGE F. SEWARD, late U. S. Minister to China, may fairly be said to represent one extreme of the discussion of the Chinese question, at the other end of which we shall find Denis Kearney and his followers. Between these two widely separated points

we may discover many varying shades of opinion, ignorance, and indifference. Mr. Seward has written a book from his point of view as an American citizen of intelligence and breadth of judgment, residing for many years at the Chinese capital and at the chief sea-port of the empire, where he had rare opportunities of studying the character of the emigration to the United States, as well as the characteristics of the emigrants. It is natural that the men who represent the other side of the question should say that Mr. Seward, who has so long been a resident of a foreign country, is not competent to declare, from personal observation, what is the effect of Chinese immigration upon the social and industrial aspects of the United States. To meet this criticism, and as far as possible to anticipate it, Mr. Seward has drawn liberally from the published testimony of citizens of California who have been examined by Congressional committees, charged with the duty of examining into the so-called Chinese problem. From these reports, and from various other sources, Mr. Seward has deduced conclusions which are widely different from those of the California politicians and public speakers.

Mr. Seward, while he approaches his subject with an honest intention to deal with it in the spirit of fairness, has manifestly made up his mind that the Chinese question, as we are in the habit of calling it, has been wrongly put before the American people, and that it is his duty to set us all right before we can examine for ourselves the intricate matters which he discusses. But we must concede to him, in addition to his peculiar qualifications for the work, and his apparent frankness, a patience of research which should entitle his conclusions to great respect. Those of us who have not studied the subject with the care that he has, should be very chary of criticism.

In the first place, Mr. Seward makes a good point against the anti-Chinese partisans by showing most conclusively that their statements concerning the number of Chinese in this country have been ludicrously exaggerated. Indeed, Mr. Seward might have been justified in saying that many of these statements are fantastically incorrect. For example: a California representative, on the floor of the House, asserted that the number of Chinese in California was 150,000. A senator from California said: "There are now in California more Chinese than there are voters." The lowest estimate made by any of these partisans gave to the State a Chinese population of 100,000; and to the city of San Francisco 35,000 Chinese. The author of the work before us devotes an entire chapter to an analysis of these various statements and estimates, and arrives at the conclusion that there are not more than 100,000 Chinese in the entire republic, of which only 75,000 are dwellers in the State of California. When these figures are compared with the election returns of California, showing a vote of nearly 160,000, it will be seen how reckless was the assertion that there are more Chinese in California than voters. Mr. Seward, however, need not have spent so much labor upon his critical analysis of the estimates of the numbers of Chinese in California, if

\* Chinese Immigration, in its Social and Economical Aspects. By George F. Seward, late United States Minister to China. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881. Pp. 490.



he had reflected that the returns of the census of 1880 would be published before his book could be placed before the reader. From those returns, which are quoted in an appendix to Mr. Seward's book, we learn that the whole number of Chinese in the United States is 105,448, of which California has 75,025; and the returns show that San Francisco, instead of having 35,000, has a Chinese population of only 21,745. This official count should settle forever the much-debated question which has been the basis of all complaints regarding Chinese immigration.

Mr. Seward makes good use of this effective exposure of the exaggerated estimates of the anti-Chinese party. If they have so grossly overstated the numbers of the Chinese in the country, it may be logically inferred that their opinions as to the evil influence of the Chinese upon the social and economical interests of the American people are also untrustworthy to a great extent. He comes to the conclusion that the Chinese laborer has been of great benefit to California, although there is less occasion for his work in the development of the industrial resources of the State than heretofore. He shows how needful to the prosecution of large public works, and to the maintenance of smaller industries, the Chinaman has been. This variety of labor, he argues, has been of the greatest possible use in the building of the Pacific Railroad, the reclamation of swamp lands, in the less-inviting fields of mining, and in various branches of agriculture and manufacturing; and, against the objections that the Chinese are vicious, that their labor is servile, that they displace other laborers, that they send their money out of the country, and that they have set up a government of their own in this country, Mr. Seward makes a strong argument, which is fortified by what seem to be incontrovertible facts. He also argues that the Chinese are not a migratory people, and that history gives no instance of the spontaneous movement of an inferior race into districts occupied by a superior.

It will be seen, then, that Mr. Seward considers that the outcry against the Chinese is unreasonable in some respects, and that its volume has been largely swollen in consequence of a misapprehension of the real facts in the case. He concludes that the Chinese will find their most appropriate sphere of activity in their own hemisphere, although there will be a continued flow to the Australian colonies and to the United States, and that this stream will be diminished by causes irrespective of legislative action or restrictive treaties.

The book thus briefly noticed is a valuable contribution to the already voluminous mass of literature produced by discussion of the Chinese question, and it deserves the respectful attention which it will undoubtedly command.

Miss Curtis's "Tanagra Figurines."

SINCE the coming into fashion of the lively little figures dug up in the tombs of Boeotia, there has been

a desire, uneasy and not altogether Greek in its nature, to find out exactly what name to give the personages. This is akin to the popular necessity of first knowing the title in the catalogue when in front of an exhibition picture. The work before us collects from various sources the tutelary names, the historical events, the local church ceremonies of Boeotia, from among which we may dip for associations likely to be in the minds of Tanagra sculptors, if we suppose that they were always bent on celebrating their provincial religion and history, rather than the religion and history of the whole country. The prominent temples of Tanagra were those of Bacchus, of Apollo, of Venus, and of the ancient Themis; and figures of Venus, and those with Bacchic attributes, are found in the graves. There were two temples of Mercury; and a large proportion of the statuettes are such as may with some straining be attributed to that divinity, while two of the specimens exhibited at the Trocadéro Palace were rough little images of Mercury bearing the ram, according to the Tanagra tradition and the Tanagra monument by Calamis. Other religious associations of a Boeotian origin were those connected with the Cabiri, and those referring to the feasts of Dædala. The Cabiri were obscure divinities of the province, of whom Prometheus was one, celebrated for the hospitality given to Ceres, and thus affiliated with the whole myth of the burial of the dead as prefigured by the planting of seed. Statuettes which it is easy to associate with Ceres and Proserpine and their rite are of abundant occurrence among the Tanagra relics. The feast of the Dædala took place on Mount Citheron, overlooking Platea, and was celebrated by sacrificing to Jupiter wooden Dædalian images of Juno, in commemoration of the legend that Jupiter had circumvented the jealousy of his spouse with a wooden image arrayed like a bride. Tanagra statuettes clearly to be attributed to Juno are not usual, but the fact that Tanagra had a share in the production of the timber effigies for the feast may throw some light on the abundance of the clay *simulacra*, and the crude Dædalian character of some of them. Leaving mythology for history, we find that Tanagra was not on such sympathetic terms with her more glorious neighbors, Thebes and Platea, that their splendid history should be found illustrated in her monuments, while we are disappointed in our search for even the most allusive reference that we can identify with the Tanagran Corinna. We may imagine, however, that we see her daily dress and aspect in some one of these fair figures with a scroll, and that her individual style of beauty may be perpetuated in these fashions of auburn locks parted into radiating lobes, these movements and smiles of incomparable ease, these red lips and blue eyes. Diotima, the learned Tanagran haitara, whom we should be gratified to see sitting in the person of one of the more intelligent figures, "teaching him who died of hemlock," we could hardly expect to find, as nothing would be more unlikely than that a Boeotian potter should apply himself to illustrating a conversation of Plato. Plutarch of Cheronea, a Roman-naturalized Boeotian, of a

\* Tanagra Figurines. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.



period four hundred years later than the production of these images, is out of the question.

In the little volume before us, Miss Curtis brings together as much as is attainable of the history and civic life of Tanagra, and affords a very convenient view of the things it is well to know in studying out the collections of *figurines*. The tempting guesses at the identity of the personages should not, however, be followed out with too much hopefulness in the lines she has indicated, for after all these lines of research are so few and doubtful that they may hardly count at all in the maze of myth and history which really influenced the Boeotian burial customs. Her attempt to connect the "sudden inspiration of ceramics" in Tanagra with the Dædalus festival is not made out, nor can it be until clay images are there found suggesting the wooden block, the true "Dædalus" form of statue. The Dædalus style of early sculpture is well known; it is based upon the aspect of the post or terminal figure, with head merely separated from the trunk, and limbs adhering together, or looking as if inclosed in a sheath. To imagine these multitudes of developed forms, emancipated from archaism with all the freedom of the period of Apelles and Lysippus, as "representing the Boeotian people in garb of ceremony, and in costume of each locality, and also in dramatic disguises, taking part in the procession, or assisting at it as spectators," is, whether an original or a borrowed idea, nothing but a fantastic extravagance. Yet the author dwells on this notion with complacency in more than one place; the images constantly appear to her mind as "forming parts of some dramatic combination, either as actors or spectators, in a joyful celebration," amounting to an "expression of peace, gladness, and sportiveness, tempered with a mood of pleased attention," "in the hour of death." This is too modern. Egyptian or Christian doctrines of metempsychosis are especially to be thrown behind us in looking into the Greek treatment of the waiting in the tomb. Among the Greeks, the only approaches to a hope of resurrection were a few very timid ideas of subterranean consciousness—the presence of feast-companions, musicians, or actors, as a comradeship for the deceased; of Mercury, the guide of souls; of Bacchus, who descended into Hades; of Ceres and Proserpine as patronesses of the whole machinery of earth-covering and coming to life—being about all of didactic imagery the sepulchers show us. So far, the figures revealed by the excavations may be granted to have a doctrinal meaning; and there is a recognizable allusion to the hazardous cast of fate in the images of maidens throwing dice on the ground, reminding us of the selection of this game for ancient pictures of the victims of an early death, as the children of Niobe in one Pompeian picture, the children of Medea in another, and those of Pandarus in the fresco by Polygnotus at Delphi. But a far greater number appear to be simple advertisements of the state and condition of the deceased,—maidens for the tombs of virgins, warriors for those of soldiers, and athletes for the graves of youths. The individual study of the statuettes this little work leaves almost

entirely alone; this is the more to be regretted as there are illustrations, by an excellent reproductive process, of photographs of thirteen of the finest Tanagra statuettes in Europe. Among these are two exhibited in the Trocadéro building by Camille Lécuyer; one (attributed in the work, mistakenly, we believe, to the Louvre collection) represents a seated maiden, with ball and Cupid; another a female acrobat stepping through a hoop. There is also among the illustrations the very interesting group explained by Heuzey as Ceres carrying Proserpine from Hades, and thought by him to reproduce a lost statue of Praxiteles. The work only explains the first of these three, and that with an attribution to the wrong ownership; it is, at least, assigned to the Lécuyer collection in the "Gazette des Beaux Arts," vol. 18, p. 353. But the explanation of specimens—even of those illustrated, and of the few in American collections—is unfortunately beyond the scope of the work, which is simply a convenient resumption of the views of certain French and German writers on the subject. Indeed, the writer follows these guides with unquestioning fidelity, even to renouncing any consistent plan of representing Greek spelling—using C for kappa when she takes the word "Citheron" from a French authority, and K when applying to a German one for notes about "Kalamis" and "Kyrikion." She throws aside the Greek spirit, again, for a very modern one, when she banters the antique mythology about "that scamp Mercury," and the antique fashions about garments "cut half high, as the milliners say." And what is her authority for declaring that external wall-paintings colored the distant aspect of a Greek city, or that these decorations were found anywhere but in the shadow and shelter of the porticoes? We have investigated this manual with a higher object than that of giving it superficial and unmeaning praise. It is more than a *brochure* on "ceramics," such as modern *dilettanti* so profusely turn out, to be read for amusement. It is a necessity, and the best popular guide, we think, in any language to the study of a fascinating branch of Greek art—a branch in which the kind genius of the tomb has left us singularly full and grateful examples.

#### Miss Bird's "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan."

ALTHOUGH Miss Bird expressly disclaims, in her modest preface, any intention to give to the world a "book on Japan," it is difficult to understand why these two handsome and carefully written volumes should not be entitled to bear the name which the author diffidently declines to give them. The purpose of this indomitable traveler, whose journeyings in the Rocky Mountains of America and in the Sandwich Islands have already given her reputation and experience, was to explore the interior of the Empire of Japan, having her attention especially

\* *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan: An account of travels on horseback in the interior, including visits to the aborigines of Yezo, and the shrines of Nikkō and Ise.* By Isabelle L. Bird, author of "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains," "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands," &c. In two volumes, with map and illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

directed to those portions of the country which are comparatively unknown to European and American travelers. In pursuance of this bold intention, Miss Bird, beginning her expedition at Tokio, set out for the north, unaccompanied by any one but her interpreter, a native youth of some eighteen years. One cannot help admiring the courage and pluck with which this indomitable woman departed alone, like a solitary voyager into the midst of trackless seas. The obstacles to such a journey were innumerable, and kind friends endeavored to dissuade her from what seemed to be a hazardous undertaking. No woman of foreign birth had ever penetrated those unexplored regions, and very few foreigners of the sterner sex had been seen by the people among whom Miss Bird was about to trust herself. But the arguments of her kindly intentioned advisers seem to have stimulated rather than abated the desire of this determined Englishwoman.

The results of the observations of the alert and shrewd traveler are embodied in the two volumes before us. Miss Bird traversed the whole of the upper portion of the island of Japan, her most northerly objective point being the island of Yezo. Her itinerary, ending at Hakodate, the chief sea-port of Yezo, involved a journey of more than three hundred and seventy miles, and this was undertaken through a country in which the roads were, to use the favorite epithet of the author, "simply infamous." There were few, if any, accommodations for wayfarers, and even those usually provided for the people of the country were ludicrously inadequate to the wants of civilized journeyers.

On the island of Yezo, Miss Bird made an extensive tour, studying the manners and customs of the Ainos, or hairy men, a people of whom we have had very little information heretofore. These singular beings, by many supposed to be the remnants of the aborigines of Japan, furnish materials for one of the most interesting chapters of modern travel. It does not appear, however, from what the author has given us, that she has any new facts to substantiate the theory (which she unquestioningly adopts) that the Ainos are really a part of the aboriginal races of Japan.

Miss Bird made several excursions (we are tempted to call them incursions) into the region of country lying south and west of the capital of the empire. In all of these, as in the journey to the north, she confined herself to the "unbeaten tracks." As might be expected, she was an object of the liveliest curiosity wherever she went. Her experience at one of the interior towns may be taken as a fair sample of what she was compelled to endure in nearly every similar community through which she passed. She says of her reception:

"In these little-traveled districts, as soon as one reaches the margin of a town, the first man one meets turns and lies down the street, calling out the Japanese equivalent of 'Here's a foreigner!' and soon blind and seeing, old and young, clothed and naked, gather together! At the *yadoya* the crowd assembled in such force that the house-master removed me to some pretty rooms in a garden; but

then the adults climbed on the house-roofs which overlooked it, and the children on a palisade at the end, which broke down under their weight, and admitted the whole inundation; so that I had to close the *sabji*, with the fatiguing consciousness, during the whole time of nominal rest, of a multitude surging outside."

She saw the people in their homes, as yet unaffected by contact with foreigners, and living in the simplicity, and even squalor, of old Japan. The general aspect of the towns and villages, as painted by the impartial hand of the author, is mean and poor. The scenery is monotonous, and Miss Bird complains of the everlasting sameness of the green fields, hills, and mountains. She found a few spots of brightness about the temple, and, here and there, a picturesque relic of the old feudal times. But there were no grand castles, no gorgeous palaces, and the interior of Japan cannot be said to be a part of "the magnificent Orient."

Miss Bird found no beggars in Japan, but much poverty and discomfort. Still, she found the people cheerful, mild-mannered, and generally disposed to kindness to strangers. Her womanly sympathies went out toward these simple-hearted and gentle creatures, and she studied the problems presented to her attention with most affectionate interest. To her observation, the introduction of Christianity seems to offer but little for the encouragement of the philanthropist. In the chapters which she has devoted to a very careful and minute record of her observations in this field of missionary work, Miss Bird says:

"Though the labors of many men and women in many years have resulted in making 1617 converts to the Protestant faith,\* while the Romanists claim 20,000, the Greeks 3000, and a knowledge of the essentials of Christianity is widely diffused through many districts, *the fact remains that 34,000,000 of Japanese are skeptics or materialists, or are absolutely sunk in childish and degrading superstitions, out of which the religious significance, such as it was, has been lost.*"

Here and there are inaccuracies of language which mar the perfect enjoyment of the critical reader; but the general flavor of the book is agreeable. Miss Bird's "outfit" seems to have comprised a large supply of writing materials, which she used to good advantage in constantly sending off numerous letters as she traveled. These letters, written to a sister in England, have since been gathered, edited, and made up into the present book. To these, however, have been added several chapters of what may be considered general observations on Japan, its history, its future, and its present condition. These, with the full information which she gives concerning the arts and industries of the country, greatly add to the value of the book. It was impossible that such a work, compiled from familiar letters to another, should be free from egotism. In fact, it is a record of personal adventures. But there is no offensive intrusion of the *ego*, and the frame-work

\* A number which the ten months which have elapsed since this letter was written have increased by fifteen hundred.

adopted by the author proves to have been the very best on which could be constructed a vivid, life-like, and minute panorama of life as it exists to-day in the interior of one of the most interesting countries on the face of the globe.

Harris's "Uncle Remus: His Songs and Sayings."

THE British newspaper editor, who regards journalism as an exact science, who holds a leading article to be something as distinct from a purely literary production as a judge's charge or a lawyer's plea, stands aghast at seeing a "poet's corner" in a great American daily, and cannot be convinced that it is the province of a morning paper to find room for a "funny column," for magazine stories, or for essays upon abstract themes. Yet he might, perhaps, find reason to change his opinion could he look at the long line of literary men for whose introduction America has to thank her eclectic and untrammelled press. Notably in the item of humorists, this country is under obligations to the daily press. It is the medium through which almost every one of our favorite jesters has brought his cleverness before the public. John Phoenix, Mark Twain, Max Adeler are pseudonyms which were first seen attached to space-work in daily papers. Only a few years ago an evening paper of New York found its circulation largely increased by the popular appreciation of its police reports, written by a man—now dead—who contrived to chronicle the sadder side of life in a great city with a half-pathetic humor and a strange picturesqueness that raised the lowest class of reporting to the level of literary labor. Robert Burdette, who, of all American humorous writers, has perhaps the widest range, has made the Burlington "Hawkeye" known throughout the country. Within a year, the name of the Brooklyn "Eagle" has been carried beyond the bounds of local fame by a writer who works one small, stray vein of humor with peculiar skill; and the Rabelaisian mirth of the "Derrick Dodd" papers has done the same office for the San Francisco "Post"; while the Atlanta "Constitution" has extended its southern reputation north, east, and west by the publication of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's "Uncle Remus" sketches.

These last, reprinted in book form, have met with a favor which they fully deserve. Character is the one thing which American readers always appreciate in their books, American audiences in their plays; and Mr. Harris has given us, in "Uncle Remus," the best sustained and most elaborate study which our literature possesses, or, in all probability, ever will possess, of a type familiar to us all—the old plantation negro. It is a character, now almost a tradition, that has been sketched in song and story; but that will never find a more faithful or sympathetic delineator than the creator of "Uncle Remus." The gentle old darky—shrewd, yet simple-minded, devoted to the people who once owned him as a slave, yet with a certain tyrannical sense of his hold upon their affection—will live for-

ever in these pages, a gracious relic of a time and an "institution" whose memories for the most part are an abiding curse. Even the occasional mild little apologies for the patriarchal system which the author scatters through his work will offend no one. They lend it a pleasant old-time, "befo'-the-wah" flavor; so to speak, they give the picture "distance."

Mr. Harris puts forth on behalf of his book a somewhat timorous claim to the attention of students of ethnology and mythology; but he seems modestly incapable of realizing the importance of his work. He is the only man who has seized this great opportunity of putting on record the speech and habits of thought of a type that must soon be obsolete. It is curious to note the deprecating tone in which he calls attention to a passage that settles definitely the derivation of the much-discussed verb "to skedaddle," and the diffidence of his suggestion that Uncle Remus's homely tales may be akin to older mythic fictions.

On page 138 Mr. Harris expresses an opinion that the story of "Jacky-my-Lantern" is "a trifle too elaborate" to be of pure negro origin. This story is one of the oldest of the German *Mährchen*, and is known, in part or whole, in other languages. One of its "variants," to use Mr. Harris's favorite word, was published in *SCRIBNER'S* for June, 1878, as a translation of an ancient Flemish legend, by W. Nichols. The old negro tells, on page 131, the tale of the were-wolf, familiar in all countries, under various names, such as loup-garou, denveiz, worlin, versipellis or turnskin. The account of "How Mr. Rabbit Lost his Fine Bushy Tail" (page 108) is so like a brief tale in Mr. George Webbe Dasent's translation of the "Norske Folkeeventyr," that we transcribe the Norse version for the benefit of those readers of "Uncle Remus" who may wish to compare the two:

"WHY THE BEAR IS STUMPY-TAILED."

"One day the bear met the fox, who came slinking along with a string of fish he had stolen.

"'Whence did you get those from?' asked the bear.

"'Oh, my lord Bruin, I've been out fishing, and caught them,' said the fox.

"So the bear had a mind to learn to fish, too, and bade the fox tell him how he was to set about it.

"'Oh, it's an easy craft for you,' answered the fox, 'and soon learnt; you've only got to go upon the ice and cut a hole, and stick your tail down into it; and so you must go on holding it there as long as you can. You're not to mind if your tail smarts a little,—that's when the fish bite; the longer you hold it there the more fish you'll get; and then, all at once, out with it, with a cross-pull sideways, and with a strong pull, too.'

"Yes, the bear did as the fox had said, and held his tail a long, long time down in the hole, till it was fast frozen in; then he pulled it out with a cross-pull, and it snapped short off; that's why Bruin goes about with a stumpy tail this very day."

To say that this unpretentious volume is among the most valuable contributions to the data of folklore since the publication of "Grimm's *Mährchen*," is only justice. As a piece of light literature, it is

novel and interesting. No one can read, without a sympathetic amusement, the recital of the adventures of Br'er Rabbit,—an American *Reinecke Fuchs*,—a helpless hero, always victorious through childish cunning. The "Songs" have already been copied in half the newspapers in the country; but it is to be noted that these compositions show, in certain peculiarities of their versification, the influence of the white man's technical skill. As to old Remus's "Sayings," many of them bid fair to pass into permanence as proverbs. There is a large allowance of worldly wisdom in such as these:

Ole man Know-all died las' year.  
Rheumatiz don't he'p at de log-rollin'.  
Kwishins on mules' foets done gone out er fashion.  
Looks wost do ter spit rails wid.  
Tater-vine growin' w'ile you sleep.  
Tarrypin walk fast 'nough fer to go visitin'.  
W'en coon take water, he fixin' fer ter fight.  
Good luck say: "Op'n yo' mouf en shet yo' eyes."  
Nigger dat gets hurt wukkin' oughter show de skyars.  
Meller mush-million bollars at you from over de fence.  
Nigger wid a pocket-han' kcher better be looked atter.  
De proudness un a man don't count w'en his head's cold.  
Ter-morrow may be de carriage-driver's day for ploughin'.  
You'd see mo' er de mink ef he know'd whar de yard-dog sleeps.  
W'en you bis cas'n shadders long ex de ole nigger, dem you'll fine out who's w'ich en w'ich's who.  
'Twost do fer ter give out too much cloff fer ter cut one pa'r pants.  
Ef you wantar see yo' own skis, clean up a new groun'.

The etymologist will find food for study in Uncle Remus's vocabulary. This Georgia negro uses the old English word "haslett," or "harslet," rarely heard now outside of New England. He interjects "mon" into his discourse in true Scotch fashion. Sometimes his words suggest a subtle and profound idea: a "soon beast" is one who is "soon"—early or prompt—in attending to the business of life; and to-day you may hear a boy, in the streets of New York, tell his companion not to be "too soon" or "too previous." "Biggity" is a most expressive word, applied to a pretentious or inflated person.

One thing in Mr. Harris's book calls for amendment in some future edition, *i. e.* his fantastic method of spelling. Not content with writing phonetically such words as his hero mispronounces, he has altered the form of others for no apparent purpose save the confusion of his readers. Had he printed the words correctly, *come* would have been pronounced *kum*; *oblige*, *oblije*; *hour*, *'our*; *resume*, *rezume*; *folks*, *foles*, and *flirtatious*, *flirtashus*; and they would have been more readily recognizable.

Here are a few of Uncle Remus's words which may need explanation to those who have never studied his dialect:

*Bellust*—Bellowsed, blown, winded.  
*Biggity*—Big, pompous, inflated, proud.  
*Bleedud*—Obliged.  
*Bobbycue*—Barbecue.  
*Browcin'*—Browsing, nosing about.  
*Brum*—Brain.  
*Confunce*—Conference.  
*Contrapshun*—Construction, contrivance.  
*Conjuns, conjun*—Conjures, conjuring.  
*Frazzle (subst.)*—Ravel, sicave, shred: "wo' to a frazzle" (p. 58), worn to shreds. (*Verb*)—Ravel out, wear out (p. 126).  
*Go'd*—Gourd.  
*Grabble*—An "Alice-in-Wonderland" combination of *grab* and *scramble*.

*Groun' catch*—Ground itch.  
*Gwineter*—Going to.  
*Ha'ants*—Haunts, ghosts.  
*Houde*—Yearning, hankering.  
*Hope*—Holp, helped.  
*Intrub*—Entrails.  
*Intrust*—Interest.  
*Jimson weed*—Jamestown weed, thorn-apple (*Datura stramonium*).  
*Juk*—Jerk.  
*Keration*—Creation.  
*Kyo, Kyore*—Cure.  
*Martars*—Matters.  
*Moggin*—Morgan (strain of horses).  
*Mo' asner dan*—Just the same as.  
*Natol*—Natural.  
*Onfrennelness*—Unfriendliness.  
*Out' nes'*—Outenest—outenest man: most forward, clever.  
*Pe' sh out*—Perish, starve out.  
*Pely*—Poorly.  
*'Probusness*—(Opprobriousness) opprobrium.  
*Progrance*—Programme.  
*Prumel feler me*—Impressed upon my mind.  
*Quodlin*—Quarrelling.  
*Ridjun*—Region.  
*Score*—Scores.  
*Shut*—Shirt.  
*Skint*—Skinned or skinned (up a tree).  
*Skunt*—Skinned.  
*Sout*—Sent.  
*Sooflass*—Supplest.  
*Spl' nance*—Experience.  
*Spl' en image*—Spirit and image.  
*Spon'*—Respond.  
*Stunted*—Stunned.  
*Swagie*—Assuage.  
*Swink*—Shrink.  
*T'er*—T'other.  
*Thrip*—Thrippenny, threepenny piece.  
*Wuk*—Work.  
*Year*—Ear.  
*Yearth*—Earth (and the like).  
*Zoonin'*—Humming, buzzing.

#### "L'Art."

SINCE our last notice of "L'Art" two new volumes have appeared, the third and fourth of the sixth year. The report of the *Salon* of 1880 is continued. Among the etchings from *Salon* pictures is one after Meissonnier's "Une Halte," one of the most uninteresting of this more than clever painter's performances. Bonnat's excellent portrait of President Grévy is also etched; the color of the original does not count much in its favor, so the etching does not show the portrait at a disadvantage. We are glad to find in the third volume, a reminder of one of the most striking and original pictures of the *Salon*—a drawing, namely, of Cazin's "Ishmael." "Striking," we say, though the eye was attracted to it at once, as the visitor passed through the galleries, by the very absence from it of those exhibition qualities that we generally call "striking." There is simplicity, sincerity, and thought in all of Cazin's work; he is no mere creature of the Academy. Some studies by Butin are reproduced by "process," with remarkable success. He is one of the most charming of the younger artists; a page from his sketch-book was given in SCRIBNER for January. Dantan has here an admirable drawing of his picture of a corner of a sculptor's studio; visitors will remember it as one of the best pieces of painting in the *Salon*. It has been purchased by the Government, and will hereafter be seen in the Luxembourg.

"L'Art" devotes considerable space to the last exhibition of the London Academy and Grosvenor

\* Paris, 33 Avenue de l'Opéra; London, 134 New Bond street; New York, J. W. Bouton.



Gallery. Some study-heads by Richmond are given, —studies for his large canvas, "The Song of Miriam." Mr. Richmond's portraits were among the bright spots in last season's exhibitions, and no one should judge this young and artistic painter by these apparently mindless studies for a work which is more of a *tour de force* than a picture. The etching from Watt's "Pallas, Juno, and Venus" shows an interesting artist at his best. The works singled out by Mr. J. Comyns Carr, the London editor, for notice in "L'Art" are, naturally, freer than the run of English pictures from the extraordinary nomenclature usual in catalogues of London exhibitions—a nomenclature that one cannot be reminded of without mental nausea. Yet even here we find some verses "from the German" doing duty as title to a sunset-scene, the two first lines of which are as follows:

"O, how cheating, O, how fleeting  
Are our days departing!"

No wonder that a painter like Whistler rushed from sentimental twaddle, such as that we speak of, to an extreme equally inappropriate and affected.

Other modern subjects are treated at length in these volumes of "L'Art"; but the old art is by no means neglected: witness the names of Giotto, Carpaccio, Defendente de Ferrari, Donatello, Van Ostade, etc.; but out-and-out Ruskinites must avoid the article on Carpaccio.

Attention should be called to the scathing review, by Paul Leroi, of the recent posthumous exhibition in Paris of the works of Couture. With all his brilliancy, especially in studies, Couture had grave defects of manner, astonishing softness and sentimentality, and a lack of grasp in the making of a picture. That he should have been sought by so many Americans as a teacher is an evidence of the scarcity of real masters in our times. M. Leroy is, after all, hardly more severe than Millet is reported to have been (on that evidence we do not know) when led before "Les Romains de la Décadence," Couture's only famous painting: "*Mais, où est le tableau?*" said Millet.

#### Mrs. Walford's "Troublesome Daughters."

In reading the work of the so-called second and third class novelists of the day, one cannot help wondering at the amount of knowledge, cleverness, and social experience which incidentally it betrays. The knowledge, to be sure, is of a superficial kind, and the cleverness is apt to have an over-conscious air which occasionally spoils its effect; but the social experience is, in most cases, as varied and extensive as it appears to be, and redeems from insipidity many a book whose only merit is that it is entertaining.

Mrs. Walford's "Troublesome Daughters" belongs to this order of ephemeral fiction, which portrays, with considerable vivacity and skill, the ambitions, prejudices, and matrimonial machinations of English fashionable society. The essential vul-

garity of this mad chase for imaginary boons and empty honors glares at one from every page in the book, and although the author, who is didactic only by implication, very properly refrains from all marginal comment, the *dénouement* which awards the matrimonial prize—Captain Evelyn—to the eccentric and unconventional Kate Newbattle, is made to serve in lieu of a more direct moral judgment. Whether Captain Evelyn is in himself sufficiently valuable to be a fitting reward for virtue, is a question which it would require a long fashionable experience to settle to general satisfaction. To us he appears to be a very ordinary person, healthy, good-natured, and full of animal spirits; but without a single conspicuous moral quality for which the author could challenge admiration. There may, however, be a very subtle intention in this apparently unsatisfactory arrangement. Girls of the heroic type, to which Kate belongs, are notoriously apt to be dazzled by mere physical perfection, as in fact all womankind are more or less inclined to regard it as the most adorable attribute of manhood. And when, as in Captain Evelyn's case, the splendid physique is coupled with high birth, irreproachable manners, and an easy disposition, one can hardly wonder if the *tout ensemble* (even though destitute of intellectual graces) proves absolutely irresistible.

The best piece of characterization in "Troublesome Daughters" is Lady Olivia, the mother of Evelyn and later the step-mother of the four Misses Newbattle. In vividness and distinctness of individuality she even approximates Mr. Smith, in the novel of that name with which Mrs. Walford made her *début*, and by which she conquered her transatlantic public. "Mr. Smith," as a first performance, was a very creditable and successful piece of work, but its successors ("Troublesome Daughters" included) have been *encores*, and as such have lacked the impulse and spontaneity which constituted the chief charms of the *début*. Nevertheless, in such studies of character as Lady Olivia, the author furnishes also her *encores* with an "excuse for being," and invests a loose and easily soluble entanglement of commonplace events with a certain fleeting interest. Mr. Newbattle's four daughters (of whom, from society's point of view, Kate undoubtedly was the most troublesome) are also quite effectively portrayed, and if their features were not so fatally familiar, we should probably take more pleasure in their acquaintance. But the sly and submissive Alice, who, after a brief revolt, diplomatically accepts the supremacy of her step-mother, must by this time have worn her fine draperies to shreds from the frequent handling of novelists; the insignificant Bertha and the arch and shallow Marjorie are very much in the same predicament, and as for the spirited and rebellious Kate, we venture to assert that, with slight modifications, she occupies her heroic elevation in more than half the novels written by women. But then, to be sure, there is very little that is positively new under the sun; and invention, which serves very well for plots and intrigues, is inadequate for the creation of new types, and is, moreover, a poor substitute for imagination.

\* "Troublesome Daughters. By L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith," "Cousins," "Pauline," etc. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1880.



## THE WORLD'S WORK.



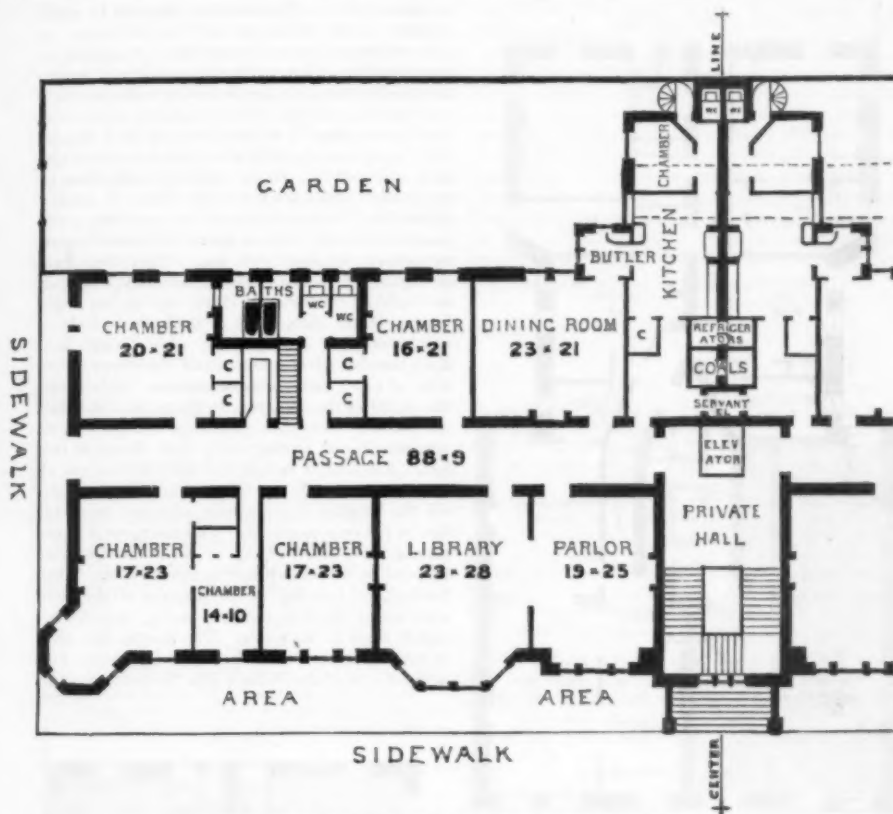
NO. 1. ELEVATION OF PROPOSED APARTMENT-HOUSE.

## New Apartment-Houses.

THE New York "city lot," when first planned, was believed to be the best thing that could be devised for compelling the intending house-builder to give himself plenty of light and air on two sides of his house. It was thought that if the lot was long and narrow he would have a garden in the rear of the house. This expectation was seldom realized, for the high value of the land and the foolish greed of the landlords soon resulted in the conventional folly known as the New York tenement-house. Of late there has been a disposition to cover nearly the entire lot with buildings, and the law has had to interfere and forbid the erection of deep houses with dark rooms in the middle. Many plans have been proposed for using all, or nearly all, the land in a lot, and, at the same time, to give every room a window on the open air. Some of the best of these plans have been already published in this department, and more are here given as valuable contributions to a most important matter. The first is intended for a large tenement, containing a number of flats suitable for the best class of residents and occupying the end of a block fronting on an avenue. The elevation and plan were designed by Pugin and Walter, architects of London, after a careful study of the necessities of our streets and lots. The ele-

vation shows a seven-story building, with basement and sub-cellar. There are three entrances on the avenue, those on the sides being intended for single flats on the first floor, while the center door is for all the flats above the first floor. The above drawing gives an excellent idea of the appearance of the proposed building. The common method of erecting such a group of flats under one roof is to place the flats perpendicular to the street, or exactly in the vicious manner in which the lots are laid out. In such cases, each group of flats has a single narrow stair-way with a door on the street, or, as in the case of more pretentious houses facing an avenue, with entrances on the two side streets, with a hall running the whole width of the block at the rear of all the flats. In arranging the proposed building, one entrance is provided for all the flats above the street, and the hall divides the building into two wings.

Figure 2 represents a little more than half of the first floor above the street, the part not shown being a duplicate of that given. It will be seen that the building is quite shallow and that the flats are placed parallel to the avenue, with one end to the street and the other end to the center of the building. The plan clearly shows the position and size of each room, and needs little explanation. The entrance is by a private door opening on the hall near the elevator. The passage-way is lighted by a

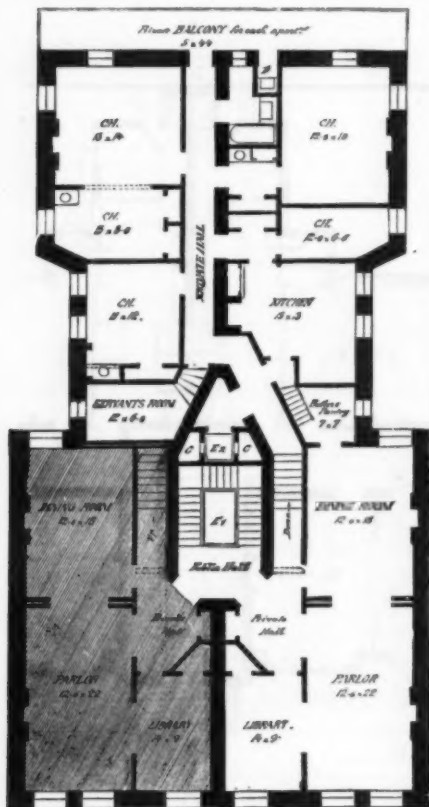


NO. 2. PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR OF PROPOSED APARTMENT-HOUSE.

window at the end and gives access to all the rooms. Every room has windows on the avenue or garden, and the end rooms have windows on the street. The stair-way shown near the bath-rooms leads to a trunk-room over the bath-room, each of these rooms being half the height of the other rooms. The servants' elevator is placed in the rear of the hall and opens by a private door on the kitchen. The rest of the flat may be easily understood from the plan. The garden in the rear is designed to be free to all the tenants, and, by having a gate on the street, all the waste of the house will be removed at this entrance through the garden. This house is designed for a club or association, somewhat like those described below.

Figures 3 and 4 show the manner of laying out a new and costly apartment-house now being erected on West Fifty-ninth street, between Broadway and Seventh Avenue. Here an attempt is made to keep to the common form of city lot and to cover nearly all the space of two lots. The land is 15.25 meters (50 feet) by 30.50 meters (100 feet) and the building is the full width of the two lots on the street, and extends back about 18 meters. The rear is, as will

be seen by the plan, somewhat narrower, and extends to within 5.5 meters of the rear line. This building has a sub-cellar and basement, with seven floors above the basement in the portion next to the street. The first, second, third, fourth, and fifth floors are each 4.27 meters (14 feet) high, and the sixth and seventh 2.74 meters (9 feet) high. The rear portion of the building has ten floors above the basement, each 2.74 meters (9 feet) high. This difference in the number of floors in the two parts of the house is designed to give some of the apartments more rooms, and to give light and air on three sides. The plans show the way in which the second, fourth, and sixth floors are laid out. The entrance is through a hall in the center, between the two flats on the first floor. The stairs and elevator are shown in the plan, with the private entrance to each of the two flats. Taking the white or unshaded part of the plan, it will be seen that there are a private hall, library, parlor, dining-room, butler's pantry, kitchen, and five chambers. The dimensions of each room are marked in feet and inches on the plan. The stair-way marked "down," next the dining-room, leads

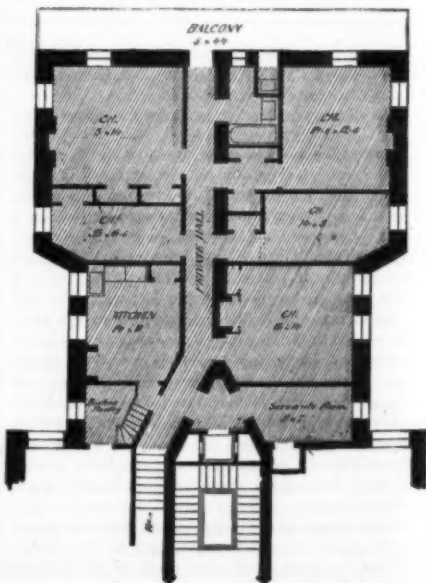


NO. 3. DUPLEX FLAT.

downward a few feet to the rear part of the building, all the rooms here being on a different level. The short stair-way in the butler's room leads to a second room, just above it, that may be used for a store-closet or coal-room, these two rooms being half the height of the front rooms. The shaded part of the plan and the shaded plan of the rear go together, the rear portions of the two flats being one over the other. The rear rooms are not so high as those in front, and hence the name given to these flats, duplex or doubled flats. By comparing the plans, it will be seen that they contain the same number of rooms and are just alike, except that in the rear the rooms are changed to opposite sides, and in one flat the stairs lead up, and in the other down. The intervening flats are all on the same level, and the house is simply divided through the center into two sets of apartments. All the flats have a balcony on the rear, and private doors opening on the servants' elevator. The coal-bins are placed next this elevator, so that they may be filled directly from the elevator. These bins are marked "C" in the plan, while the servants' elevator

is marked "E 2." The rest of the plan can be easily understood, and will repay careful examination.

In addition to the planning and construction of these buildings, a few words may be said in regard to the novel manner in which the money needed for their erection was raised. These buildings, and a number of others about to be put up in New York city, are built upon a coöperative plan that deserves attention, wherever the regular building associations or coöperative banks are not in operation. A number of intending house-builders, of about the same social position and means, form a society and erect an apartment-house for their own use. They elect from among their number a president, secretary, treasurer, and building committee. There may be (say) eight families in the club, and it is their aim to build an apartment-house having (say) nine distinct flats. Each member gives a bond to all the others for the sum of (say) one thousand dollars. This makes the capital of the club, and, in the name of the club, the building committee buys a lot and puts up an apartment-house costing (say) eight thousand dollars. The land is bought and the building put up in the name of only one trustee, and is held by him till the building is sufficiently advanced to enable him to put on a mortgage. This mortgage is placed on the land and building to cover the difference between the actual cash paid in and the cost. When finished, the building is the property of the eight members of the club, each one having an undivided eighth share of the whole. The trustee then gives to each member a lease for ninety-nine years, at a nominal rent of one dollar a year, for the apartments



NO. 4. REAR OF DUPLEX FLAT.

he is to occupy. In selecting a flat, the members hold an auction to bid for choice of flats, the premiums paid for the choice being equally divided among them all. By this arrangement, those who must take the least desirable flats are compensated in money. The leases having been given and recorded, the trustee transfers the fee of the land to the eight members as holders in common. The object of this arrangement is this: The leases being for only a nominal sum, the fee loses all money value, and cannot be attached or sold. The leases, on the other hand, may be sold subject to restrictions, which could not be done with the fee. In this manner it is possible to transfer the leases

under control of the club, while the property, as a whole, remains undisturbed. The ninth flat is let on a short term to any tenant that may be accepted by a vote of all the club. The running expenses of the house, heating and lighting of halls, janitor, repairs of hall and roof, water, interest on mortgage, etc., are offset by this rent, either wholly or in part. If it is not enough, the expense is divided between all the members. In some cases it is found that the rent of the extra flat is more than sufficient to pay the working expenses, and the surplus is used to extinguish the mortgage. This system of house-building was devised by Mr. P. G. Hubert, of this city, and is already in successful operation.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

## Epigrams from the French.

## A KISS BY POST.

YOU send a kiss by letter,  
Like other fruit, to me.  
It sweeter tastes and better  
Fresh gathered from the tree.

## ON A SWEETHEART'S MIRROR.

LOOK on this mirror: you will see  
The one of all most loved by me:  
Oh, would that I therein might view  
The one of all most loved by you!

## A FRIEND.

SAID TOM: "My friend, your salary's too scant,  
But, come what may, I'll not see you in want."  
He lost his place,—wrote Tom from need to free him;  
Tom kept his word: in want he ne'er would *see* him.

## Confession.

It was a charming day, my dear,  
An August day some years ago—  
From me you ran away, my dear,  
Down through the shaded walk, you know.  
I saw your fluttering drapery  
White through the sun-flecked trees like snow;  
I followed to the grapery,  
And there I found you all aglow.

And when I kissed your cheek, my dear,  
To pay you for the way you sped,  
You pursed your lips to speak, my dear;  
Do you remember what you said?  
You said: "I love"—ah, yes, you did,—  
Why then, I pray, this tell-tale red?  
You said: "I love"—confess you did—  
"I love sweet grapes" was what you said!

## I Want.

I WANT,—I don't know what I want; I'm tired  
of everything;  
I'd like to be a queen or something—no, a  
bearded king,  
With iron crown and wolfish eyes, and manners  
fierce and bold,  
Or else a plumed highwayman, or a paladin of old.  
We girls are such poor creatures, slaves of cir-  
cumstance and fate;  
Denied the warrior's glory and the conqueror's  
splendid state;

And, puss, you are so mortal slow; I wish you  
could be changed  
Into a catamount, with tastes quite violent and  
deranged.

I'd like an earthquake, that I would—oh, puss,  
I'll tell you what,  
Some planets have two suns and different colors,  
too, at that;  
Now there would be variety: two mornings every  
day,—  
One green or brown, for instance, and the other  
crimson, say.

What splendid lights, what curious shades, what  
transformation scenes;  
What queer surprises, puss—just think, what lovely  
pinks and greens!  
How funny Gus would look! He is so poky and  
so flat.  
But such complexions! After all, I shouldn't  
fancy that.

I'll never marry Gus, of that I'm very sure at  
least,  
I'd sooner be a bandit's bride, united by a  
priest . . . . .  
Oh, there you are, sir! No, indeed! I'll not be  
kissed at all!  
No, sir, I've changed my mind; we *wont* be  
married in the fall.

Now *do* be still. I've changed my mind. My  
privilege, I believe—  
Oh, horrible! What's this? A daddy-long-legs  
on my sleeve!  
Oh, Gus, come quick! I'm deadly faint! Do take  
the thing away!  
Yes, yes, I'll promise *anything*! I'll marry you  
to-day!

## Through the Snow.

THE cutter stopped before the gate,—  
Out sprang her highness lightly;  
Half coy, half cool, this cruel Kate,  
And altogether sightly.

In mock distress exclaimed she: "Oh!  
How far we must have ridden!  
For, under this fast-falling snow,  
The walk's entirely hidden!"



THE LAST SLEIGH-RIDE OF THE SEASON.—THE START AND THE RETURN.

Entirely hidden it was, and more,  
For, as the catch I lifted,  
Six inches deep, from gate to door,  
I saw the snow had drifted.

"Ugh!" shuddered she. "You lead the way!"  
Was her command next spoken.  
To hear, at once was to obey;  
And, through the snow unbroken,

I stalked with steady, ample feet;  
With lifted skirts she followed,  
Daintily stepping, while her neat  
Foot-prints in mine were swallowed.

Back to her mirthful, puzzling face  
I looked across my shoulder,  
And wondered if she'd smile with grace  
On me, should I grow bolder.

"Why may not you and I," I said,  
"Through life thus walk together?  
I'd break the way with happy tread  
Through all life's snowy weather."

She did not answer me a word,  
But one sweet glance permitted,  
And then, before me, like a bird,  
Into the house she flitted.

And through the snow and from the gloom  
Her fairy foot-prints drew me  
Into the cheerful, cozy room,  
Where love surrendered to me.

Ah! in our wedded life since then  
Snow-storms have broken o'er me;  
But always, into light again,  
'Tis she has walked before me.

## A Song of the Mole.

UNCLE REMUS: PUTNAM COUNTY, GEORGIA. 1862.

De jay-bird hunt de sparrer-n'es',  
De bee-martin sail all 'roun',  
De squirl, he holler fum de top er de tree—  
Mr. Mole, he stay in de groun';  
He hide en he stay twel de dark drap down—  
Mr. Mole, he stay in de groun'.

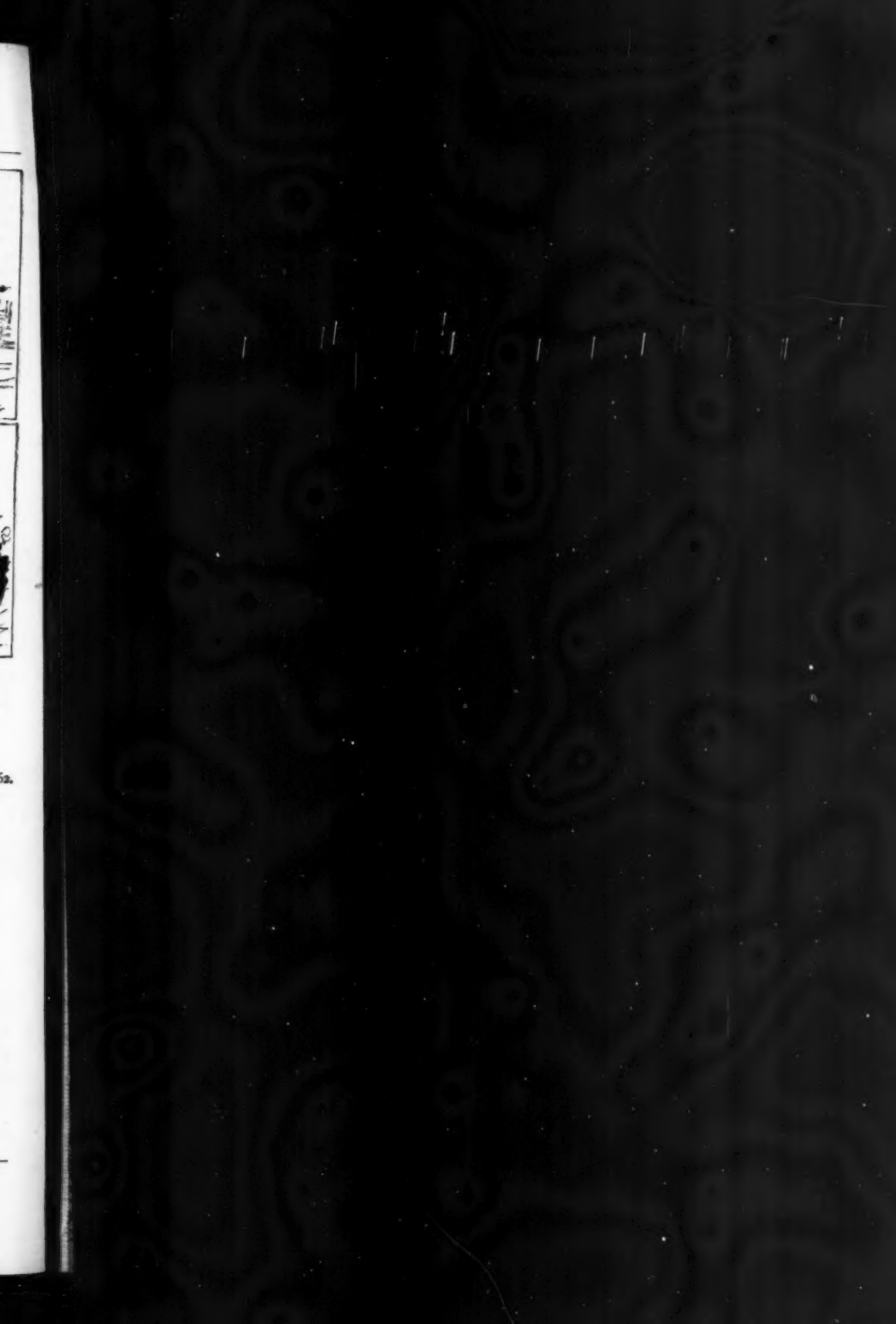
De w'ipperwill holler fum 'cross de fence—  
He got no peace er min';  
Mr. Mole, he grabble en he dig twel he lan'  
Un'need \* de sweet-tater vine;  
He lan' down dar whar no sun aint shine,  
Un'need de sweet-tater vine.

De sparrer-hawk whet his bill on de rail—  
Oh, ladies, lissen unter me,  
Mr. Mole, he handle his two little spade,  
Down dar whar no eye kin see;  
He dig so fur en he dig so free,  
Down dar whar no eye kin see.

De nigger, he wuk twel de dark drap down,  
En den Mr. Mole is he;  
He sing his song de whole night long  
Whar de patter-roller† never kin see;  
He sing en he play—oh, gals, go 'way!—  
Whar de patter-roller never kin see.

\* Underneath. † Patrol.







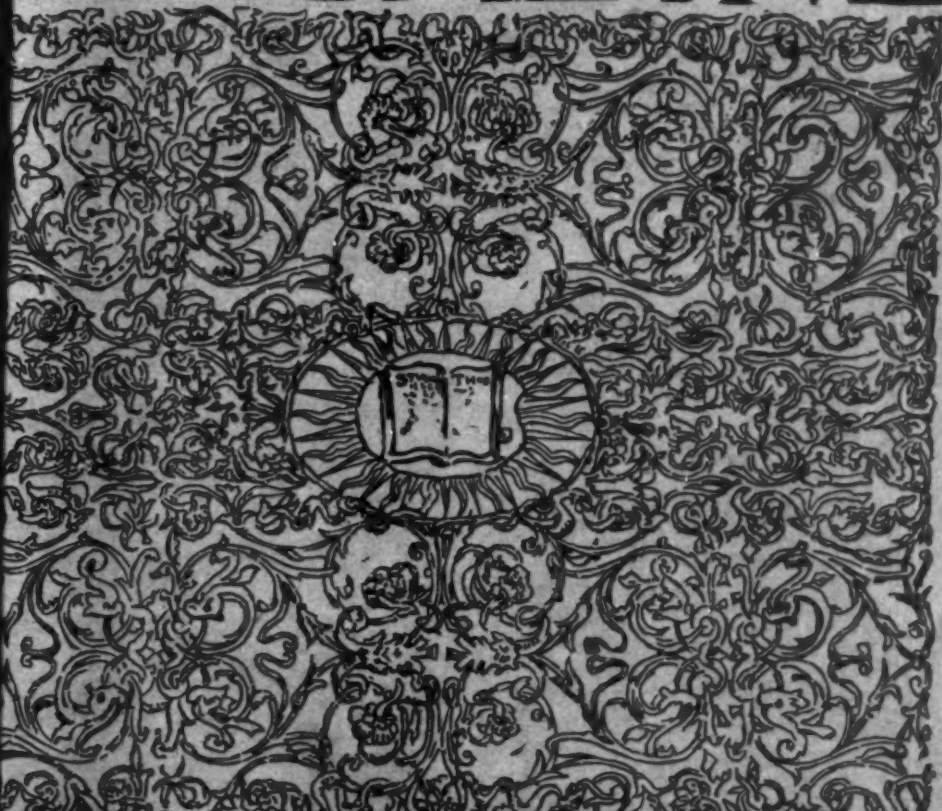
VOL. XXI.

APRIL, 1881.

No. 6.

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### THE TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX TO VOLUME XXI.

Volume XXI. is completed with this April number. The title-page and table of contents are not inserted at the back of the number, as is usual, but will be sent, without charge, to any address, upon application to the publishers. Cloth covers, for binding the volume, in maroon or olive-green, are now ready; price 50 cents each. Also the bound volume, complete, in same binding, price \$3.00.

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[1881.

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ranged in the form of recollections of those who chiefly influenced his life,—his father, his friend Edward Irving, and others who were most intimately associated with him,—yet they chiefly result in a picture of Carlyle's own life, in its everyday detail as well as in its higher aspects—and a more vivid picture than could perhaps be given in any other way. They outvalue any other form of autobiography especially in the fact that they were written at different periods—the rugged and masterly sketch of his father and of his boyhood even dating from 1832; so that they are not a series of vague remembrances brought together in old age, but are really representative of every part of his career. From the boyish pictures of his father—"the earnest mind"—making his comrades throw their pack of cards into the burning kiln,—or of old John Orr, the school-master, praying in the haunted house,—up to the account of his own greatest achievements and struggles, this book has to the full the matchless force, earnestness, and awakening power of Carlyle's best days.

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THE following review of the First Series of PROOF IMPRESSIONS FROM SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY AND ST. NICHOLAS appeared in the "London Times" of December 28, 1880.

(The series referred to is now out of print, but copies of the second, issued a few months since, can still be supplied by the publishers or dealers at \$5.00. The portfolio is a collection of fifty choice proofs, unbound, and put up in a handsome case.)

"The illustrations which we have before us are proof impressions of engravings which have appeared from time to time in the pages of SCRIBNER'S and ST. NICHOLAS magazines, published in New York, and, though they are all of comparatively small size, they possess qualities which are not only rare in wood-cutting, but which, as far as we know, have never been previously obtained. Of these, perhaps the most marked is the absolute want of the sharp, somewhat scratchy line, striking in effect but wholly deficient in tone and depth, which is such an almost invariable element in ordinary wood-work. These illustrations manage, by the extreme delicacy and skill of their execution, to preserve the clearness and vivacity which are characteristic of good wood-engraving, and yet to combine with this a painter's quality of softness and delicately graduated light and shade, which only the most able of European engravers attempt in this medium, and which is yet maintained fairly consistently throughout the whole of the volume before us. Such a picture as the 'Ready for the Ride,' engraved by T. Cole from a picture by Mr. Chase, affords a good example. Here the dark cloth habit of the young lady, the felt hat with its broad riband, the dogskin gloves and silver-mounted whip,—in fact, all the little details of the picture,—are rendered not only with strict regard to their texture, but with a clear suggestion of the color represented. Another example, engraved by the same artist, gives a still better proof of the same merits. This is called 'The Griffin at Work,' and represents a man sketching an open country landscape. This cut is a reproduction of a drawing in Indian ink, and presents a really wonderful fac-simile of brush-work. It is noticeable that the effect in this and other cuts of this volume is not of that startling black and white kind which is familiar to our readers as the most favorite style of cheap modern wood-cutting, in which all the lights are of the same lime-light quality, and all the shadows are black as ink. In this work nothing of the half-tone is lost, and the effect of painting is gained by the most minute and various arrangement of delicate line—indeed, so industrious and accurate is the work when it is examined with the aid of a lens, that it is difficult to believe such engraving can be produced in the pages of a cheap monthly magazine.

"Another point which should be noticed is the manner in which the depth and richness of the etched line are fac-similed in some of these illustrations, particularly those by Mr. Whitney. There is, in the beginning of the book, a reproduction of one of Mr. Whistler's etchings, entitled 'Joe' (executed, as is usual in Mr. Whistler's work, in pure line), in which the lines of the wood-cut seem to have almost the same rich freedom as in the original etching; and how great and unusual a merit this is may be judged by its having hardly ever been attempted. A contrast between this last picture and another reproduction of Mr. Whistler's work called 'The White Lady' is instructive, as showing the wide range taken by these transatlantic wood-engravers. The work to be fac-similed this time is in

oil. Probably no picture could have presented greater difficulties to the wood-cutter, who is, in this instance, Mr. T. Cole. The difficulties, however, have been met and vanquished. The white lady is there, with a white flower in her hand, against a white curtain, and every subtle variation and harmony of the original work has been kept most faithfully and beautifully. We might take many such examples from these pages. For hinting at color in wood-engraving, for richness of line and delicacy of work, these proofs from SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY magazine leave nothing to be desired,—except that our English artists should go and do likewise."

"WOOD-ENGRAVING IN AMERICA" is the subject of the leading article in a late number of the great French art periodical, "L'Art." The paper is written by Mr. J. Comyns Carr, the London editor of "L'Art," and is illustrated with thirteen wood-cuts from SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY and one from ST. NICHOLAS.

The writer says, after speaking of the progress of engraving in England and France:

"Let us observe the particular and entirely independent movement which has recently been developed in America. Every one who has seen the illustrated magazines of the United States must know that wood-engraving in the United States has made a progress which it would be an injustice not to recognize. The drawings, usually of small dimensions, have allowed the engraver to devote himself to giving the greatest possible perfection to refined delicacy of execution. In that country, they have attempted, with remarkable success, to reproduce also oil and water-color paintings, as well as the grain and touch of crayon drawings. The feeling of absolute fidelity inspired by these experiments gives to the reproduction of line drawings all the charm of the most exquisite delicacy and the most irreproachable truth.

"Thanks to the courtesy of the proprietors of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY Magazine and ST. NICHOLAS, we can place before our readers specimens of the various styles of American engraving. It will be seen that they reproduce almost all the effects which art is capable of rendering. Some belong to the old orthodox method, so long followed by the artists of all schools. In others we see an attempt to reproduce the lines of an old drawing, as in the 'Head of Christ,' by Leonardo. A portrait of Mr. Whistler, by himself, shows the cleverness of the engraver in reproducing the touch of an oil painting. Two portraits, those of President Lincoln and the poet Bryant, show how far drawings in red or black crayon may be imitated. \* \* \*

"The wood-cuts in SCRIBNER have always been far in advance of our English work, being indeed veritable works of art, and well worthy of careful preservation."—*Nottingham (Eng.) Guardian*.

"Those who can recall the excitement with which the advent of Charles Dickens's works in their serial form was watched, can appreciate the feelings with which we hail the arrival of this transatlantic monthly. It stands head and shoulders above everything which reaches our shores, and puts to shame many of our so-called high-class home productions. In point of letter-press, illustrations and general get-up, it carries the palm."—*Dudley (Eng.) News*.

"This periodical is a triumph of careful editing and perfected publication, and it must fairly be owned that in the matter of illustration, and paper, and printing, it far exceeds anything that is done as yet in England."—*Lloyd's (London, Eng.)*.

"SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY is the very best illustrated magazine published."—*Birmingham (Eng.) Mail*.

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NET ASSETS, January 1, 1880.....	\$47,116,244.37
RECEIVED IN 1880:	
For Premiums.....	\$5,247,282.90
For Interest and Rents.....	2,834,132.70
Profit and Loss.....	68,644.00
	<u>8,150,059.60</u>
	<b>\$55,266,303.97</b>

DISBURSED IN 1880.	
TO POLICY-HOLDERS:	
Death-claims and matured Endowments.....	\$3,685,146.27
Surplus returned to Policy-holders.....	1,798,654.86
Lapsed and surrendered Policies.....	929,894.25
TOTAL TO POLICY-HOLDERS.....	<u>\$6,413,695.38</u>

EXPENSES:	
Commissions to Agents.....	\$310,974.81
Salaries of Officers, Clerks, and all others employed on salary.....	98,936.54
Medical Examiner's Fees.....	11,811.75
Printing, Advertising, Legal, Real Estate, and all other Expenses.....	206,048.93
	<u>\$627,772.03</u>
TAXES.....	391,207.86
	<u>\$7,432,675.27</u>

BALANCE NET ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1880.....	<b>\$47,833,628.70</b>
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SCHEDULE OF ASSETS.

Loans upon Real Estate, first lien.....	\$18,718,385.49
Loans upon Stocks and Bonds.....	31,553.28
Premium Notes on Policies in force.....	3,702,156.82
Cost of Real Estate owned by the Company.....	12,622,944.42
Cost of United States Registered Bonds.....	5,004,858.46
Cost of State Bonds.....	619,900.00
Cost of City Bonds.....	2,583,506.88
Cost of other Bonds.....	1,065,875.00
Cost of Bank Stock.....	110,194.00
Cost of Railroad Stock.....	26,000.00
Cash in Bank.....	3,286,819.32
Balance due from agents, secured.....	61,435.03
	<u><b>\$47,833,628.70</b></u>

ADD:	
Interest due and accrued.....	\$1,159,251.12
Rents accrued.....	30,688.68
Market value of Stocks and Bonds over cost.....	130,133.54
Net premiums in course of collection.....	NONE.
Net deferred quarterly and semi-annual premiums.....	38,927.34
	<u>\$1,659,000.68</u>

GROSS ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1880.....	<b>\$49,492,629.38</b>
--------------------------------------	------------------------

LIABILITIES:	
Amount required to re-insure all outstanding policies, net, assuming 4 per cent. interest.....	\$45,006,472.00
All other liabilities.....	1,135,001.93
	<u>\$46,141,473.93</u>

SURPLUS by Connecticut Standard, 4 per cent.....	<b>\$3,351,155.45</b>
SURPLUS by New-York Standard, 4½ per cent, about.....	<b>6,500,000.00</b>

Ratio of expense of management to receipts in 1880.....	7.7 per cent.
Policies in force December 31, 1880, 64,343, insuring.....	\$162,105,367.00

JACOB L. GREENE, *President.*

JOHN M. TAYLOR, *Secretary.*

D. H. WELLS, *Assistant Secretary.*

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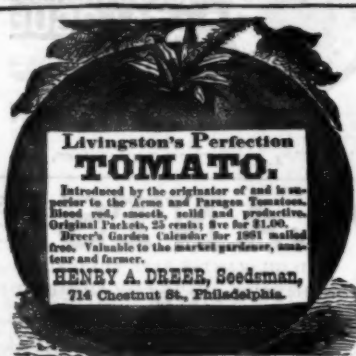
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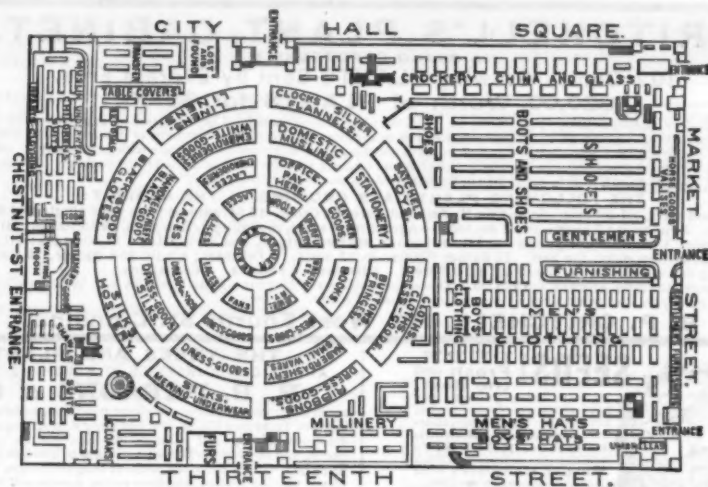


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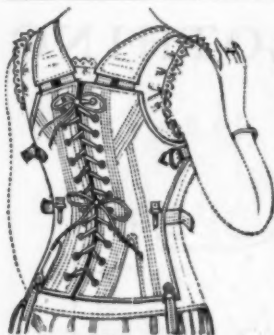
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Fig. 1.



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Fig. 2.



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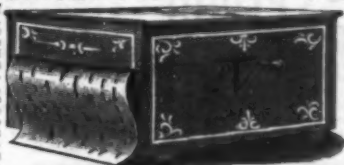
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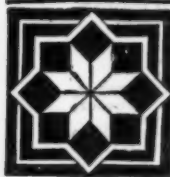
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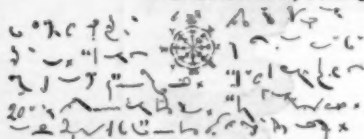
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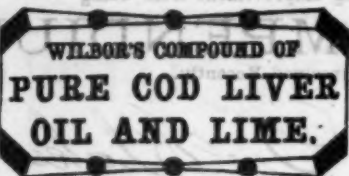
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